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DETHRONING SHAKSPERE

A SELECTION OF LETTERS CONTRIBUTED TO THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH," WITH THE PRELIMINARY EDITORIAL PAPERS

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

R. M. THEOBALD, M.A., &c.

HON. SEC. TO THE BACON SOCIETY

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON

Limited

St. Dunstan's House

FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1888

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

PENDING the appearance of Mr. Donnelly's book—"*The Great Cryptogram*"—a few proof-sheets of which work, supplied by us to the *Daily Telegraph*, have given rise to a very stormy controversy—we have thought it desirable to reprint, with the Editor's consent, the correspondence which has for so many consecutive days occupied the readers of that paper. The matter has been carefully pruned, selected, and edited by Mr. R. M. Theobald. This great mass of correspondence thus brought together in the compass of a small volume will, it is thought, be acceptable to many who are interested in the question, and will prepare the way for "*The Great Cryptogram*"—the publication of which has been unavoidably postponed, probably until early in March. We take no sides with either party. We can only say that as the key to Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram is at present absolutely unknown, and can only be known when his work is published, it seems to us to be scarcely courteous on the part of even so very great an authority as Professor Masson, to characterize what he has not seen as "Miserable drivel, ending in a tissue of arithmetical conundrums which would be hissed even in Bedlam!"

THE PUBLISHERS.

ST. DUNSTAN'S HOUSE.
Jan. 25, 1888.

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PREFACE.

THE Baconian authorship of Shakespeare is a question which has been, for more than a generation, a candidate for public attention. But until recently it has met with but scant recognition in those journals in which topics of literary interest are discussed. The references usually made to it are rather adapted to conceal and distort than to give a fair and accurate representation of the case. The matter is first caricatured and then dismissed with appropriate contempt. The facts upon which it rests are either not stated at all, or one or two of them are picked out and so stated as to be refuted by instantaneous self-evidence, and the whole question is then supposed to be settled. In the books where the question might be expected naturally to come up for study—as in annotated editions of Shakespeare's or Bacon's writings —the fact that reasonable doubt exists as to the real authorship of Shakespeare, is entirely ignored. The editors of Shakespeare's plays rarely refer to Bacon; even passages which might receive luminous illustration from his prose writings are left without the interpretation or the interest which such references might easily supply. Baconian comments are shunned, as

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if there was something discreditable about them; or if they are sparingly introduced, no hint is given of the import that may be supposed to attach to their number, variety, and general significance.

Recently, however, public attention has been aroused by a new phase in the discussion. The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Hastings, Minnesota, has for nearly three years announced his intention of producing a cipher narrative, which he has, as he alleges, succeeded in extracting from the text of the 1623 Folio edition of Shakespeare. So long as this announcement was only a distant rumour, little attention was paid to it,—a paragraph or two of scornful incredulity was enough. When, however, the book was advertised as actually in the press, and the shop which was to issue it could be identified, the matter became serious, and it has been gradually dawning upon journalists and critics, that the topic must be dealt with in some way. Moreover, without the assistance of the periodical press, or the leaders of opinion, an undercurrent of knowledge and belief respecting the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare has been gradually forming in the universities and in society, and even without the impulse derived from Mr. Donnelly's book, would inevitably have very soon manifested itself. However, the Baconian imposthume, as orthodox critics regard it, came to a head and broke suddenly on the morning of Saturday, November 26th, 1887, when a lengthy paper and a

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leading article appeared in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, giving a fair, frank, and tolerably satisfactory statement of the whole question. A second and concluding paper appeared on the 28th, and from that time till January 7th, 1888, with the exception of three days, a column every day was headed "Dethroning Shakespeare," and open council was conceded to writers on all sides of the question. Echoes of this correspondence have been sounding in all parts of the country: in Bristol especially the question has been energetically discussed.

The object of this volume is to reproduce these papers, and all the most important parts of the subsequent correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, in a permanent form, with such comments and replies, from a Baconian point of view, as could be condensed into a small space. No attempt has been made to republish the whole of the correspondence; for the good reason that this would have involved much tedious repetition. A few of the letters have been excluded because they contributed nothing but feeble jests to this important and interesting question: also one or two which contained only irrelevant attacks upon Bacon, the discussion of which would have required more pages than could be devoted to a collateral subject. It is believed, however, that no genuine argument, or difficulty, has been left unrepresented. If the Shakspere side is inadequately represented, the fault is not ours. The leading Shakspere authorities held aloof

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from the whole discussion, for reasons on which it would be idle to speculate. It may be observed, however, that this aloofness is perfectly consistent with all their preceding treatment of the case. They never have attempted to deal completely and impartially with the Baconian case, and as the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* wisely excluded mere invective or caricature, perhaps they had nothing to say.

It should be noticed that the origin and composition of this work prevents any rigorous adhesion to logical order in the arrangement of its contents. There is much in Chapters III. and V. that might have been included in Chapter VII. Those who look to this chapter for all the distinctively Baconian evidence we have here to produce will make a mistake. This evidence is scattered over all the chapters, although it is the more especial topic of the seventh.

It must also be understood that this work does not profess to give a complete exposition of the Baconian case. The lines indicated by the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* have been pretty closely followed, and the many facts and arguments that cannot be brought into these lines are necessarily ignored.

Although this book is produced with the general sanction of the Bacon Society, the suggestion of its production having been originally made at a Committee meeting of the Society, the Secretary, as Editor, is entirely responsible for the contents. It may, however, be confidently stated that none of the members

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of the Society would dissent to any important extent from any of the arguments and statements which are made, though some might wish more or less emphasis to be given to special portions.

For the assistance afforded by the Editor of Bacon's *Promus*, sincere and hearty thanks are due. The ample knowledge and graceful style of this most accomplished Expositor of Baconianism, will easily be recognized in some of the anonymous letters contained in this volume, written by a "Baconian." Her two papers, in reply to Mr. John Taylor, p. 125, and to Lady Martin, p. 195, contain much new Baconian evidence, and materially enhance the value of this volume.

The Editor of this volume also tenders his sincere thanks to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, for the generous way in which he has allowed the material supplied by his Journal to be used. His impartial and judicial attitude to Baconianism adds another laurel to the many which already crown his editorial management of the *Daily Telegraph*.

R. M. THEOBALD,
Hon. Sec. Bacon Society.

23, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE,
January 23, 1888.

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SHAKSPERE DETHRONED.

WHO WROTE HIS PLAYS?

CHAPTER I.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" PAPERS.

Nov. 26 and 28, 1887.

TO write the words which are printed above is as unwelcome, strange, and painful as to read them. For nearly three centuries the name of William Shakspere has been the chief glory of British literature, and a large element in the greatness of the British Empire. He and his matchless poetic and dramatic creations have grown to be part and parcel of our daily lives. Like the Bible, which our Reformers gave plain and open to the people; like the Constitution, free, but orderly and lawful, which liberty and loyalty have united to bequeath to us; like the grand record of our race by sea and land, gloriously won by many a generation of valiant Englishmen, we have had in William Shakspere a poet whose genius rendered our mother-tongue famous and foremost. Little as we knew of his origin and private life, we have been contented with that little, because it showed

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our divinely-gifted countryman springing from the innermost bosom of this island—an Englishman of the commonalty, modestly born, poorly endowed with fortune or friends, but quietly winning his way by the work of his life to such illustrious rank and renown as kings and emperors could never attain. And, although endless and loving research has scarcely added a single important fact to the scanty biography of the "Swan of Avon," the studies of age after age have so perfected the text of his plays, and so brought forth the beauties of them, that their marvellous variety grows daily more and more precious and admired. The riper and wider read a scholar is, the more he must admire and cherish Shakespeare, and the less he can tolerate any attack upon his name and fame. Everything is in our English Poet—all human knowledge, all grace, all charm, all eloquence, all dignity, all sympathies, all experiences. Sovereigns may learn royalty of him, sages wisdom, statesmen the art of rule, orators the secrets of rhetoric, maidens a new tenderness, lovers a deeper devotion, and soldiers a steadier valour. The whole world envies us the possession of this one name, which Time has placed above that of the very greatest of ancient or modern days. Men have ceased to criticize; they consult, they revere, they rejoice in his exhaustless profundity and humanity. It would seem easier to bid the silver Avon flow backward, or to teach a new language to the kingdom, than to shake the belief of Englishmen

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in the identity and the individuality of our great and glorious Will Shakspere.

We not only approve and share the spirit of this firm faith, but we specially invoke it in the task of placing before the public an assault upon the sublime reputation of the First of all Poets, more serious and threatening than any hitherto made. Shakespearian students are very well aware that for a long while past the authorship of the Plays, Poems, and Sonnets has been from time to time questioned. The earliest to cast any doubt upon the subject was Greene, a contemporary of the Poet, but this was easily attributable to mean envy. Horace Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts," was the first writer of reputation to sustain the theory, and his dubious remarks have been since followed by a whole literature of sceptical writings in the same direction, amounting now to nearly three hundred books, pamphlets, and articles. Of these assailants, the principal have been as follows: Mr. Spedding, the writer of Bacon's life, in February, 1852, printed a paper, "Who Wrote Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII.'?" tracing signs of two hands in the play. He was followed by an anonymous writer in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, ingeniously discussing the question "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" and arriving at the conclusion that William Shakspere "kept a poet." Neither of these writers suggest any certain claimant for the honours of Shakspere's place; but an American lady, Miss Delia Bacon, four years later,

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first propounded the theory, in *Putnam's Magazine* that Lord Verulam, her namesake by coincidence, was the Shakespeare wanted. Men stood aghast and laughed at her in her own country. She came to England to find all here arrayed against her. Some few people were convinced, but her book fell dead. In September, 1856, an Englishman, Mr. Wm. H. Smith, who had not heard of Miss Delia Bacon, appeared on the field with a pamphlet entitled, "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays?" He wrote a letter to Lord Ellesmere, in which the Baconian theory was plainly laid down and maintained, and the next year published a book on the subject. This book is said to have made a convert of Lord Palmerston. In 1862 Judge Holmes, then residing at St. Louis, in his book, "The Authorship of Shakespeare," first pointed out in print a number of coincidences or identities of thought and language, between the two writers, Bacon and Shakespeare, and expressed the opinion that Shakespeare, as a dramatist, could have been none other than Bacon in disguise. In 1880 Dr. Thompson, of Melbourne, in his "Renascence Drama, or History made Visible," presented an accumulation of facts and arguments in favour of the Baconian theory. In 1881 Mr. Appleton Morgan, a lawyer, published at Cincinnati a book, "The Shakespearian Myth," in which he stated strong circumstantial evidence against the authorship of the plays. His theory was that they were the work of Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others. The latest publica-

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tions on the subject have been by Mrs. Henry Pott. The idea of the Baconian authorship of the plays of Shakespeare presented itself to her mind independently about twenty years ago. The belief came to her from her equal delight in both the great authors, Bacon and Shakespeare, and from the fact that the more she read them, the more the identities of these contemporary minds and ideas displayed themselves from their writings, and impressed themselves on her thought. It may thus be seen, as indeed many will be well aware, that there is nothing new in the existence of a formidable literary heresy upon the subject of the veritable authorship of the plays, and that Francis Bacon, "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," has been generally selected by the revolutionaries as the claimant to the immortal crown of William Shakespeare.

All these perturbing people have, however, been answered with more or less success, and our "glorious Will" still "holds the field." But now there has arisen a new and more audacious assailant, who is either a most astute and wonderful discoverer of deeply-hidden secrets, or a pretender to be crushed out, comminated, and abolished with all the indignant resources of criticism and patriotism. This person is Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, a well and honourably known citizen of America, as it appears, ex-member of Congress, ex-Senator of Minnesota, and an author whose books have found some favour. He professes to set the whole question at rest for ever by

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proving (1) that Shakspere did not write, and could not have written, the plays that go by his name; (2) that there is very strong evidence *a priori* to show that they were written by Francis Bacon; (3) that Bacon in the most distinct manner claims them. The third of these points is the one in which Mr. Donnelly claims originality, maintaining that he has discovered in the plays themselves a cipher which not only peremptorily settles the question of authorship, but furnishes a long detailed account of Shakspere, Bacon, and their relations, as well as many very important historical facts. We invite the British public to realize the astounding assertion here made. Mr. Donnelly proclaims that after many years' close and painful study he has found a clue revealing a cryptographic narrative underlying the text of the plays, interwoven with that text by Bacon's hand, and conveying a circumstantial account of the transfer of authorship, wherein—besides asserting that he himself wrote the plays—he narrates how Cecil accused him before Elizabeth of their authorship and of treason; then how the Queen, disbelieving, beat the informer Hayward with her crutch, and sent post-haste to have Shakspere apprehended; how Shakspere was warned in time and escaped: with endless other particulars, all worked out by a key depending upon the paging and curious printing of the Folio Edition of 1623. It is as if the reader should find every tenth word in these columns running in clear, grammatical, intelligible sequence,

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and composing a separate and special narrative. The work which will unfold to the world this alleged underground exposition is to be produced early next year by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., the well-known publishers of Fetter Lane, and early sheets of it have been placed in our hands, with such elucidation of the author's discoveries as make it only reasonable but necessary to call universal attention to the matter. There are three alternatives to be faced. Either Mr. Donnelly is himself the impostor which he would make of Shakspere, and is boldly scandalizing literature for the sake of notoriety; or he is deluded by his own prepossessions and by deep poring over the plays, and has unconsciously vamped up the supposed cryptograms. Or, finally, he is entirely right: he has found the clue where Bacon intended that it should be found: in which case the hidden narrative is authentic; Shakspere has worn false laurels all these 300 years; the great Lord Keeper is immeasurably greater than we ever believed, and must henceforth ascend and occupy the majestic throne where sate the Bard of Avon.

To enable the public, partially at least, to judge for themselves, we will now give a sketch of Mr. Donnelly's forthcoming work, leading up to his conclusions, and to an explanation of his alleged discovery, by a brief summary of his premisses. The forthcoming work, whose title will be THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM: FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER IN THE SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE PLAYS, consists of two

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parts, the first containing the Argument, the Second the Demonstration. The former includes all the evidence, circumstantial and other, which Mr. Donnelly has been able to collect in favour of the Baconian theory, apart from the cipher; the latter, the history of the cipher-discovery and a portion of the cipher narrative. Obviously the Baconian theory does not and will not stand or fall with Mr. Donnelly's cipher. If the cipher should be universally accepted, the question of the authorship of the plays is set at rest, and Bacon is the author, or else a shameless claimant of the glory of a greater man. Mr. Donnelly's cumulative argument in favour of the Baconian authorship will not be new, in its general bearing, to Shakespearian students; albeit, it must be confessed that he brings to light many curious parallelisms between Bacon's thoughts and certain passages in the plays. Our daring American dwells at length, and in a clever manner, upon the presumptive evidence, positive and negative, against Shakspere's authorship. There is no record, he urges, that Shakspere ever claimed his titular works. He makes no mention of them in the will which so carefully disposes of his goods and chattels, down to the old bedstead. Nine of his thirty-seven plays were never heard of until he had been dead for seven years, and then all were published in the "Folio" of 1623, with large emendations by some master-hand. Eighteen were then printed for the first time, and four so changed and developed as to be practically fresh.

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"Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," first part of "Henry IV.," and second and third parts of "Henry VI." were originally brought out without any author's name at all on the title-page; and six editions of the poem "Venus and Adonis," with four of "Lucrece," were also thus published. Several editions of the poems and of certain plays were published before 1616. Of these editions, twenty-seven had no author's name on the title-page.

The "Venus and Adonis," full of elegant learning, is dedicated to the young Earl of Southampton, a friend of Bacon, but unknown to Shakspere, whose personal character Mr. Donnelly desperately assails. How, he asks, could the son of the butcher and wool-stapler and of Mary Arden acquire the erudition of the plays? He married at eighteen. There are local traditions that he followed his father's first trade as a butcher; of his having been in the habit of drinking at pot-houses and clubs, hunting rabbits for amusement, and poaching in the neighbourhood, until Sir Thomas Lucy, the resident squire, after a more than usually aggravated case of trespass by him, prosecuted him; the result being that he soon after left Stratford, and went, in 1587, to London. There he is reported to have made his living for a time by holding horses at the Globe Theatre, then working his way into a situation inside the house, and afterwards coming by degrees to be employed as a "super." In 1610, when he is in the prime of life, at forty-seven, he retires to Stratford-on-Avon, and betakes himself—to study

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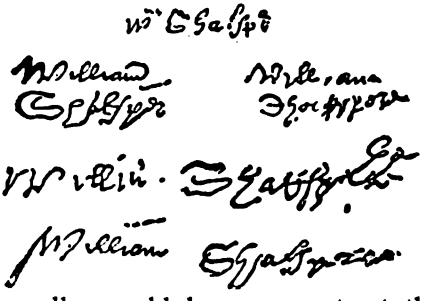
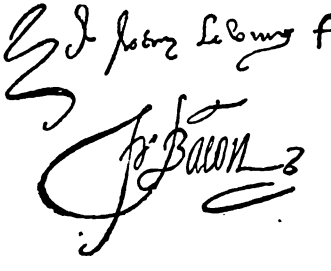
and literature? no; but resumes his old calling of flesher and woolstapler.

The Shakespeare plays now cease to appear, and on April 2, 1616, Shakespeare died at Stratford-on-Avon. In the diary of Mr. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, occurs this entry: "Shakspere, Drayton, and Ben Jonson drank too hard, for Shakspere died of a fever thus contracted."

His death attracted little local and no contemporary attention; and the man who is held the author of 180,000 lines of exquisite verse and prose wrote a hand scarcely decipherable. Here are the five Shakspere signatures extant:—



Mr. Donnelly would have us contrast them with Bacon's beautiful caligraphy, subjoined:—



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And, as our audacious American contrasts the signatures, so he compares the qualities of the men. The author of the plays had an intimate acquaintance with Latin and Greek classical authors, with history, politics, the arts of war, natural philosophy, chemistry, horticulture, law, medicine, and music; so that he was able to sport with his knowledge of these subjects, turning metaphors upon them by use of words and phrases relating to them which were unknown to the ordinary run of people. In the Italian plays there is all the knowledge of a traveller and linguist, which Bacon was. The "Comedy of Errors" is a transcription of the "Menœchmi" of Plautus, then unknown to ordinary Englishmen and untranslated until 1595. Iago's speech, "Who steals my purse," &c., is all from a stanza of Berni's "Orlando Innamorato," not then or since seen in English; while the education of Bacon, as we know, covered the amplest range of all these things and much more.

The theory of the "Baconians" is, of course, that the name Shakespeare was a *nom de plume* of Francis Bacon, who had good grounds for wishing that the plays should not be published under his name, and found none fitter than that of the rising and popular manager of the Blackfriars Theatre, who adapted them for the stage. Bacon, and such friends as were in the secret of the authorship, had reasons, it is said, for desiring that during his life, or immediately after his death, he should not be recognized as the author.

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The stage and drama were at that time ill thought of. Players and playwriters, with poetasters, were ranked among the class of "ne'er-do-weels," vagabonds, sowers of sedition, and disorderly persons. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had uttered proclamations against stage plays as tending to immorality, disorder in the State, and depravity in religion. Bacon's mother was a strict Puritan, and her son's connection with the stage as playwriter would have been a great offence to her. But the Lord Keeper himself loved the theatre, and had just the attributes which Shakspere lacked. Macaulay, after close study of his genius, writes: "Bacon's was the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men." And again: "The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason and to tyrannize over the whole man." Moreover, besides his excellent translations of the Psalms, there do exist verses composed by his hand, among them the subjoined :—

THE RETIRED COURTIER.

His golden locks hath Time to silver turned ;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing ;
His youth 'gainst Time and Age have ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vaine ; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seene ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever greene.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonets turn to holy psalmes,

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A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
And feed on praiers, which are age's almes;
But though from court to cottage he depart,
The saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell
He'll teach his swaines this carol of a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereigne well!
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong!
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

Mr. Donnelly, in his forthcoming work, labours the point—which none can dispute—that Bacon, who could, perhaps, write anything if he could write the above musical lines, lived a life full of such experiences as should make an "all-round" man. He studied law, classics, foreign tongues, and philosophy; he rose to great offices; he mingled with high and low; he became familiar with Courts; and, grave as are most of his acknowledged works, he is known to have delighted in dramatic entertainments and their arrangement. When he was twenty-six, his inclinations show themselves. He assists in getting up the Gray's Inn revels, the presentation on the stage of "The Tragedy of Arthur," and some masques, performed before Queen Elizabeth. In 1594 we find him taking a leading part in a grand dramatic entertainment at Gray's Inn, and Anthony, about this time, leaves his brother and goes to live near the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate-street, where ten of the Shakespeare plays were acted. It is a curious thing, too

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that when, in 1603, Queen Elizabeth dies and James I. is crowned king, Bacon writes to Sir John Davis, the poet, asking him to give him a good word with the king, concluding his letter with the words, "So desiring you to be good to *conceled poets*, I am, &c." Again, in 1612, Bacon, then an officer of the crown, but still having the dramatic fervour strong on him, takes a leading part in a grand masque presented by the gentlemen of the Outer and Inner Temple on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine; and in the following year, 1613, he prepares the plan and defrays the whole of the large cost, 2000*l.*, of another masque in honour of the marriage of his patron the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex. This was three years before he became Lord Keeper, and three before the death of Shakspere. But, in brief, we must grant Mr. Donnelly that Bacon loved the stage, that he could write verse, that he knew, by study and experience, all which we have held Shakspere to know by some divine and special gift; while whoever has read the "Novum Organum," which gave birth to inductive science in England, and the rest of the acknowledged works of the wonderful Chancellor, will find it hard to say what such an intellect could not potentially compass.

We dwell no longer, however, upon these chapters of the forthcoming book, because there is nothing new in the tenor, albeit much in the details, of what

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Mr. Donnelly here adduces. Such arguments have long been been familiar, and equally so the answers to them. Against their presumptive force may be marshalled almost as many facts and pleas as the American iconoclast brings together: the universal attribution of the plays to Shakspere by his contemporaries; the admiration of his friends, the envy of his rivals; the preface to the very Folio of 1623—upon which all this controversy will be found to turn —where the plays are very specially and reverently ascribed to the dead poet. Could Ben Jonson have been misinformed, or a conspirator, when he wrote under the portrait prefixed to that edition?—

> This Figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakspere cut;
> Wherein the Graue had a strife
> With Nature, to out-doo the life:
> O, could he but haue drawne his wit
> As welle in brasse, as he hath hit
> His face; the Print would then surpasse
> All, that was euer writ in brasse.
> But since he cannot, Reader, looke
> Not on his picture but his Book.

Thus far, in these bold volumes, the American author may perplex, but cannot expect to convince us. Anyway the plays are a miracle of human wit, eloquence, and insight, and it is only one miracle the more if Shakspere gleaned learning, knowledge, facts, and character, in ways denied to other brains. We have even delighted, and justly, in what we

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thought his serene indifference to fame, his contempt of autobiography. It was characteristic of him—having secured immortality—to tell us little or nothing about Anne Hathaway, the Mermaid Tavern, the meaning of his sonnets, and the general events of a life which he lightly quitted before the age when men grow garrulous.

The most serious part—we have said—of the impending assault upon the fame of Shakspere is to follow. Mr. Donnelly explains that he wrote preliminary chapters of his forthcoming book full of a prepossession that Bacon was the author of the Plays. Yet he was all along haunted with the natural doubt, whether any man who had composed such immortal works would cut himself off from their glory. The sonnets of themselves prove that the author perceived them to be deathless:

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

And again:

> So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
> You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

It is clear that the writer knew the value of his labours. How, then, could Bacon be content to devolve "the mighty space of his large honours" upon a dissolute player, and give the after-world no clue to such a prodigious intellectual sacrifice? While pondering this our author came across an elaborate cipher by Bacon, quoted in "Every Boy's Book." "Then

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followed," says he, "like a flash, this thought, 'Could Bacon have put a cipher into the plays?'" That set him seeking for Baconian dicta on the subject, and he found—as all students know—that the Lord Keeper greatly affected hidden writings. In the "De Augmentis" he holds long and curious disquisitions on the art of "infolding" statements or messages in innocent-looking text:—talks of the Spartan *scytale* and explains it; hints at cryptographic systems which "elude and exclude the decipherers;" was evidently practised in the resource. Such information acted like flame to tow in Mr. Donnelly's eager mind; he leapt to the belief that he who wrote upon "The Handing on of the Lamps, or Method of Delivery to Posterity," had taken this very means of reserving his fame and revelations for posterity by mysteries, the key of which he had put aside so very carefully that it became hopelessly lost.

And now, like a sleuth-hound—on a false scent. as we hope and believe—our author begins to quarter up and down all the plays—looking specially for such words as *Francis*, *William*, *Bacon*, *Shakespeare*. What he hunted for was some concealed declaration of authorship agreeing with the words in Bacon's will, "I leave my memory to the next ages, and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed*." Mr. Donnelly was not working at first on a facsimile of the Folio of 1623, and got his starting sniff from common editions, in that interpolated scene

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with the boy *William* in "Merry Wives of Windsor," when Dame Quickly remarks, "*Hang-hog is latten for Bacon.*" Nothing of this was in the quarto! It was inserted, thinks he, to bring in those names, by some hand which has been trimming the text! There was *Shakespeare*, too, if you put together *shakes* in p. 56 and *peere* in p. 54; and there was *Francisco* close by, albeit no *Francis*. Yet the scent lay very cold here; the nose of the author is for a long time baffled, but goes up again with a new energy over that passage in the First Part of "King Henry IV.," where the second carrier says, "*I have a gammon of Bacon*," &c. In the same neighbourhood he hunts out from the text the disjoined words, *Sir Nicholas, Bacon, Kent, Master, Great, Seal, Commonwealth, England.* The scent, however, still looks bad, and the discoveries are extremely feeble at this point—so much so that one wonders at the dogged spirit which, at the earlier stage, still kept the iconoclast on the trail. He began to count up and down, round and round, seeking some arithmetical relation, the result, after many weary months, being nonsense! "I gave it up in despair," he says; "I did not doubt any longer that there was a cipher in the Plays, I simply could not find it."

Suddenly the thought struck him that he must work upon the Great Folio of 1623, to have a proper chance. Mrs. Pott has chronicled this important year of Lord St. Alban's life as follows:—

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"1623.—Bacon writes a fragment of the History of Henry VIII. In this year his great scientific work, the 'De Augmentis,' is published, simultaneously with the publication of the 'Shakespeare Folio,' the first complete volume of the plays, containing many which had never been previously published, and some which had not even been heard of. Amongst the latter is 'Timon of Athens,' written, so Baconians believe, after Bacon's fall and retirement, and portraying in its prototype, Timon, the image of an over-generous and large-hearted patron, deserted by his parasite friends, and dependent, as Bacon actually was, on the kindness of his faithful servants. In a letter from Bacon to the king, in 1622, he quotes (in the original draft) the words which Wolsey utters in the play of 'Henry VIII.,' III. ii. 454—457, though Bacon adds, 'My conscience says no such thing; for I know not but in serving you I have served God in one. But it may be, if I had pleased men as I have pleased you, it would have been better with me.' This passage was cut out in the fair copy of the letter, but its original idea appeared in the following year in the play."

Mr. Donnelly procured the fac-simile copy of the Great Folio published in London by Day and Son, 1866. The original of this appeared seven years after the death of Shakspere. Elizabeth had gone: Bacon had mounted to high estate and had fallen again; he was re-editing all his works, as he told Sir Tobie

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Matthew, "numbering his days, and that they might be saved." Whoever knows the Folio is aware it contains much which is not in the quartos, that it is falsely paged, and full of words italicized, hyphenated, and bracketed most strangely. Worrying for years over these pages, alternately baffled and hopeful, finding imaginary clues which led to nothing, many times in despair, once or twice resolving to abandon the quest, Mr. Donnelly hit one day on the word "Volume" in the Second Part of "King Henry IV." It was a likely one to come into the suspected cryptographic statement. Writes our author: "I said to myself, if Bacon tells the story of the authorship of the Plays, he would be very likely to refer to a *volume*. I counted the words. *Volume* was the 208th word on the first column, counting from the top. I could not make 208 in any way the multiple of the page, 75. At a venture I added the total number of words on the preceding column, 248, to it, making 456. This, also, would not fit to page 74 or 75. Again I experimented. I added the total on the first column of page 74, 284 words. The sum then stood:

On the first column of page 74 . .	284
On the second column of page 74 . .	248
On the first column of page 75 . .	208
Total	740 = "volume."

I divided 740 by seventy-four, the number of the page on which the count commenced, and I had exactly *ten!*

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$$74 \times 10 = 740.$$

And there were *ten* words in brackets on the first column of page 74!"

Here was a revelation. And thus he was led to believe that the bracketed, italicized, and hyphenated words on each page were all factors of the cryptogram. Thus too he came to see that he must count up as well as down the pages; and, toiling as never foxhound did in thickest cover, the resolute American laid hold, or thought himself to have laid hold, of a clue—horribly elaborate, bewildering, and incredible to us—which conducted him first to the words "Found out," and then to a whole consecutive sentence, revealed by a clear though complex system, running—"*Percy said he was in a state of the greatest wrath, and would prove that the counterfeit image shown upon the title-leaf of his volume is but a mask to hide my own face.*" The extraordinary calculations accompanying this earliest alleged revelation are far too involved to give here. Without the bracketed, italicized, and hyphenated words the text would, it appeared, not have fitted to the sequence. More than ever Mr. Donnelly now felt sure that an underground story ran through "Henry IV.," perhaps through all the plays, establishing them as Bacon's work, and telling the secret history of Elizabeth's time; which tremendous pretension he proceeds to make good in Chapter VI., "The Cipher Found and Read."

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Much had still to be done, however, before Lord Verulam's supposed secret could be evolved. The broken paging of the Folio continued to fix Mr. Donnelly's attention: "Henry V.," "Troilus and Cressida," "Julius Cæsar," and "Timon of Athens," are all strangely out of gear in this respect, as if, indeed, for the sake of some hidden writing, the printers had been forbidden to correct. Condell, who signs the preface, was by trade a compositor, yet he passes over all these blemishes, with the odd hyphenations, brackets, and italics. At last our iconoclast found that when he multiplied the number of the page by that of the italicized words upon it, under certain modifications, he was brought to significant and sequent things. This proved good over and over again; the hyphenated words being counted as one. On that scent the American arrived—while worming his way through three pages of the Folio—at this result:

53 × 6 = 318 = Francis —2nd column, page 55.
53 × 7 = 371 = Bacon —1st column, page 53.
54 × 12 = 648 = Nicholas—2nd column, page 53.
54 × 11 = 594 = Bacon's —2nd column, page 54.
53 × 9 = 477 = Son —1st column, page 54.

Moreover nine whole pages in the First Part of "Henry IV." do not contain a single bracket, while the opening ten pages show 359! Our author's conclusion was:

"That Bacon, when he resolved to tell, in this

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secret manner, the history of his life and his era, and had selected his own short acting plays, in their first brief form, for the web into which he would weave his story (for we find 'The Merry Wives,' 'Henry V.,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' and other plays still existing in the original form, without the significant cipher words), determined that some day he would publish his cipher-plays in *folio* volume; and the cipher was constructed altogether with that end in view. To insert the cipher he had to double the size of the original plays; and this is the reason we have them 'enlarged to as much again,' as is stated in the preface to some of the quarto editions."

These speculations and calculations wind up with the subjoined theories:

"Having the plays written on sheets, and so paged as to correspond with a prospective folio, Bacon was in this dilemma. If he did not print the plays during Shakspere's life-time, with the cipher in them, and Shakspere's name on the title-page, men would say in the future, as they have said recently, that the plays were really Shakspere's, and that he (Bacon) had stolen them, and interjected a cipher claiming them. And so he published some of them in quarto. But as the paging of the quarto would begin with page 1, while the cipher was founded on page 74, or page 69 (as in 'Henry V.'), or page 79 (as in 'Troilus and Cressida'), it was absolutely impossible to decipher the inner story. Yet, to make assurance

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doubly sure, Bacon cut out of the quarto whole sentences that were in the folio sheets, and set into the text of the quarto sentences and whole scenes that were not in the folio; so that the most astute decipherer could have made nothing out of it, however cunningly he might have worked. And this is the explanation of the fact that while the editors of the Folio of 1623 assure the public that it is printed from 'the true original copies,' and that all previous quarto editions were 'stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them;' and that the Folio copies were '*perfect* of their limbs and *absolute in their numbers*, as he (Shakespeare) conceived them,' nevertheless, the publisher of Shakespeare to-day has to go to these same very much denounced quartos for many of the finest passages which pass by the name of the great poet.

"And here is another curious fact: Bacon was not content to publish the plays during the life of Elizabeth and his keen-eyed cousin Cecil, with a different paging; but where the word *Bacon* occurred in the quartos it is printed with a small *b*, so as not to arouse suspicion, instead of with a capital *B*, as in the Folio! And most of those curious bracketings and hyphenations which so mar the text of the great Folio, like '*smooth-comforts-false*,' &c., are not to be found in the quartos."

All this is very pretty and ingenious, but does not

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carry us very far into the alleged subterranean narrative. We hunt on, therefore, in company with this literary foxhound, who now carries the scent breast-high, and find that all sorts of modifying numbers occur to guide the search up and down, backwards and forwards. A labyrinth of arithmetic brings him —if not his breathless critic—to the discovery that the master-keys to the mystery, in First and Second "Henry IV.," are the numbers 505, 506, 513, 516, 523. Here he writes:

"They are multiplicands of certain figures on the first column of p. 74. The explanation of the way in which they are obtained I reserve for the present, intending in the future to work out the remainder of the narrative in these two plays, which I here leave unfinished. It may, of course, be possible that some keen mind may be able to discover how these numbers are obtained, and anticipate me in the work. I have to take the risk of that. My publishers concur with me in the belief that the copyright laws of the United States will not give me any exclusive right to the publication of that part of the cipher-narrative in the plays which is not worked out by myself. I shall therefore have worked for years for the benefit of others, unless in this way I am able to protect myself. . . .

"Neither do I think any reasonable man will object to my reserving this part of the cipher. My friend Judge Shellabarger, of Washington, said in an

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address, in 1885, before a literary society of that city :

"'If any man proves to me that in any writing the tenth word is *our*, the twentieth *Father*, the thirtieth word *who*, the fortieth word *art*, the fiftieth word *in*, the sixtieth word *heaven*, and so on through the whole of the Lord's Prayer, we must confess, however astonished we may be, that such a result could not have occurred by accident, but that these words must have been ingeniously woven into the text by some one at those regular and stated intervals.'

"And if this be true of a short writing, like the Lord's Prayer, would it not amount to an absolute demonstration if this series of numbers, or any other series of numbers, extended through many pages of narrative, from the beginning of one play to the end of another?

"Instead of the cipher story in these plays being, as some have supposed, a mere hop-skip-and-jump collection of words, it will be found to be as purely arithmetical and as precisely regular as the example given above."

What then has Mr. Donnelly found? According to the strong and strange assertions of these chapters he has found an occult detached unfolded story, of which the heads are here given :

"Cecil declares Shakespeare to be but a mask for Bacon.

"To prove it, he tells the story of Shakspere's

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youth; of his robbery in Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and the destruction of his fishpond.

"He describes Shakspere's appearance when he first came to London, and declares him incapable of writing the plays.

"He asserts the purpose of the historical plays to be to dignify rebellion and to encourage treason in the interest of the Scotch King.

"On hearing all this the Queen rises up, beats Hayward with her crutch, and nearly kills him.

"The Queen defends Bacon and rebukes Cecil. She sends out posts to find Shakspere, with orders to arrest him on the old charge of robbery, and to put him to the torture if he will not tell the author of the plays.

"The Earl sends Umfreville to St. Albans to warn Bacon to fly. He overtakes Harry Percy.

"Bacon hears the dreadful news. His brother Anthony urges him to go to the Continent. The discussion between the brothers.

"Bacon overwhelmed with the horrors of his position.

"He resolves on suicide, and takes ratsbane.

"He falls in the orchard, cutting his head on the stones. He is found, and carried into the house.

"His mother's grief and rage. He counterfeits death to give the poison time to work. His family think he has been slain in a duel, or been assaulted by robbers. His stomach rejects the arsenic.

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"The loquacious village doctor; his treatment of the case. He pronounces it an apoplectic fit caused by over study.

"Anthony learns that Shakspere is not with the players, but is sick at Stratford.

"Percy is sent to Stratford, on a swift horse, to urge Shakspere to fly the country.

"The sick Shakspere at Stratford.

"Shakspere's beautiful daughter.

"The supper at Stratford.

"Percy tells Shakspere the news, and urges him to fly.

"The uproar in the family. The brawl.

"Shakspere decides to fly. &c., &c."

This alleged persuasion of Cecil that Shakspere did not write and could not write the Plays is very striking in connection with certain contemporaneous facts. In a curious book, of which the authorship is uncertain (printed 1645), a description is given of "The Great Assises holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours." Apollo sits on the top of Parnassus, "The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus," comes next below him, then the names of twenty-five writers and poets; then, 26th, and only as a juror, "William Shakespeare," the last but one on the whole list. Ben Jonson himself was at one time Bacon's amanuensis and Latin translator, and eulogised his great master after his death in the very same words which he had used in praise of Shake-

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speare. Jonson in enumerating sixteen of the greatest wits of his day *does not name Shakespeare*, but says of Bacon that "it is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. . . . So that he may be named the mark and acme of our language." Then, too, there is Robert Greene's "Groats-worth of Wit," dated 1592, already alluded to as probably animated by mere spite, yet it certainly speaks of Shakspere as a sort of inferior and "general utility" man in Burbage's theatrical company. Greene wrote:

"Base-minded men all three of you [Marlowe, Nash, Peele], if by my miserie ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave: those puppits (I meane) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie."

At this very time Bacon was certainly writing splendid things, among them a play called "Osmund and Cornelia." And in his *Apologia* the subjoined

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remarkable passage occurs, which may be taken either as illustrating the above alleged narrative, or, as may perhaps be believed by some, suggesting its character to the desperately prepossessed search of Mr. Donnelly. In 1598 the Plays of "Richard II." and "Henry IV." had offended Queen Elizabeth, who considered them to allude dangerously and treasonably to troubles in Ireland. Bacon writes:

"In a matter which had some affinity with my Lord of Essex's cause, *which though it grew from me, went after about in others' names.* For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my lord (being a story of the first year of King Henry the Fourth), thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said she had a good opinion there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered: For treason, surely found I none, but for felony very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein, I told her, the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English, and put them into his text. Another time when the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, Nay madame, he is a

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doctor; never rack his person, but rack his stile; let him have pens, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it leaves off, and I will undertake by collecting the stiles to judge whether he were the author or no."

Now here we have enough on the one hand to confirm the narrative dug out of the text by the American; or on the other to have put its character and details into his head, if he were forcing a cipher upon the Folio. But we return to the book, and at the risk of bewildering the public yet a little more, we append the facsimile of a piece of Mr. Donnelly's work, giving him about five lines of his underground narrative. To explain it he mentions that Harry Percy—nicknamed "Hotspur"—was Bacon's servant. The root-numbers, or master-keys, already named indicate where the counting begins, and whether the bracketed and hyphenated words are to be reckoned or not. Frankly, we have not been able to wade after our author through this vast morass of figures. By the kindness of Mr. Quaritch we have indeed closely examined the original and famous Folio of 1623—priced by the famous bookseller at 800*l.*—which verifies, no doubt, the assertions made as to irregular pagination, strange bracketing, and wild hyphenation. Yet these occur, too, in the little quartos; while staring you in the face at the beginning of the folio is the portrait of William Shakespeare with Ben Jonson's lines, and the preface earnestly and reverently attributing the immortal

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plays to him. Behold, however, a day's hunting of our desperate Baconian!

THE FLIGHT OF THE ACTORS.

Aug. 4, p. 2.

							the
505	505	312	282	284	251		
	193	30	248	34	3	2.74	
	312	282	34	250-1	254	254	crafty
505	505	312	119	508	405		
	193	193	15[]+by	104	1	2.75	
	312	119	104	404-5	406	406	Hense-
506	506	313	284	220			
	193	248	65	6by		2.74	
	313	65	219-20	226		226	low
505	505	312					
	193	193				1.75	
	312	119				119	had
505	505	252					
	253	15[]+by				2.75	
	252	237				237	fled
513	513	498					
	193	320				1.76	
	320	178-9				179	on
523	523	330					
	193	30				2.75	
	330	300				300	the
523	523	513	320				
	448	193	3			2.75	
	75	320				75	first
505	505	508	287				
	253	252	15[]+by			2.75	
	252	256-7	272			272	appearance
505	505	312	282				
	193	30	248			1.74	

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	312	282	34		34	of
513	513	448				
	193	320			1.76	
	320	128 9			129	danger ; and

505—254=251-15=206—508—302-3 all $\frac{2.75}{303}$

505	505	312				
	193	27			2.75	
	312	85			283	the
523	523	508	179			
	193	330	15[]+by 193		2.75	
	330	178-9	194		194	rest
505	505	251	508			
	254	15	236		2.75	
	251	236	272-3		273	of
513	513	508	189	204		
	193	320	15[]+by	16[]+by col.	2.75	
	320	188-9	204	220	220	our
505	505	251				
	254	30			2.75	
	251	221			221	men
513	513	508	189			
	293	320	15[]+by		2.75	
	320	188-9	204		204	as
505	505	508				
	253	252			2.75	
	252	256-7			257	soon
523	523	269	239	224		
	254	30	15	20	2.75	
				[]col.		
	269	239	224	234	204	as
505	505	312	297			
	293	15[]+by5by			1.76	
	312	297	292		292	they
523	523	269				

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	254	50			2.75	
	269	219			219	did
523	523	269	448			
	254	50	219		1.76	
	269	219	229-30		230	hear
523	523	269	239			
	254	30	15[]+by		2.75	
	269	239	224		224	Hotspur's
505	505—263—252—30=222				2.75	
					222	heavy
516	513	508	46			
	50	463	33[]col.		2	
					79	
	463	45-6	45-6	79	75	news
523	523	498				
	193	330			1.76	
	330	168			169	that
505	505					
	448				2.76	
	57				57	her
505	505	312				
	193	30			2.75	
	312	282			282	grace
505	505					
	253				2.75	
	252				252	was
505	505	312				
	193	50			2.75	
	312	262			262	furious
	523	330				
	193	50			2 75	
	330	280			280	and
	505	251	508			
	254	50	201		2.75	
	251	201	307-8		308	hath

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505	505					
	193				2.75	
	312				312	sent
505	505	312	448			
	293	50	262		1.76	
	312	262	186-7		187	out
	506					
	193				2.75	
	313				313	a
	505	251				
	254	30			1	
	251	221			76	body
	313	65				
	248	6[]+by			1	
	65	59			74	of
	282	603				
	50	232				
	232	371-2				twenty
523	523	330	280			
	193	50	15[]+by		2. 5	
	330	280	265		265	ll
505	505					
	50				2.75	
	455				455	horsed
	506	506	313	508		
	193	193	50	263	2.75	
	313	313	263	245-6	246	soldiers to
	506	313	65			
	193	248	24[]+by 248		1.74	
	313	65	41		41	ride as
	513	483				
	30	50-1.76			1.76	
	413	433			483	posts

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				to
513	447			
254	259		1.75	
259	188-9		189	look
523	508			
193	330		2.75	
330	178-9		179	for
505	251	221		
254	30	193	2.75	
251	221	28	28	Shakst
505	312			
193	193		1.75	
312	114		114	Spur.

Here it will be seen that the words exhumed by so intolerably complicated an arithmetical system bring out these sentences. "*The crafty Henslow had fled on the first appearance of danger, and all the rest of our men as soon as they did hear Hotspur's heavy news that her Grace was furious and hath sent out a body of twenty well horsed soldiers to ride as posts to look for Shakspere.*" If we could reproduce the pages of the folio now in our hands, with Mr. Donnelly's marks and calculations upon them, the innumerable signs of patient counting, measuring, and tracing would display the American's enormous and sinister industry, but must painfully bewilder the public eye. Such then, in brief, is the aspect of a small part of this tremendous puzzle which Mr. Donnelly claims to have unlocked. Our author asserts himself to have applied the same elaborate

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analysis to both portions of "Henry IV.," with the result of "everywhere working out a coherent story" claiming the plays as Bacon's, and giving strange details of Shakspere, and of the Court. By the five master-numbers cited, modified by those obtained from the fragmentary scenes, hyphens, brackets, and italics, he pretends to have obtained a series of figures which carry him up and down, eliciting everywhere new lines of cryptographic record. His book will contain what he has worked out by this method—or says that he has worked out—which certainly looks like a connected narrative, infolded with incredible pains and skill into the text. Yet it is impossible to think Bacon could trust to such an occult record being ever discovered by this painful analysis. If we admit the theory, we must believe that the Lord Keeper concealed somewhere the clues, or laid up somewhere the original pages as he had marked them, and these have been lost or destroyed. In conclusion, the sheets of the work placed in our hands have failed to satisfy us. The narrative, as far as it lies unwoven under our eyes, looks rather as if so frightfully complex a system had been invented to force into order words already marked in coherent sequence.

The belief of Shakspere's contemporaries, the praise of him by Ben Jonson and others, the sonnets wherein the name "Will" occurs and recurs, the

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earnest language of the preface to the folio, the very mistakes of the plays—as when Richard III. quotes Machiavelli, who was not then born, and Bohemia has a sea-coast—speak trumpet-tongued against this daring American. We cannot and will not as yet surrender Shakspere's glorious name and fame to the desperate ingenuity or immense self-deception of Mr. Donnelly. The disproportion of any man's personal credit compared with that of the Bard of Avon is too vast to allow the complaisant acceptance of aught save bitter and perfect demonstration. Even if this completed story thus unearthed should bear out the author's declaration, and be found to run under the text at regular intervals, as he affirms, we should almost be inclined to fall back on the view that Bacon may have inserted such a cipher to steal an immortal reputation from the dead, rather than hastily give up England's time-honoured faith that Shakspere wrote the plays of Shakespeare. But the attack now to be delivered upon the glorious renown of the chief of all poets is serious enough—as has been seen—to have rendered it our duty to announce its approach, and to offer some account of its nature. It will henceforth rest with the students and lovers of the grand English Poet to take up the combat, and examine the fuller details of Mr. Donnelly's work—to check, challenge, and, if possible, confute him. If he should make good the prodigious pretensions of this

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GREAT CRYPTOGRAM, it is true that the crown of peerless verse, of matchless dramatic genius, would only be shifted from the brow of one Englishman to that of another—but the loss, the blow, the shock, would be unspeakable! We have all loved as well as honoured the dead man of Stratford-upon-Avon. Could we ever transfer the affection and admiration, ripened by three centuries, from him to Queen Elizabeth's shifty Lord-Keeper—could England learn to feel for Francis Bacon all that she has felt for William Shakspere? No! we are not convinced!—but we are astonished, we are uneasy, and we are a little perplexed.

LEADING ARTICLE, NOVEMBER 26.

We publish this morning, in another part of our impression, the first instalment of a serious and elaborate paper, bearing a startling title and dealing with a strange subject. It discusses nothing less than the question whether William Shakspere—the glory of our literature and the delight of every generation—has not all these three hundred years been wearing false laurels, the rightful owner of them being, from first to last, Francis Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's famous Lord-Keeper. As the writer of the article is careful to show, this is no new allegation. Many essayists and bookmakers have advanced it, with more or less ingenuity, since Horace Walpole gave

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the first signal of doubt; and as many, or even more, have, with innumerable instances and arguments, combated the view. A new assault, however, of a very determined and searching kind is, it appears, about to be delivered upon the name and fame of our great English poet. A work is forthcoming early in December, on this side of the Atlantic, from the house of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., compiled by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, which goes far beyond all that has ever been ventured upon before in such a direction. The American author concerned has not merely brought into the focus of one of his volumes all that can be collected in favour of the Baconian theory from history, biography, criticism, and presumptive evidence—had that been all his achievement, the article which we publish would neither have been written nor printed—but he declares in the face of the Anglo-Saxon world, which his announcement will scandalize, astound, and bewilder, that he has found a narrative, running hither and thither under the seemingly simple text of the Shakespearian plays, which narrative, concealed by an abstruse and difficult cipher, ascribes the authorship of all that we have hitherto called Shakspere's to Francis Bacon, and gives strange and minute details of the times and doings of Elizabeth's Court. Of this daring declaration rumours have also been for some time current, and allusions more or less relevant have been, indeed, made to its nature and value in public journals both

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on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The writer of the article which we publish has, however, for the first time seen and studied proof-sheets of the forthcoming work by Mr. Donnelly; he has possessed the advantage of examining the pretensions of the American "Baconian" and, to a certain extent, of following and testing his methods. The conclusion forced upon his mind, and stated with the evident reluctance which all lovers of the great poet must feel, is that the new attack upon the magnificent reputation of Shakspere is one which cannot be ignored, albeit he trusts it may be boldly confronted and perhaps controverted after further and final investigation. The first portion of this remarkable paper, which we give to-day, handles the earlier chapters of the expected work, leading up to its author's confident proclamation that he has discovered the "Great Cryptogram." The second instalment, which will appear on Monday next, deals with the alleged discovery itself, furnishing examples of the supposed infolded narrative, and a general idea of the methods by which Mr. Donnelly has arrived at his amazing conclusions. Whether these be true or false, it is plain that nothing of greater interest as a topic of debate and consideration could be laid before the innumerable lovers and students of Shakespeare, nor any question of more serious moment engage the whole community of letters.

It will be gathered from the course of the article

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that the Transatlantic critic and cryptologist who thus seeks to "dethrone Shakspere" has, at least, not rushed into the field with a new and unpractised equipment. Indeed, it seems that Mr. Donnelly has spent six or seven years in the almost desperate task of unearthing the cipher, which he attributes to Bacon's hand, before committing his so-called discoveries to print.

Long previous study had made him one of the "Baconians," but he was content as originally purposed, to bring together the scattered evidence on the subject, and had at first, it appears, no further ambition. One day, however, he came across an example of a secret writing invented by Lord Verulam ; and, pursuing the matter, he learned—what many of course already knew—that Bacon was exceeding fond of ciphers and addicted to their use. This animated him to hunt for some brief and hidden revelation in the text of the plays, a task obviously as wearisome as to look for the proverbial needle in a stack of hay. The task, in truth, proved hopeless, and the iconoclast was on the point of abandoning it in despair when he bethought himself of employing the Great Folio Edition of 1623, which was published as the true and authentic version seven years after the death of Shakspere. Copies of this ancient book are, as all bibliomaniacs know, very rare, and fetch eight to twelve hundred pounds sterling when they change hands. But a facsimile of it was issued

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not many years ago, and one of these was procured by the indefatigable American. Upon the text of this, printed in double columns, he laboured night and day for many seasons, remarking—as all students of the Folio must have remarked—the oddities of its pagination, and the constant occurrence of words needlessly bracketed, hyphenated, and italicized. The second division of the article will show how Mr. Donnelly found—or claims to have found—a trail at last, and how it led him up and down, backwards and forwards, through the acts and scenes of the First and Second Parts of "Henry IV.," along the meandering track of a hidden and elaborate narrative. The public will hear him promising to bring forth in the approaching work the full story of Shakspere's imposture, as far as he has had time to make it clear, and already offering an outline of the hidden chronicle, containing sufficient—if we could for a moment believe in its verity—to whet the appetites to the point of voracity of all who ever read or saw performed a play of Shakspere. It will be gathered, as the article proceeds, how prodigiously involved and abstruse the alleged cryptogram is; with what astounding subtlety the false paging, the hyphens, the italics, and the number of words in a scene, or part of a scene, are forced into service to furnish new clues to fresh sequences of narration, each word of which—according to this American—follows the preceding one at regular measured intervals. The contention of the

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author of "The Great Cryptogram"—who at least seems to have convinced himself most thoroughly—is that he has found what Bacon intended posterity to find—and perhaps left somewhere the necessary instructions for finding—the secret history, that is to say, of the plays as regards their authorship, the entirely subordinate share of Shakspere in their production, the reasons for his own concealment of paternity, together with a revelation of all sorts of crimes, jealousies, intrigues, and ambitions hitherto unknown and unsuspected in relation to "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Thus we shall have herein laid before the literary and dramatic world a choice between four alternatives. Either the pretended cryptogram, with its extraordinary variations and combinations, is a daring hoax which cannot survive the appearance of the book; or the author, sincere and over-ingenious, has violently forced an elaborate system of his own manufacture upon the text, and deceived himself into believing it to be genuine and the invention of Bacon. Or the cipher really does lurk under the text of the play of "Henry IV."—and perhaps under every play in the Folio—with the twofold consequence in that case either that Bacon and not Shakespeare wrote them, or that Bacon—whose morality was not spotless—inserted this amazing narrative to steal away the glory and renown of our immortal countryman. It will be for men of letters, for critics, for students,

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actors, editors, and readers of the Shakespearian dramas and poems to form their own opinion upon these points when they have perused the completed article and seen the volumes which are to follow it. An attitude of patriotic scepticism must be meanwhile that which all Englishmen will assume, for we do not know what blow could be heavier, what disillusion more perturbing and subversive, than to admit that the William Shakspere who is so great an element in the name and fame of England must descend from his h therto unapproached eminence, and yield his secular crown and splendid intellectual throne to Francis Bacon. Our American kinsmen themselves, who are devoted pilgrims at the shrine of Stratford-on-Avon, would be as much moved as ourselves at such a displacement. For our own part, we will not yet believe it to be so much as possible. The very mistakes in those glorious plays, as where Hector is made to talk of Aristotle, and Richard III. of Machiavelli, smack of the poet and not the pedant—were possible to Shakspere, but improbable for Bacon. A thousand similar arguments crowd upon the mind to maintain the attribution of all the ages, the belief of the poet's contemporaries, the firm faith of his fellow-countrymen at large. This assault upon Shakspere's reputation, however, appeared much too serious and sustained, to be left to casual and ill-informed allusions. It was necessary to acquaint the public and the world of letters with what is

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forthcoming in the way of audacious attack, and, on that account, we have not hesitated to give full publicity to the challenge of the American iconoclast.

On the 29th November the following appeared:—"Mr. R. M. Theobald, hon. sec. of the Bacon Society, writes to suggest doubts as to Horace Walpole having been the first writer of repute to sustain the Baconian theory. He believes this to be entirely founded on what Dr. Thomson said as to Walpole, and a reference to the 'Historic Doubts' themselves does not sustain the notion that Walpole really attributed Shakespeare's plays to the Chancellor. 'It seems, therefore,' Mr. Theobald adds, 'that the supposed priority of Horace Walpole in this matter must be abandoned; it was a rash assumption made by Dr. Thomson, and has been too confidingly accepted and repeated by subsequent writers. The point is not very important, but it leaves to Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. W. H. Smith the undisputed credit (or discredit, if you please) of being the pioneers in this curious investigation.'"

It is no part of our design to offer any extended criticisms on these papers. Their publication marked the first successful attempt to bring the Baconian case fairly before the public. And even these papers, generous and candid as they are, show that the writers have not entirely cast off the yoke which has been tacitly imposed upon English Journalism in reference to this question. The fierce invective

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or scathing contempt which have been so much in vogue, have disappeared from these papers, yet the writer seems a little awed by the stern *Odium Shakesperianum* which dominates the discussion. He almost begs pardon for showing favour to such a literary outcast. Industry "enormous" but "sinister;" "Unwelcome, strange, and painful;" "Bound on a false scent, as we hope and believe," is the language applied to it. It is the voice of one convinced against his will, but who is too honest to be of the same opinion still. It is remarkable how much asperity is provoked by facts as well as opinions. Truth itself is often very unwelcome, and those who speak it are "perturbing people." There are certain influential journals, which need not be named, which appear to have a variety of modes of reception for different classes of facts. There are friendly facts, useful facts, hostile facts, facts to be shelved and looked into in some future time, facts to be at once extinguished if possible, facts to be ignored and treated as non-existent, facts which must not be allowed to tell their own story, but only answer the questions of a severe cross-examining interrogator. There are respectable facts and plebeian facts, innocent facts and guilty facts, facts to be welcomed and domesticated, and facts to be gagged or treated as criminals or mad creatures with whips and dark keeping. The writer of these papers is evidently ready to do justice to Baconian facts, but he cannot

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help seeing that they come before him branded, handcuffed and discredited.

This is really the entire meaning of such passing assertions as that the Baconian arguments "have been answered with more or less success;" and that the presumptive arguments in favour of Shakspere are "almost as many" as those against him; and "such arguments have long been familiar, and equally so the answer to them." This is not the case. The Baconians have not been answered; indeed many leading Shakesperians openly profess their intention of not answering them at all. Mr. Gosse writes from Trinity College, Cambridge, in *Shakesperiana*, January, 1888, in a letter to Mr. Lathrop: "Ridicule and criticism by parody are the only fit weapons to be used against such adversaries. I was talking a few days ago about the whole matter with our Shakespere veteran, Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and found that he quite agreed with me that either silence or a peal of Rabelaisian laughter was the only notice they deserve;" and in the same letter we are classed with persons "who believe we are the ten tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of *In Memoriam;* people for whom evidence does not exist and who love paradox for its own sake;" these, it is said, "form the whole Baconian schism over here." If the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* had accepted the guidance of these eminent "Shakespere veterans," he would not

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have even assumed that our arguments had been answered, he would have prided himself on the fact that they have not.

If a Shakesperian scholar condescends to be civil to a Baconian, he will probably tell him that he has never yet found any presumptive evidence against Shakspere, or in favour of Bacon, and that the arguments he has met with in favour of these presumptions are too contemptible to need reply. Those who, like our *Daily Telegraph* friends, cannot help seeing that such presumptive evidence is really most abundant, receive the persuasion with journalistic sobs and tears, and seem inclined to plead in arrest of judgment, that anyhow the plays are a miracle, so it does not matter if the author was one too. Admitting that Shakspere was an uneducated rustic, yet somehow he gleaned knowledge, learning, facts and perceptions of character "in ways denied to other brains." But why should we concede this? Why suppress natural solutions, in order to hug old and insufficient supernatural ones?

Lastly, if the credit of the "Bard of Avon" is precious, why should not some little value be attached to the credit of Francis Bacon? Why should it be a "bitter" draught to swallow if it brings new glory and renown to that wisest, brightest, and certainly *not* meanest of mankind. No great man has ever been more shamelessly slandered than this wonderful and truly noble man. And we are inclined to say

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that "the disproportion of any man's personal credit compared with that of Francis Bacon, is too vast to allow the complacent acceptance of aught save [not bitter but] perfect demonstration" in any question in which his honour and fame are involved.

It must be noted here that the words quoted as if from Bacon's will, on p. 17, "*after some time be passed*," do not occur in the will at all. How they came to be interpolated it is difficult to say. But the sense of the words is there, though this particular emphasis is lacking. Not yet has posterity responded to Bacon's touching appeal. Pope's monstrous paradox, "the wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind," is repeated with parrot iteration. We read Macaulay's unveracious fancy picture, or Campbell's one-sided, bitter indictment, or their echoes in more recent writers. No one reads Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer" (the reviewer being Macaulay),—the most masterly and fascinating vindication of a damaged reputation ever penned; as interesting as a romance, as lively as an acted drama, as judicial as the summing-up of a learned judge in a momentous trial: written by the graceful scholar who devoted the best years of his life to the study of Bacon,—the man, his writings, and his times.

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CHAPTER II.

MR. DONNELLY'S CIPHER.

THE starting-point of the *Daily Telegraph* discussion was Mr. Donnelly's cipher, and some of the correspondents appeared to think that this should have been the chief point discussed. But inasmuch as no one, except Mr. Donnelly himself, really knows what the cipher is, the discussion of his preliminary data would have been but a barren pursuit. So far as the Bacon Society is concerned, its attitude is simply one of unbiassed expectation. They do not pretend to any decision on the merits of a question on which we have such imperfect knowledge. Meanwhile, there are two points of view under which Mr. Donnelly's claims may be at present considered. First, those who know Mr. Donnelly himself personally, or by correspondence, must have formed some impression as to the probability of his being the victim of some illusions, or capable of inventing a hoax; and they will judge by such an instalment of the cipher story as they possess, what sort of verisimilitude attaches to the reserved portion. Mrs. Henry Pott is doubtless better qualified than any one else to give evidence of this kind. Her impressions

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may be inferred from the following letter, published December 2nd :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—The letters which are published in criticism or comment upon the article in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 28, on Mr. Donnelly's cipher, reproduce all the misconceptions and errors with which the American press teemed four years ago, when first the subject was discussed. I think that the advocacy of a woman in matters of importance is generally worse than useless, and I do not wish to appear as a writer in the present instance. But I should like to draw your attention to a few facts, which, if necessary, may be stated upon my authority. They concern Mr. Donnelly's claims to be trusted as an honest and honourable man, and as one little likely to be the victim of self-delusion. It is now nearly five years since he first wrote to me regarding the general question of Bacon's authorship of "Shakespeare." In September, 1885, I received a definite announcement of his having perfected his "first clue." From that time our correspondence has been maintained without interruption, excepting such as my severe illness entailed during the past year. I have before me between forty and fifty letters from Mr. Donnelly. They form a connected series, detailing from the earliest stages his experiments and the results of his labours, unfolding, to his own amazement and mine, the graphic and exciting

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narrative which revealed itself by the working out of successive and apparently infinite small sums in arithmetic. Never has Mr. Donnelly contradicted himself, or found occasion to retract or modify his statements. Though written under various circumstances, in the midst of political business, and at distances of time, these statements have been invariably consistent and coherent. Even when, after the lapse of months or of a year, he has accidentally repeated himself, the very words of his early letter are repeated in the later one. Nothing can be more quiet in tone, more business-like, lucid, and satisfying than the style in which these lengthy and profoundly interesting letters are couched. The effect which they produce when read to the most cynical or sceptical audience is always noteworthy. I cannot understand the animus which even Baconians sometimes evince towards Mr. Donnelly, and can only attribute it to a certain poor-spirited selfishness, which makes them afraid of imperilling their prestige as pioneers in a new mine of truth, or afraid of committing themselves to a possible fallacy. Almost everywhere we see a repetition of the assertion or insinuation, that the cipher is based upon *a hap-hazard picking and choosing of words, numbers of pages*, &c. It is difficult to believe that the writers of this kind of stuff believe what they say. If so, it is clear that they have not taken the trouble to master the facts as reported in scores of articles and paragraphs in American newspapers during the past

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three years. Mr. Donnelly has never wavered in his assertion that the cipher is strictly dependent upon arithmetical rules, and that the system has two parts. By the first process the words are gathered together which are to compose the narrative. By the second process these words are marshalled into due order, and march forth, in true Baconian language, terse, graphic, and hardly capable of improvement. That Mr. Donnelly does not publish his "second clue" is perhaps my fault. I was so sorry to think that some unscrupulous adventurer might be able to rob him of the fruits of his labours, by putting on a posse of workers to decipher the rest of the plays, that I exhorted him to withhold part of his secret until he could command an army of able pens to help him. I believe that he is organizing a plan of the kind. Meanwhile, these are the words which he uses in the "Introduction" to his book, of which he has kindly sent me proofs: "As to the actuality of the cipher there can be but one conclusion. A long, continuous narrative, running through many pages, detailing historical events in a perfectly symmetrical, rhetorical, grammatical manner, and always growing out of the same numbers, employed in the same way, and counting from the same or similar starting-points, cannot be otherwise than a pre-arranged arithmetical cipher. Let those who would deny this proposition produce a single page of a connected story, eliminated by an arithmetical rule, from any other work. In fact, let

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them find five words that will cohere, by accident, in due order, in any publication, where they were not first placed with intent and aforethought. I have never yet been able to find even three such. Regularity does not grow out of chaos. There can be no intellectual order without pre-existing intellectual purpose. The fruits of mind can only be found where mind is or has been."

At the time when Mr. Donnelly had deciphered but a few paragraphs of the narrative, he became aware that he would have to break off his work for some months on account of his duties as a politician and a statesman. Fearful that his secret might leak out, and be appropriated by some one else, before he could complete his book, he wrote requesting me to make known to Baconian friends (and to others who would preserve a record of his report) that the reality of the cipher discovery was established, with the results which up to that time he had arrived at. I took every means within my power to ensure that Shakespearians as well as Baconians should be informed on this matter. The former, of course, were contemptuously incredulous, and for the most part entirely declined to receive information or to listen to any explanation, or to allow any to be published. One notable exception to this condition of mind I found in Mr. James Gibson, the late librarian to the Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon. From him I received several most courteous and interesting letters, and he went so far as to

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establish a "Baconian shelf" for literature connected with our subject. He said, however, that he had to be very quiet about it. The *Leeds Mercury*, too, admitted some fair notices of the subject. Otherwise, as you know, you have the honour of being the first to permit a free ventilation of this extraordinary question in your columns. Even should it be conceivable that a man of Mr. Donnelly's known character and acuteness and thoroughness should be capable of deluding himself as to the results of eight years of labour, yet the world must remain ever indebted to you for allowing at least a fair field upon which the combatants may try their strength. You will not be disappointed in Mr. Donnelly. Although it seems to be easy to those who know nothing of him or his subject to believe him both knave and fool—anything rather than doubt their own perceptions—yet to those who have followed his laborious footsteps, and tested his calculations, there is but one conclusion—he is right.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

81, Cornwall Gardens, Queen's Gate, S.W., Nov. 30.

MR. DONNELLY'S FIGURES.

There is a second way in which an approximate judgment of the cipher may be acquired; and that is by going over the calculations which Mr. Donnelly has supplied, to see if they are capable of verification.

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Mr. J. E. Smith is the only correspondent who has done this. His letter, Dec. 14, gives the following:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—Having imposed on myself the task of auditing, so to speak, the specimen of Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram and the calculations given therewith, which appeared in your issue of Monday, Nov. 28, and, having now completed said audit, I propose in this letter to furnish a short report thereof, believing that it will prove of interest to all who have followed this controversy. The sentence given as a specimen, which is headed "The Flight of the Actors," purports to be the result of a day's research by Mr. Donnelly, and is as follows:

"The crafty Henslow had fled on the first appearance of danger, and all the rest of our men as soon as they did hear Hotspur's heavy news that her Grace was furious and hath sent out a body of twenty well-horsed soldiers to ride as posts to look for Shakspere."

This sentence is composed of fifty-one words, but in the cipher-narrative the names Henslow and Shakspere are made up of two words apiece—"hence-low" and "shakst-spur" respectively, making a total of fifty-three. Of these fifty-three words there are five for which Mr. Donnelly furnishes no data whereby their position can be ascertained, namely, the first, thirteenth, forty-fifth, forty-seventh, and forty-ninth.

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The remaining forty-eight words are scattered very irregularly over three pages of the folio of 1623, viz. pages 74, 75, and 76 of the Histories, the pages containing each two columns. These six columns contain the Induction to "Henry IV.," part ii., and part of act i., down to the following words of Falstaff in the scene with the lord Chief Justice, page, and attendant: "Fal.: What! a young knave and beg! Is there not wars? &c. * * though it be a shame to be"—

Page 74, Col. 1, has	284 words of text and	5 words of cipher.
Page 74, Col. 2, has	248 words of text and	Nil words of cipher.
Page 75, Col. 1, has	447 words of text and	3 words of cipher.
Page 75, Col. 2, has	508 words of text and	29 words of cipher.
Page 76, Col. 1, has	498 words of text and	8 words of cipher.
Page 76, Col. 2, has	603 words of text and	3 words of cipher.
Total .	2588	48

I have checked the whole of the above very carefully, and I have found them in the positions indicated by Mr. Donnelly, with the following exceptions: Word No. 2, "Crafty," calculated as the 254th word of col. 2, page 74, I find to be the corresponding word in the first column of that page. (By the way, this word is an omission from Mrs. C. Clarke's Concordance.) Word No. 3, "Hence," Mr. Donnelly changes the spelling to hense, to make it do duty as the first syllable of the name of Henslow, who was the partner of the actor Alleyne, founder of Dulwich College, but is not one of the twenty-six mentioned in the folio as "the prin-

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cipal actors in all these plays." Word No. 4, "Low," calculated as the 226th word in col. 2, page 74, is the corresponding word in first column. Word No. 38, "A," calculated as the 313th word of col. 2, page 75. The 313th word of that column is "Out"; "A" is the next word, however. Word 43, "Horsed," calculated as the 455th word of col. 2, page 75, is not so, that word is "houre," but "Horsed" is, I now find, the corresponding word on col. 2, page 76, i.e., 1,101 words from its assigned position. Words Nos. 52 and 53, I only note in passing that Mr. Donnelly makes the two words "shakst" and "spur" stand for Shakspere.

I now come to the figures which Mr. Donnelly exhibits as the calculations by which he arrives at the positions of the different words. I find that in all cases but two his *point d'appui*, from whence he makes his count, is the top of that column on which the word is found. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that in these two exceptions the calculations are faulty. In point of fact, the errors are palpable. The first miscalculation is of word No. 14, where the error is + 30, and the *point d'appui* is brought forward in consequence to the interval between the 30th and 31st word from the top of the column, and therefore the word should be the 333rd word of column 2, page 75, and not the 303rd, as indicated by Mr. Donnelly. There is an error of −2 in word 15 which brings the starting-point between the second and third words

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from the bottom of the previous column, making the word the 281st, instead of the 283rd—i.e., "did," and not "the," as indicated.

The next point I wish to notice is the clumsy nature of the calculations. It would almost seem as if, in his day's hunting, our desperate Baconian (as the writer of the article has it) has industriously dragged red herrings across the scent of succeeding huntsmen. In order to show this, and to offer some explanation of the significance of the figures, I cannot do better than to exhibit Mr. Donnelly's first calculation as a sample, viz. :—

505	505	312	282	284	251	1
	193	30	248	34	3	2.74
	312	282	34	250-1	254	254

All these figures are the converse of Burghley's nod, which looked so little and meant so much; this looks much and means very little.

With the padding the equation reads thus:

$$x + 284 - (505 - 193 - 30 - 248) + 1 + 3 = 254$$

Without the padding it reads thus:

$$x + 284 - 30 = 254$$

In both cases $x = o$, i.e. the starting-point is top of column, which is the starting-point of all the other calculations, except in the two faulty ones mentioned above.

The inquiry which here suggests itself is, How does Mr. Donnelly know *which* column to start

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from? Upon this most important matter the figures are dumb. Mr. Donnelly has informed us, however, that 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523 are key-numbers, and are multiplicands of certain figures on col. 1 of p. 74. But he never uses them as such. He never once multiplies them by anything. He only adds them to positive padding when they are negative, and to negative padding when they are positive. He never uses 516 at all, though it is paraded once, and on two occasions he does without his key-number altogether, and the calculation is not one whit the worse for the omission. So the crux of the question remains—how does he know which column to take? The intervals between the words are quite erratic, both as regards distance and direction. The intervals between the 40th and 41st words amount to 2298; that between the 18th and 19th words is one, for these words are consecutive both in the outer and inner text, while the 19th and 21st words in the cipher is *the same word* in the outer text. And, as regards direction, they are every bit as whimsical, for they ante up or post down with the glorious uncertainty of the British barometer."

The following letter hints at an independent or partially dependent discoverer of a cipher. Mr. Bartlett, however, seems only to suspect, not to prove. The date is December 20th :—

"I was first shaken in my belief in the authorship of Shakespeare by reading Mr. Holmes' book on

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the subject. The nature of my reasoning has been this: 1. The extreme improbability of a man like Shakspere writing so notable a work. 2. The improbability of a man who had the capacity to write such a work, beginning and ending his life as we know Shakspere did. 3. The extreme improbability of the author of such a work having so inconspicuous a personal history. 4. Every one apparently being agreed that it is quite marvellous that such a man should have written the works. 5. The exact converse of all this in the case of Bacon—intellect, education, leisure, associates, contemporaneous testimony, varied information, his being historically known to have been engaged in reading the very works from which some of the plays were taken, together with a great multitude of circumstantial evidences of this and other kinds, a great deal too numerous to be likely to be accidental, marking out Bacon as the man who was capable of producing the plays. This is only the very briefest epitome of what has for some four years been forcing itself, with clearer conviction every day, upon my mind, altogether independently of the cipher. But a word about that. I, too, am morally certain that the mistakes in the folio edition are not accidental. I do not know Mr. Donnelly or his secret, but, from what I do know from my own investigations, I am convinced that if Mr. Donnelly and his cipher were to be swallowed up to-morrow, I could, given sufficient time, make out the cipher

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myself, from the hints which he has given and my own observations."

We do not think it necessary to produce any of the discussions which are simply hostile, i.e., intended to prove that the cipher is impossible; with speculations as to what the seventeenth century printers could or could not do, and how they worked,—how the anomalies of the Folio are to be explained, &c. All this is a little beside the mark. We will content our selves with two remarks.

1. If there is a cipher, it must have taken years to construct and print, and if it was begun in 1616, after William Shakspere's death, it might well employ all Bacon's scanty leisure till his fall in 1621.

2. If the anomalies in the Folio are due to careless revision of the press, this may be accounted for if we remember that during part of the time when it was in the press, Bacon was probably in a sort of banishment, i.e. not permitted to live within twelve miles of the Court. His release from this restraint was in March, 1622, by which time most of the printing of the Folio must have been completed.

In the following letter the case for Mr. Donnelly as it stands is fairly put. It appeared Dec. 22nd :—

"H. V. H." addresses us as follows: "I have read the numerous letters that have appeared in your columns on the subject of Mr. Donnelly's work on Shakespeare. I am sorry to see that their leading characteristic appears an unreasoning renunciation of

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Mr. Donnelly and all his works. For instances I append the following expressions: 'Slanders,' 'Let us not overrate the force of this American attack,' 'A foole's bolt is soone shot,' 'so-called cryptographic history,' 'supposed cipher.' Now, sir, I hardly think this fair play. I know nothing of Mr. Donnelly, but we might credit him with honesty until we know him to be a knave. It seems to me that the chief aim of your correspondents is to defend Shakspere right or wrong. I should have imagined the object of sensible men would be to discover the truth; but this seems merely a secondary consideration. Besides this, what are your correspondents arguing (?) about? They have not seen Mr. Donnelly's book, and know next to nothing of the discovery he claims to have made. Yet they turn upon him as though he were an avowed enemy to literature and a defiler of its heroes. Let us, in common fairness, read his book, and then form our judgment upon it. It is hardly an English custom to pass sentence before hearing the evidence. In addition to this absurdity, the arguments (save the mark) that your well-meaning correspondents bring forward are much more likely to damage their cause than advance it. If the Shakesperian champions rest their defence upon such broken reeds, they might as well surrender at once. Let us look at some of them. It is gravely asserted that Shakspere wrote his plays, *because* Ben Jonson thought so, and wrote a few verses in the folio edition of 1623; *because* his contemporaries

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thought so; *because* Middleton did not expose him; and *because* Milton wrote an ode on the subject. Now is not this absurd? If the plays appeared as Shakspere's, and nobody else claimed them, why should it have entered into the heart of man to conceive that some one else wrote them? There is no doubt that Shakspere was witty and clever, and assuming that Bacon wrote the plays, he would scarcely have been so foolish as to have fathered them on a dullard; on the contrary, he would have chosen a man well known for wit and versatility in order to make the fraud plausible. For ingenious absurdity the suggestion that the 'solution' of the mystery is to be found in Shakspere's grave is not bad. What do the 'solvers' expect to find? I can only imagine they anticipate finding a letter to the following effect: 'I writ them plays.—(Signed) Francis Bacon. (Countersigned) William Shakspere.' The long and short of the whole thing is, either there is not a cryptogram in the plays or there is. If the former, Mr. Donnelly has been mistaken or has endeavoured to perpetrate a literary fraud. If the latter, it must have been purposely inserted, and when it is proved to exist, then it will be time enough to discuss the question of who put it there. It should not be difficult to prove whether it was put there before or after Shakspere's death. If the former the conclusion is obvious; if the latter it is not so clear."

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CHAPTER III.

CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE.

IT might be expected that considerable stress would be laid upon all evidence supposed to be derived from the testimony of contemporary writers to the high merits of Shakspere. Accordingly this point comes forward repeatedly in the correspondence. The following letter was amongst the earliest: November 29th. The first witness called is Greene.

"Junius Junior" points out the estimation, good or bad, in which William Shakspere was held by his contemporaries as a fatal flaw in Mr. Donnelly's argument. For example, he quotes "Greene's envious and ill-natured remarks in his 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' written in 1592, when he says, 'Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie.' These lines are of themselves sufficient to prove Greene's knowledge that William Shakespeare, and *none other*, wrote (at least) one play before Greene

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died, or he would certainly, in his envy and jealousy of his then great fame, have divulged the names of the authors who are now said to have written this and the others as well. In Dr. C. M. Ingleby's valuable and painstaking volume, entitled 'Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse,' ed. 1874, there are some 116 quotations in prose and verse of contemporary and other writers to the close of the seventeenth century, and some twenty-five anonymous ones, chiefly in commendation of and reference 'to the estimation in which,' as the learned doctor says in his 'Forespeech' to the foregoing excellent work, 'Shakspere was held by the writers of the century, during which his fame was germinating, viz., 1592-1693.'"

Next came Messrs. Heminge and Condell. December 1st.

"Mark Antony" writes: "John Heminge and Henrie Condell, in a letter prefixed to the first folio edition, published in 1623, says: 'Before you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes: and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them.' After this, can any reasonable man believe these persons were (1) either bribed or (2) deceived. It is neither probable nor possible."

The following letter brings a company of witnesses: November 29th.

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Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, Arundel Club, says: "All students of Elizabethan literature must be grateful to you for the exhaustive articles on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays in Saturday's issue. . . . . If Shakspere did not write the plays attributed to him how was it that men like Middleton—who some seem to think had a distinct grievance—did not expose him in a lampoon? If an author of to-day were to annex ideas already worked out, his perfidy would be blazoned forth to the world; and this is exactly what Shakspere did with Middleton's 'Witch.' Indeed, of all writers for the stage, Shakespeare was the one who least respected the work of others when that work could be improved upon. Would not this in itself be sufficient to raise an army of cavillers and decriers of his fame? Would he have won the respect and admiration of his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, who, in the dedication of the players prefixed to the First Folio, say: 'We have collected them (the plays), and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakspere, by humble offer of his playes,' &c. But Jonson was not the only man who extolled Shakspere—there are commendatory verses on the great dramatist by William Basse, Hugh Holland, L. Digges, and others, all written within a few years of his death."

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Southampton is referred to in several letters. The following (Dec. 17) combines several different arguments, which will have to be referred to in their turn.

Mrs. Charlotte Stopes, writing from Kenwyn, Upper Norwood, says: "I have followed the course of the controversy in which Mr. Donnelly and others attempt to dethrone Shakspere, but one or two strong points have not been brought forward. All Baconians repeat that Shakspere 'could not' have known Southampton, whereas Bacon did; and that therefore Shakspere could not have written the poems dedicated to Southampton. But their superficiality of learning and shallowness of criticism is thereby shown, and that alone. Are they not aware that Lord Southampton wrote a letter of introduction to Lord Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor, in which he says: 'These bearers are two of the chief of the company; one of them by name Richard Burbidge. . . . The other is a man no whit less deserving favour, and *my especial friend*, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the company was called upon to perform before her Majesty at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Majesty King James, also, since his coming to the Crown, had extended his Royal favour to the company in divers ways and

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at sundry times. This other hath to name William Shakspere, and they are both of one county, almost of one town; both are right famous in their qualities. . . . Their trust and suit now is not to be molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows.' Hence, Shakspere's widow, he knew, would be safe, and needed nothing left to her. If we connect this letter with the facts written into the body of the Sonnets—that the writer's name was Will; that he was an actor, and that his profession jarred upon him; that he was also a dramatic writer, and 'gored his own fancies' on the public stage—we shall see how weak are the Baconian probabilities. We are all able to give a long list of authorities in support of Shakespeare. In Meres' 'Comparative Discourse of our English Poets,' published in 1598, Shakespeare is set high above all his fellows. Spenser speaks of him, as well as Jonson and Milton, in admiring terms; and Chettle, who edited Greene's pamphlet alluding severely to Shakspere, apologised publicly for it in 'Kind Heart's Dream' the following year. The point at issue between them was really more the use of 'blank verse,' then a new fashion, than the mere tales of the dramas they wrote, but also borrowed."

Francis Meres and others are called in evidence: Dec. 12th.

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Mr. George Robinson, dating from Harleston, says: "Among the numerous letters which have appeared in your paper I have failed to observe any allusion to the testimony of Francis Meres as to the position which Shakspere held amongst his contemporaries. As we know of comparatively few instances of the mention of Shakspere during his lifetime by his contemporaries, you may think the following notice of Francis Meres, in 1598, not out of place in the present controversy: 'As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, &c.; and the Latin tongue by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, &c.; so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman. . . . As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucreece,' his sugared sonnets among his private friends. . . . As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love Labours Lost,' his 'Love Labours Won,' his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice;' for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry

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IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.' As Epius Stolo said that the muses would speak with Plautus's tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English.' This is proof sufficient of the rank Shakspere took among his contemporaries; but how he obtained that rank and how he succeeded in deceiving such men as 'Rare Ben Jonson,' Francis Meres, and others, if he was not the author of the plays, is 'past the wit of man' to find out. Let us hope and believe that the prophecy of the modern poet may confidently be applied to Shakspere,—

> 'Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed.'"

Strange and unexpected testimony is also provided: those who stand sponsors to these new witnesses being apparently unaware that Shakesperian research is the prolific nursery-ground for all sorts of fictions, fancies, speculations, and forgeries. Peel's letter evidently belongs to this class. It appeared Dec 6th.

"A." writes: "Being but little versed in the vast collection of lore we have concerning Shakspere, I have no full means of judging whether the following letter is authentic. I have often read it elsewhere, but the present copy I take from 'The Annual Register' of 1770, where it is given as 'an anecdote of Shakspere never before published in his works:'

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'Friend Marle: I must desyre that my syster hyr watche and the cookerie book you promysed may be sent by the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merrye at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme pleasauntely to thy friend Will that he had stolen his speeche about the qualityes of an Actor's excellencye in Hamlet hys Trajedye from conversations manyfold whych had passed between them and opinyons given by Alleyn touchinge the subjecte. Shakspere did not take this talke in good sorte; but Johnson (*sic*) put an end to the strife with wittylye remarkinge, "This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned, no doubte; do not marvel: have you not seen him act times out of number?'—Bèlieve me, most syncerilie yours, G. PEEL.' Peel was a fellow of Christ Church, Oxford, and himself something of a dramatic poet. Alleyn of course was the man whose benefactions are so well remembered at Dulwich. He was one of the greatest actors of his time—he and Burbage are often bracketed as 'two such actors that no age must ever look to see the like.' If Peel's letter be indeed genuine, it only goes to support and corroborate the more important and striking contemporary testimonies of Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others, who knew Shakspere well, admired his lofty genius (the exuberance of which they would fain have clipped), and recognized him as the author of at least some

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of the plays which have ever since passed under his name."

Among other contemporary witnesses Shakspere himself is cited. The difficulty of finding autobiography in Shakespeare has always been admitted, but some of the critics are equal even to this achievement. Mr. Charles Boyd writes, Dec. 1.:—

"In your column of letters respecting the authenticity of the works of Shakespeare, one of your correspondents remarks: 'There is no line of writing, no bit of evidence in existence to show that Shakspere ever claimed to have written one line of the plays or poems which bear his name.' If your correspondent will refer to Sonnet CXXXVI., he will find the following:

> 'If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
> Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
> And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
> Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
> *Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
> Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
> In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
> Among a number one is reckoned none.
> Then in the number let me pass untold,
> Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
> For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
> That nothing—me, a something sweet to thee:
> Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
> And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.'

This, I think, incontestably proves the Sonnets, at least, to be the production of William Shakspere."

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This Sonnet is referred to by several correspondents. There are other sonnets besides this in which the word *Will* is played with, and with such lavish prestidigitation, that it is impossible to get hard facts out of them: it seems almost like desperation to make the attempt. Another of the Sonnets (135) tosses the name *Will* about like a juggler's ball, beginning with "Whoever hath her wish thou hast this will." In Bacon's *Promus* there is an entry, No. 113, "He had rather have his will than his wish," which shows that we may look for some antithetical use of "wish and will" in Bacon's works:—and here it is. See also "Henry V.," act V. sc. ii. l. 454; 3 "Henry VI.," act I. sc. iv. l. 143.

Moreover Will, or Willy, was a sort of Arcadian or pet-name applied to all poets, in the Euphuistic phraseology of the time. And this may dispose of the allusion referred to by some of the correspondents to Spenser's lament over some lost "*Willy*."

The following letter, Dec. 8, may find a place here.

Mr. George S. Payne, of Nunhead Lane, S.E., discusses the contemporary testimonies to Shakspere: "The epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Shakspere's eldest daughter, Susannah Hall, includes these four lines:—

> 'Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
> Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
> Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
> Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss.

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The second reference is to be found in Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses,' written shortly after Shakspere's retirement to Stratford, wherein he deplores the fact that 'our darling Will' had ceased to write for the stage, which is abandoned to gross buffoonery, instead of the 'gay and jolly merriment' at the command of Shakspere's humorous invention. Ben Jonson, who for obvious reasons is represented as being Bacon's principal accomplice, must surely have been extraordinarily tempted to disclose what even then, when Shakspere's reputation was in its infancy, would have been the sensation of the day. We are told of Jonson that he was a great scorner and contemner of others, and ever readier to sacrifice his friend than his jest. Could such a man have kept his mouth shut, or at least have refrained from indulging in a few quips and cranks at the expense of the poor player who was masquerading in another's reputation? A hint, a breath, the mere suggestion of such an imposture would have sufficed to set every tongue and every pen wagging at the expense of the wretched literary porter and lackey, William Shakspere. If Shakspere was the illiterate adventurer Mr. Donnelly's friends would make out, how is it we possess a copy of Florio's 'Montaigne,' inscribed with his signature? The mere ownership of such a book goes very far to prove that the man Shakspere was what three centuries of reverent admiration have believed him to be, and to disprove any theory, or

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system, or cryptogram whose end and object is the deposition of England's greatest poet."

We cannot find in the epitaph on Susannah Hall, evidence for any other fact than that the general and uncritical opinion about Shakespeare was either accepted, or else not contradicted, by Shakspere's family. The reference is however so slight that it may imply nothing more than that some sort of creditable notoriety attached to the name of the father of the person commemorated. Spenser died in 1599, seventeen years before Shakspere, before William Shakspere had quitted the stage, and when the plays were still appearing. The "Tears of the Muses" is supposed to have been written in 1580, it was published in 1591. Evidently the dates require some other reference than Shakspere; and it is now generally supposed that Sir Philip Sidney was alluded to. "Our pleasant Willy" is the expression used; and as we have already pointed out, Will or Willy was the Arcadian pet-name for a poet.

The autograph of Shakspere in Florio's "Montaigne" is now generally agreed to be a forgery. It is not at all likely that William Shakspere ever heard of Montaigne or possessed a copy of his essays.

Here is another novelty in contemporary evidence. It appeared December 22nd :—

Mr. Robert Sterland remarks: "In Bancroft's 'Two Books of Epigrams,' 1639, the author addresses the dramatist thus :

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> 'Thou hast so used thy pen, or *shooke thy speare*,
> That poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.'

This was written not long after the death of Shakspere in 1616, and, I think, goes to prove that little doubt existed, in that day, as to who was the author of the plays."

We are glad to see these broken reeds of evidence so constantly produced; although it necessitates the perpetual iteration of the fact, which seems to be recognized everywhere, except in Shakspere biography, that criticism and eulogy is not personal testimony even in prose:—in poetry it does not supply the feeblest granule of certification.

Ben Jonson's testimony requires separate consideration. So far as the testimony generally is concerned,—bearing in mind that Mr. Shakspere is not to be confounded with the poetry which is called *Shakespeare*,—it is most significant that the real nature of these so called contemporary allusions is very rarely even questioned. Surely all evidence requires interpretation, and expressions of admiration for literary productions do not imply any opinion as to the personality of the writer.

It is high time the significance of all this so-called contemporary testimony was recognized. Let it then be roundly stated that there is *no contemporary evidence whatever* that bears directly on the affirmative side of the authorship of the plays by Mr. Shakspere. Eulogy of the poems, criticism which does not go beyond the most inconsequential strain of

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undiscriminating panegyric,—this is not history, not evidence, and it leaves the question of authorship absolutely untouched. Jonson, Meres, Chettle, Weever, Davies, Digges, Holland, and the company collected in the "Centurie of Praise," are so many utterances of uncritical applause. The criticism that must solve this question was not born till the nineteenth century. Certainly we find none of it in these so-called contemporary witnesses, which mean little more than the "Hear, hear's," which garnish the report of a speech.

These panegyrics all refer to Shakespeare, not to Shakspere: the two names have a colorable resemblance, and doubtless this fact was used in order to give plausibility to the mask. But they are not identical, and the *nexus* between them has never yet been discovered.

Some of the letters published give satisfactory explanation of several of these contemporary records, and produce evidence that the confusion between the stage-manager and the poet was remarked at the time, and made a matter of reproach to the former. The venerable Baconian, Mr. W. H. Smith, writes, December 28th, as follows, tracing the genesis of the Shakesperian illusion:—

"It is a very important fact to be borne in mind that Shakspere never claimed the plays as his own. The name Shakspere was in print as that of a poet in the year 1593, and was probably known as such many years prior to that period. If the 'William

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Shakspere' baptized at Stratford-upon-Avon on April 23rd, 1564, was that Shakespeare, then he must have got rid of his Warwickshire dialect, and have learned to write most correct, courtly, and classical English prior to the year 1592, and he must have acquired that immense amount of general and varied knowledge which is so conspicuous in the poetry, and have written two long and elaborate poems, 154 sonnets, and 'at least fifteen plays, including some of his master-pieces,' between the winter of 1591-2, and prior to the summer of 1598; and yet between this date and 1584 he was busy holding horses, acting as a Johannes Factotum, and purveying properties for the paltry play-house in the fields. In 1592 there was a rumour that certain plays were in circulation written by this Shakespeare, which greatly excited the writers for the play-house. Historians record that they were moved by jealousy. But it seems more probable that they were stirred by a virtuous indignation at the thought that Shakspere was laying claim to that to which he had no sort of title; which is most clearly set forth in the Epigram No. 51, written by Ben Jonson:—

"'ON POET APE.

"'Poor Poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage has become so bold a thief,
That we, the robb'd, have rage and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown

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To a little wealth and credit in the scene,
He takes up all—makes each man's wit his own,
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut! such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first, and after times
May judge it to be his as well as ours.
Fool, as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.'

The absurdity of the suspicion was soon apparent; some of the writers apologized, all were reconciled, and remained Shakspere's firm friends to the day of his death. This appears to have been more than a tacit admission by Shakspere that he was not the author of the plays. The plays were not popular during Shakspere's life, were not played at the people's playhouse until the rebuilding of the Globe Theatre in 1614, and they were always called Shakspere's plays up to the year 1709. At the Restoration Thomas Betterton made the plays popular by performing some of the principal characters, especially Hamlet. He had such a regard for the author that 'he made a journey, or rather a pilgrimage, into Warwickshire to visit Shakspere's tomb and collect whatever particulars relating to his history tradition had preserved.' He could glean no tidings of Shakspere, but learnt that the name of the person connected with the theatre was 'Shakspere.' This information he communicated to Rowe—who published his edition of the Shakespeare Plays, by the title of "Shakspere Plays,' in 1709, and prefixed to it a Life

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of Shakspere. The library of the British Museum was founded a few years later, and the trustees adopted the new reading of the name, and 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies' are in the index to their Catalogue of Books ranged under the title of 'Shakspere.' Thus all the fame of 'William Shakspere, of Stratford-upon-Avon,' is built upon the basis of Betterton's blunder, which was similar in kind, but worse in its consequences, than that which was in danger of being perpetrated by the writers for the playhouse in 1592."

Mr. Smith's assertion that "William Shakspere never claimed the plays as his own," brought the following remonstrance, December 30th :—

"A. H." writes: "Mr. William Henry Smith writes 'that Shakspere never claimed the plays as his own.' What, then, is the meaning of the words 'Written by William Shake-speare' found on the title-page of his quarto plays, several of which were printed in his lifetime; is not this a definite claim? On the 23rd of August, 1600, we find an entry at Stationers' Hall for the copyright of 'Henry IV.' part 2, *written* by William Shakespeare,' so recorded in the register. Then, again, Meres, in 1598 (see 'Palladis Tamia'), defines twelve plays all ascribed to this William Shakespeare, comparing him to Seneca and Plautus. Mr. Smith further says: 'The plays were not popular during Shakspere's life.' Yet what terms of praise could be higher than Meres'? Read

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Nash: 'What a glorious thing . . . have Henry V represented on the stage . . . forcing the Dolphin to swear fealty. How would it have joy'd brave Talbot . . . to have his bones embalmed with the tears of 10,000 spectators, at least!' Not popular! Then Mr. Smith quotes Betterton, overlooking the bust, the numerous inscriptions to Shakspere's family at Stratford, and says the owner of New Place was unknown in his native town."

This is hardly fair criticism. Mr. W. H. Smith refers to the traditional knowledge of W. Shakspere which Betterton found "at the Restoration." As to Shakspere's own claim, nothing of the kind has been found. If others attributed the poems to him it was not for him to correct the mistake, and unmask the real author whom he had doubtless engaged to screen. It is, therefore, quite true, as Mr. W. H. Smith says, "William Shakspere never claimed the plays as his own:" the name on the title-page is a *nom-de-plume* bearing a colourable resemblance to the stage-manager's name, but not identical with it. It is well known, and is remarked by Dr. Charles Mackay, in his anti-Baconian letter of the 23rd of December (p. 102) that "Shakspere never claimed the authorship of the plays," and we agree with him that this "is no proof that he did not write them." "There was no literary copyright in Shakspere's time, nor until a century afterwards, in the reign of Queen Ann; and any bookseller might publish anything that

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took his fancy, and put any popular name he pleased upon the title-page, if he thought he could thereby attract purchasers." Once more in this letter by A. H. we find eulogy of poetical works made to do duty for evidence concerning the writer of them, in the face of the indications that many of these stray children of literature did not know their own fathers.

The following letter may find place here. Its date is December 30th.

"Mr. Mandeville B. Phillips, assistant secretary, Lambeth Palace, deals with the objection that Shakspere never claimed his titular works, and that, although he minutely disposed of all his belongings, he made not the slightest mention in his will of his plays. When a dramatist sold a piece to the players, the copyright passed from him. The dramatist lost all property in their productions and, without the consent of the players, could not even print them."

Property, or no property, seeing that when William Shakspere died, in 1616, half the plays had never been published, it is hard to suppose that the author would leave no directions in his will for the very important posthumous business of publishing the priceless MSS. which were presumably at that time still his own property.

As to Heminge and Condell, and all the contributors to the introductory matter of the 1623 Folio, they are not to be taken seriously. We can speculate on what they might have said in quite another way.

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For instance,—why did they not give a detailed historic narrative of their editorial work,—how the plays came into their possession,—when the author's corrections, alterations, additions, curtailments, &c., were made,—why a perfectly good and authentic edition of Othello, published only a year before, could receive finishing touches from its author, who may be supposed to have left it in only one form ; &c. &c. &c. ? In truth, the language of Heminge and Condell is so mystical that it is reasonable to suppose that it was intended not to reveal, but to conceal ; not to satisfy inquiry, but to stifle it.

Next as to the relation between Southampton and Shakspere. The letter which Mrs. Stopes quotes is one of the forged documents produced by Mr. Collier. A number of these supposititious documents is given in Mr. Howard Staunton's Life of Shakspere, prefixed to his edition of the Poems. The fraud is fully exposed in Dr. Ingleby's book on Shakspere forgeries : and these are the documents used as missiles to assail the "superficial learning" and "shallow criticism" of "all Baconians," who are represented as chattering in unison, like parrots, the same little fictions.

The Southampton story rests on very uncertain tradition ; there is no real evidence for it. It came through Rowe, who calls it a tradition of Stratford, and supposes Sir William Davenant certified it. There is no evidence whatever on the Southampton side. Mr. Appleton Morgan, a very learned Shak-

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sperian, writes, respecting the supposed friendship between Shakspere and Southampton: "If Damon and Pythias were friends, let it appear from the biographies of Damon, as well as from the biographies of Pythias. Let us find it in some of Southampton's papers, or in the archives or papers of some of his family, descendants, contemporaries or acquaintances; in the chronicles of Elizabeth, Raleigh, Cecil, Essex, Rutland, Montgomery, Camden, Coke, Bacon, Tobie Matthew, Ben Jonson, or of somebody alive and with open eyes in London at about the date, before we yield it historical assent, and make oath to it so solemnly. As a matter of fact, and as the industrious Mr. Lodge confesses, there is no such trace on record." A thousand pounds in Shakspere's time represents from twelve to twenty times that amount in our own time; and if we are to believe that Southampton made such a handsome present as 16,000*l.* to Shakspere, we must have something more than rumour, or unverified and vague tradition to prove it. Such an astonishing gift could not have been a dark event. Even if not much canvassed in itself, the fact would have leaked out, and would have made Shakspere the talk of the town, and some of the talk would have reached us. Indirectly it would have made Shakspere notorious, and contemporary witness to the high merits of Shakspere *personally*, not merely as a writer, would not be so deplorably scanty as to require to be buttressed by Milton, Dryden, Fuller, and a quantity of similar anachronisms.

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The following letter appeared December 23rd. It supplies another and not much noticed illustration of the fact that the confusion between Shăkspĕr and Shakespeare did not impose upon all the contemporaries of Shakspere. Referring to the Southampton forged letter already quoted, Mr. R. M. Theobald, the hon. sec. of the Bacon Society, remarks: "The letter is evidently a clumsy forgery, and the guileless credulity that can accept it as genuine is really almost pathetic. If genuine, it would be worth all other credentials put together, Chettle, Meres, Ben Jonson, and the whole collection. These witnesses, which are so constantly referred to, have no very important bearing on the Baconian case. We must cross-question them separately, to find out the exact import of their depositions. If Bacon used Shakspere as his cover, we expect to find some evidence that this little dramatic performance was a successful one, and here are the proofs. It is important, however, to remark that even among his contemporaries Shakspere's claim was not unchallenged. The well-known grumble of poor Greene, the dying dramatic poet, is couched in very enigmatical phraseology; but when he denounces some 'upstart crow beautified with our feathers,' when he rages against 'those puppetts that speake from our mouth, those anticks garnished with our colours,' when he points his angry finger at that 'Shake-scene, that with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a plaier's hide,

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supposes he is able to bumbast out a blank verse,' surely his meaning is—1. William Shakspere is a pretender. 2. His imposture consists in wearing borrowed plumes and colours. 3. The plumage which he steals belongs to dramatic poets. A still more remarkable, and less known reference occurs in the 'Return from Parnassus' (date 1605). Here is part of a soliloquy:—

> 'Better it is 'mongst fiddlers to be chief,
> Than at plaier's trencher beg reliefe.
> . . . . . .
> England affordes these glorious vagabonds,
> That carried erst their fardels on their backes,
> Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,
> Sooping it in their glarring saten sutes,
> And pages to attend their masterships.
> With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
> They purchase lands, and now Esquires are named.'

William Shakspere was the only 'plaier' at that time who had been able, by money earned at the theatre, to purchase lands at Stratford and elsewhere, and to obtain a grant of arms for his father, by which he himself, on his father's death, in 1601, gained Esquire's rank. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says that this same grant of arms, though twice petitioned for, was not granted, and that the 'ridiculous statements' made to support the petition were inventions of the Heralds, in order to find an excuse for ennobling 'obscure country yeomen,' to wit the Shakspere and the Arden families. Perhaps Shakspere's application was no-

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torious enough to account for the 'Parnassus' allusion, though the result was kept quiet."

We may close this chapter with (1) another specimen of the daring inventions that are forged in making Shakspere biography,—and (2) two interesting speculations.

(1) December 30th :—

Mr. Arthur Brown asks: "If Shakspere was not the author of the plays bearing his name, how came it to pass that he was so often commanded by the Queen to read his plays to her? Surely so astute a woman as Queen Bess could not have been so duped. Further, the experiment would have been too dangerous to play on the Virgin Queen."

The question put by Mr. Arthur Brown may be left floating *in vacuo*.

(2) November 29th :—

Mr. S. M. Campbell, of West Hampstead, suggests a perfectly novel interpretation of the well-known epitaph on Shakspere in Stratford-on-Avon Church :—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

What do these pathetic lines mean but that he foresaw the time when his imposture would be discovered, and tried to guard against the probability of his dust being taken up and scattered to the four winds by the outraged people of England?" While Mr. F. C.

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Heaven, alluding to the same epitaph, writes: "I was struck with the resemblance of two lines in the quotation from Bacon's 'Retired Courtier' to those on Shakspere's tomb at Stratford. Bacon's lines in his 'Retired Courtier' to which I refer are:—

'Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereigne well!
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong!'

While those on Shakspere's tomb read:—

'Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

Does not this similarity point to Bacon as the author of the quaint lines in Stratford Church generally attributed to Shakspere himself?"

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CHAPTER IV.

BEN JONSON'S TESTIMONY.

IT is not surprising that Ben Jonson is more frequently called upon for evidence than any one else. His personal friendship for both Bacon and Shakspere,—his literary connection with Bacon as a translator of his works into Latin,—his eminence as a dramatic writer, and consequently his knowledge of the stage and of all theatrical business,—his learning, so lavishly displayed in his works,—the conspicuous place he takes in the preface to the 1623 Folio, and his strange, Delphic utterances respecting its author,—the spontaneous and evidently sincere references which he makes both to Shakspere and Bacon in his prose, and in the notes of his recorded conversations with Drummond,—such circumstances as these, alone and combined, make all that he says that can bear on the Baconian case highly important. The following letter is a summary of Ben Jonson's testimony. Its date is December 3rd.

Mr. J. S. Ragland Phillips (Edinburgh) writes: "*In your* second article on Mr. Donnelly's book it *is said,* as a matter of some significance, that 'Ben

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Jonson himself was at one time Bacon's amanuensis and Latin translator, and eulogized his great master after his death in the very same words which he had used in praise of Shakspere. Jonson in enumerating sixteen of the greatest wits of his day *does not mention Shakspere.*' By 'the very same words' is, of course, meant the phrase 'insolent Greece and haughty Rome.' Surely there is nothing strange in Jonson, when old, adopting in his prose 'Discoveries' so excellent a phrase which he had originally written in verse. But the fact that Jonson omits Shakspere from the sixteen wits named in his *Scriptorum Catalogus* paragraph of the 'Discoveries' is not even negative testimony in favour of the Baconians. The companions of the late Lord Chancellor in this list are none of them playrights. Had Jonson given a list of poets, it is certain that, to use his own words, he would not have 'bid Beaumont lie a little further' to make room for Shakspere. But if the paragraph in the 'Discoveries,' to which you have referred, is negative evidence adverse to Mr. Donnelly, there is another paragraph, bearing the most definite and positive witness to Shakspere's genius, in the same 'Discoveries.' These are Jonson's words, contemporary with those in which he praises Bacon: 'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspere that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent

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speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and so to justify mine own candour—for I loved the man and do honour his memory as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantsie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar never did wrong, but with just cause,"' and such like, which were ridiculous."

Mr. Barrington D'Almeida, December 30th, repeats much the same quotations, and adds :—

"Now, all this comes from a man who not only knew Shakspere as an author, but had actually engaged him to play a part in his revised edition of 'Every Man in his Humour.' It comes also from a man who was the Dr. Johnson of his period, a personage described by his friend Drummond 'as a contemner and scorner of others . . . . jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink.' Was it likely, then, that such a man—who may certainly be excused for the envy he manifested towards Shakspere's rising popularity—could

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have been deceived into the belief that the Shakspere with whom he had the wit-combats was not the author of the comedies and tragedies which were captivating the town and Court, but only some *parvenu*, who was passing himself off as a dramatic author? Is it likely that Marlowe, whose 'mighty line' inspired Shakspere to fame, could have been deceived with the man who, envious and jealous of his success as manager and author, ridiculed his Tamerlaine through the mouth or muzzle of Pistol? Is it likely that Greene, who was author, actor, and critic in his way, would have remained silent when a visit to the 'Mermaid' on any night of the week would have enabled him to gratify his hatred for the 'upstart crow' by plucking his 'beautified feathers' to the bone; or, in other words, unmasking the unmitigated rogue as an impostor and a charlatan? No. Greene is contented to snub him as a 'Johannes Factotum,' and one who, 'supposes he is as well able as any of them to bombast out a blank verse,' but as to disputing the authorship, that he was unable to do, and so we must presume he was confuted by Shakspere's own knowledge of his own works, or else Greene (who no doubt had a cause of grievance) would not have spared an inch of his 'player's hide.' Either the three men, therefore, whom I have named —without citing other well-known dramatists of this period—had no power of penetrating beyond a man's outer appearance, or we must believe that, whether

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for or against Shakspere, they had all conspired to join in the greatest literary fraud the world has ever heard of by glorifying Shakspere's memory on this side idolatry—to use Ben Jonson's words—when they were all aware of the fact that it was not Shakspere but Bacon 'who killed the boar,' or, as the French proverb puts it, *le page a tué le sanglier, le Prince a eu la gloire.*"

This letter of Mr. Barrington D'Almeida is a good specimen of the flimsy, unauthenticated, or irrelevant material that is made to do duty for evidence. Why, for instance, should Marlowe be cited? Marlowe died in 1593, at which time no work bearing the name of Shakespeare had been published, excepting "Venus and Adonis," which appeared in the same year. Marlowe's testimony, so constantly referred to by these writers, is absolutely non-existing. It would be quite as relevant to quote Martin Luther.

"The Mermaid Tavern traditions, with the wit-combats supposed to have been transacted there, have no personal testimony to support them. Thomas Fuller, who refers to these "wit-combats," was only eight years old when Shakspere died, and he describes not what he knows, or remembers, but what he fancies, and what he could not possibly have known except from hearsay. He does not, however, speak of what was told him, but of what he, with the eye of imagination, was then looking at:—"Which two I *behold*, like a Spanish great galleon, and an

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English man-of-war," &c. And all this is *à propos* to a panegyric on the poet Shakespeare, whom he accepts without question as identical with the manager Shakspere.

Greene we have already referred to, see p. 87.

All the talk about "the greatest literary fraud" is idle dust, cast over the controversy—as if Bacon was not the best judge of the sort of pseudonym he should select for himself. Fraud there was none. Surely any writer is entitled to use a mask if he chooses. But to return to Ben Jonson.

Jonson's prose is evidence: his poetry is not, except as to his own mental habits. It is well to keep in mind exactly what Ben Jonson said. Here it is, so far as it is necessary to quote for present use. The whole passages, however, should be studied by those who wish to understand the full merits of the case.

SHAKSPERE.

Or, when thy sockes were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

BACON.

But his [Lord Chancellor Egerton's] learned and able but unfortunate successor is he that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be preferred and compared either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.

1. Notice in both cases Ben Jonson has been making a list. In the verse he has enumerated the chief ancient dramatic poets, Æschylus, Euripides, So-

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phocles, Pacuvius, Accius, Lucan. In the prose he has made a collection of the greatest wits his age had known, including "the former sæculum:" Moore, Wyat, Surrey, Challoner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Hooker, Essex, Raleigh, Saville, Sandys, Egerton, and then finally Bacon; sixteen in all. Shakspere is nowhere. 2. When he comes to Bacon he is arrested, and his eulogy for him is something special and exceptional. 3. This special and exceptional eulogy is precisely the same that he had before given to Shakespeare. 4. And the reason is the same: Shakespeare is the consummation of dramatic art. Bacon is the consummation of poetic art. For "numbers" means poetry. This meaning has almost dropped out of our language, but it was current long after Jonson's day, when Pope said of himself, "I lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." In "Love's Labour Lost," Longaville says, "These numbers will I tear and write in prose." In the 17th Sonnet Shakespeare writes:—

> "If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
> And in fresh *numbers* number all your graces,
> The age to come would say, This poet lies."

And in the 79th:—

> "But now my gracious *numbers* are decay'd,
> And my sick muse doth give another place."

In Milton's Shakespeare Sonnet we find the word thus used:—

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> "Whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
> Thy easy *numbers* flow."

Ben Jonson knew what he was talking about, and he deliberately puts on Bacon's head the garland which he had gathered for Shakespeare. As applied to Bacon-proper, this eulogy is absurd. The fact that in making his catalogue of contemporary wits, the "filling up of numbers" is a qualification for place in the list, shows that Shakspere would not have been left out if he had been entitled to a place in the group. The omission of his name, and the substitution of Bacon's, is something like involuntary contemporary evidence, by the side of which the equivocal testimony of Messrs. Chettle and Co. dwindles and pales. If Jonson's prose may be taken as a commentary on his verse, then the whole of his eulogistic poem is addressed to Bacon, with a few decoy allusions of doubtful import to the memory of a poet who in his writings is a "monument without a tomb," in order to comply with the terms of his commission, and divert the eyes of gazers from the real author.

Ben Jonson's actual references to William Shakspere are not very flattering. There is a glimmer of contempt in them, indicating his impression that his friend was apt to make himself ridiculous and had to be snubbed occasionally.

In "Julius Cæsar," act III. sc. i. l. 47, we find the following passage. It is spoken by Cæsar himself in reply to Cimber's suit on behalf of his banished brother.

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"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied."

Compare this with Ben Jonson's gossip:—"Many times he fell into those things that could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar never did wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous." All the reverence, and deference, and exalted admiration which we find in the dedicatory verses, and in the prose allusions to Bacon, have vanished, and we find only an ill-disguised contempt for an inferior person, who could not make a quotation out of a play in which he may have acted, without idiotic blundering. In plain words, Ben Jonson represents Shakspere as making a fool of himself. No wonder that he was quite willing to blot out "a thousand" of the lines which such a foolish, bavin-witted person had penned: though what those lines are, it would not be easy to conjecture. In his conversation with Drummond, all he has to say about Shakspere, is that "Shakspere wanted art." A judgment which Fuller reproduces in parrot fashion, evidently repeating what he had heard without reflection on its probability. This criticism is indeed in flat contradiction, if he had the same person in his mind, to the words,—

"Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part,
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion,"

and so on.

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In fact, every word that Ben Jonson, in prose, says about William Shakspere is in direct contradiction to that which he says of *Shakespeare* in his poetry. Believe which you like—you cannot believe both. The Baconian theory alone explains it all.

It is a singular circumstance that Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," makes allusion to a very doubtful and enigmatic story which occurs also in the queer address, signed John Heminge and Henrie Condell, prefixed to the 1623 Folio. These mysterious personages—mysterious, that is to say, in this costume, not otherwise,—write, "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers." Ben Jonson writes, "I remember the players have often mentioned it, as an honour to Shakspere, that in his writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand!' which they thought a malevolent speech." The story is, on the face of it, absurd,—one of the cock-and-bull order,—the confusion between caligraphy and composition being hopeless and stupid. Doubtless it served well enough for mystification purposes in 1623; but why modern Shakesperians should swallow it whole passes thought. Probably Ben Jonson wrote both the epistles signed Heminge and Condell. They are written exactly in his heavy Brobdignagian style.

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CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE'S EVIDENCE ABOUT HIMSELF.

Are you native of this place? . . . Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling!
(*As you Like it*, III. ii. 356.)

THERE are two classes of objections raised against the Baconian theory which are connected with Shakspere personally.

1. It is said that there are allusions to places and persons which he must have known, and which Bacon could not have been acquainted with.

2. It is said that there are scattered through the plays a number of expressions which show that the writer was accustomed to rustic phraseology,—that his special *patois* was the Warwickshire one,—that he has an exceptional acquaintance with the flora and fauna of Warwickshire.

These are about the strongest points that the Shakesperians can produce, and they are generally stated in a confident not to say triumphant manner. Indeed this part of the discussion is more ably conducted than any other in the *Daily Telegraph* letters.

It is impossible to keep these two objections separate in reproducing the letters in which they are referred to. They are generally mixed up together.

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The letter of Dr. Charles Mackay must be given without curtailment. Its date is Dec. 3rd. It is as follows:—"If any one other than Shakspere wrote the immortal plays and poems which have been attributed to him for nearly three centuries, the writer, whoever he was, must have been familiar with the rural scenes of Warwickshire, with the local vernacular spoken in that county and not in London, and with the name and character of one of the principal county gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. We are therefore entitled to ask the following, among other questions: First—Did Lord Bacon know, as the author of Shakspere's plays evidently did, that 'Arden' was the 'forest of Arden' in Warwickshire, and not the forest of Ardennes in Belgium, near Brussels? Secondly—Was he acquainted unpleasantly with the family of the Lucys of Charlecote? Third—Had he a feud, or a difference, with its chief, who was magistrate? Fourth—Had he any reason, real or supposed, to gibe and jeer at him, and turn his name into ridicule for its resemblance to a too familiar insect? Fifth—Had he any personal justification for caricaturing Sir Thomas Lucy as a magistrate, and representing him by the name and in the character of Justice Shallow? Sixth—Was he a man of the people, making use in many instances of forcible words that were common in Warwickshire but unknown in London to the men who had studied in Universities or moved in the courtly circles of the Metropolis? To all these questions the reply must be emphatically in the negative as regards the great

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Lord Bacon, but emphatically in the affirmative as regards the still greater William Shakspere. That Shakspere never claimed the authorship of the plays is no proof that he did not write them. There was no literary copyright whatever in Shakspere's time, nor until a century afterwards, in the reign of Queen Anne; and any bookseller might publish anything that took his fancy, and put any popular name he pleased upon the title-page, if he thought he could thereby attract purchasers. That Shakspere mentioned and bequeathed a 'bed' in his will, and did not mention his dramatic works, merely establishes the fact that in those days a bed was property, and legally assignable, and that literary productions were not property, or things of which the law could take cognizance. No doubt the claims put forward on behalf of Lord Bacon will find, and have found, many persons to believe in them."

Dr. Mackay's letter is answered by Mr. P. W. Ames. But there is one very conclusive fact which he omits to notice. Dr. Mackay thinks the Forest of Arden is a Warwickshire allusion. It plainly is no such thing. "As you Like it" is based on Thomas Lodge's novel called "Rosalynde, Euphue's Golden Legacy," and the name Arden, as a forest, or rustic retreat, is taken from that work. Cowden Clarke says that "The old English word *arden* originally signified woodiness:" the name is evidently generic, or typical, and is not restricted to any place whatever, whether in Warwickshire or Belgium. The forest of Arden, is woodland

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life, the ideal *locus* of rural existence and rustic scenery: it is the epitome of Arcadianism. Mr. Ames's letter, appeared December 15: he says:—

"In the *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 3 Dr. Charles Mackay inquires, 'Was Bacon aware that Arden was the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, and not the Forest of the Ardennes in Belgium? Was he unpleasantly acquainted with the family of the Lucys of Charlecote? Was he a man of the people? In other words, was Bacon acquainted with the localities, the families, and the dialect of Warwickshire?' To these questions it may be replied: Bacon was in all probability intimate with many families in Warwickshire and Worcestershire. His own cousin, William Cook, married Joyce Lucy, daughter of 'Justice Shallow' (Life, vol. i. p. 369), and his wife, Alice Barham, was stepdaughter to Sir John Pakington, whose beautiful home at Westwood Park, Hampton-Lovell, is within an easy drive of Stratford-on-Avon and Charlecote Park. Whether or no Bacon had an unpleasant acquaintance with the old country justice I cannot say, but he must almost inevitably have known him. According to Mr. Donnelly, the name is introduced in the play in connection with the early history of Shakspere which the cipher reveals. As to 'Arden,' it is possible the poet may not have intended to represent either of the forests mentioned by Dr. Mackay, seeing that in neither of those regions have palm-trees or lions been hitherto observed. With regard to Bacon's familiarity with

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the household words of country folk, it is a matter of history, as it was a cause of wonder to his friends, that he could talk to a countryman, as he could to any other class of persons, precisely after his own fashion and in his own peculiar phraseology. Students of his works do not fail to observe the many forcible instances in which, even in the midst of studied sentences or flights of rhetoric, he brings in some homely provincialism. In the essay of 'Seditions and Troubles' occurs this sentence, 'And money is like muck, not good except it be spread.' This sentiment is echoed in Cor. ii. 2: 'He looked upon things precious as they were the common muck of the world.' In the essay of Greatness of Kingdoms, Bacon says: "If you leave your staddles too thick, you will never have clean under-wood.' At the end of his advice to Rutland, he says: 'Slubber not thy playing of the lute.' In his 'Porches of Life and Death," he speaks of the dying man (as Shakespeare of Falstaff, Henry V. ii. 3) fumbling with his hands, and so forth. On everything connected with husbandry, gardening, hawking, hunting, fishing, Bacon had thoroughly informed himself, and the technical and common terms used in these arts and sciences form the basis of multitudes of his metaphors and similitudes. On the other hand, it has been shown by Dr. Langley in 'Shakesperiana' (May, 1884, vol. i., page 185), that the so-called Warwickshire provincialisms in the plays are, none of them, restrictively Warwick. Most are common to Worcester

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and other country districts, and many are simple archaisms."

The following letter, December 8th, deals with this branch of the subject very ably. It is signed E. F.

"A believer in the Baconian theory has only to come to Stratford-on-Avon, to live among the people a short time, and to visit the surrounding country with an intelligent appreciation of what he sees and hears, and his theory will melt 'into air—into thin air.' In a word, if Bacon wrote Shakespeare, then assuredly Bacon was a Stratford man, for the plays are full of idioms and allusions to local places, characters, and manners that never could have emanated from a writer unacquainted with the old town and the beautiful country around it. Are we not introduced to 'the fat ale-wife of Wincot,' to Barton-on-the-Heath, to the Cotteswolds, and to Sir Thomas Lucy in the character of Justice Shallow. Wilmcote (still pronounced Wincot) is an adjacent village where the poet's mother lived; and Barton-on-the-Heath, also close to Stratford, was the residence of his aunt Lambert. The Cotteswold Hills are plainly seen from the town; and on the park gates at Charlecote, three miles distant, are still to be seen the three luces (or pike), and the same are emblazoned in the arms of the Lucy family. Says Slender, 'They may give a dozen white luces in their coat;' and in the same play there is a paraphrase of the very ballad which was fixed to Sir Thomas's front gate, and which is said to have given great offence to the worthy squire. Then

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again we have still in Stratford the Quineys, the Pages, the Fords, and the Christopher Slys, representatives of the poet's characters, and of precisely the same names. As an illustration of the disadvantages under which commentators labour who are unacquainted with Shakspere's town, I was informed by a student a short time ago that he came across the word 'rother,' which had been changed to '*b*rother' by one of the commentators, thus turning the whole passage into nonsense. Now, in Stratford, we have a Rother Street and a Rother Market—in other words a cattle-market—and the word, when applied to cattle, becomes at once intelligible. Instances such as these might be multiplied to almost any extent. Some of your correspondents are under the impression that the poet's parents were poor, whereas it is proved beyond doubt that John Shakspere married an heiress, and that he was subsequently chosen High Bailiff of Stratford, a position equal to that of Mayor at the present time: and we all know that when Shakspere, the poet, returned from London, he was a rich man, for he bought the largest house in the town, extended and beautified it, and named it 'New Place.' He lived there in retirement and ease, and as a man of importance, and one of the owners of the great tithe, at his death was buried, with befitting honour, within the choir of the Collegiate Church. The question naturally arises, where are the manuscripts of his works? I suspect that some little time before he died Shakspere became a Puritan. His

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son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who lived close by, was a staunch Puritan, and possibly at his suggestion the poet consigned the manuscripts to the flames. It is known that he entertained a Puritan minister at New Place. and as a 'reformed' man what so likely as that he would do this?"

We may pause to remark that we believe "E. F." is mistaken when he says, "Instances such as these might be multiplied to almost any extent." From the nature of the case there cannot be many of them, and we believe that "E. F." produces all.

If Dr. Hall burnt Shakspere's manuscripts, where did the MSS of the 1623 Folio come from? These plunges of speculation are only amusing.

The following is part of the continuation of "A.'s" letter, December 6th, which has been already quoted, p. 72.

"If the external evidence of Shakspere's being the author, as afforded by the statements of his intimate contemporaries, be strong, that which is internal or derivable from the plays themselves is overwhelming. To make out that Bacon was the writer, you must suppose—what there is no evidence of—that he knew all the peculiarities of the dialect of Warwickshire and the country round about; that he knew the local names of the wiid flowers to which constant allusion is made in the plays; that he knew the topography of that county most intimately; that he knew the names and peculiarities and local pronunciation of several remote villages within an easy radius of

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Stratford; that he had something like adequate motive, if only it were spite, for maligning that worthy justice of the peace, Squire Lucy, of Charlecote; and so forth. All this allusive knowledge was well within Shakspere's mind; to ascribe it to Bacon is to imagine almost a miracle."

The assertions made in the three following letters about the Warwickshire dialect are very bold indeed. They are both dated December 6th.

Mr. C. J. K. Marshall (Highgate) comments on Shakspere's local knowledge: "Whoever wrote the works under notice had the local influence of Warwickshire strongly developed. Having been born and brought up in that county, I feel this in marked manner. Many words used, for which a glossary is needed by the multitude, I know without reference, and have heard used when a boy. How many of the finest passages of Shakespeare show that he who wrote them was thoroughly conversant with country life in all its forms and phases—its fauna, flora, native idioms and terms? It is at the least a strange coincidence, if Bacon wrote 'Shakespeare,' that in almost all the passages in which Nature in its various forms is made to bear so strong a part, he should have used terms, names of wild flowers, idioms, &c., which have closely connected links with Stratford-on-Avon."

"Mark Antony" observes: "Take a well-educated Londoner who has not *lived* in the Midlands, and who is not *acquainted* with the local vernacular, and he would have no more idea of the meaning of scores

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of words—say in 'Twelfth Night'—than the man in the moon, words I for one knew the meaning of before I ever heard the name of Shakespeare. Being well acquainted with the writings of both men, I can only say that you will find innumerable expressions in the above play that are not to be met with in the Lord Keeper's works. It is quite possible that several at least of the characters in 'Twelfth Night' were personally known to the bard."

Mr. W. J. Hawker, Bournemouth, says: "To me, a Warwickshire man, the most conclusive proof that Shakspere wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra' is the line in which Antony salutes the 'Serpent of the Nile' as 'my chuck.' This term of endearment is still heard among the peasantry of the Midland counties."

The following from Mr. Wilson Barrett (December 5th) is rather interesting than conclusive :—

"SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest, for the consideration of Mr. Donnelly and others, that Shakspere was a frequenter of the Mermaid Club, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh? Here he constantly met with the wits of the time, and met them as their equal. Fuller says: 'Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspere, like an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'

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"Does this suggest Mr. Donnelly's 'Shakspere'? Ben Jonson says: 'I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any: he was indeed honest, and of an open nature.' Again, I quote Jonson: 'In the memory of my beloved the author, William Shakespeare.' Again: 'Sweet Swan of Avon'—'Star of Poets.' This is the testimony of one who knew both Bacon and Shakspere intimately. Is it probable that Jonson would so have written of the impostor Mr. Donnelly would have us believe our Shakspere was? Does the character Mr. Donnelly paints tally with that given by all Shakspere's intimates? A man is known by the company he keeps. Could such an illiterate, dissolute dullard have drawn about him such a galaxy of great minds? To any actor, the internal evidence that an actor wrote most of the plays is absolutely convincing. Take 'Hamlet' for example. Can any actor doubt that the bulk, if not the whole, of the players' scenes, and the scene respecting the players with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, were written by an actor? Is not Greene's very abuse testimony in Shakespeare's favour? 'Suppose that he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the rest of you.' This is at least a proof that Shakspere was a writer of blank verse, even if that verse did not meet with the envious Greene's approval. Chettle, Greene's editor, moreover, speaks of Shakespeare's felicitous grace in writing. It is stated by Ward, Vicar of Stratford, that Shakspere, living in his later days at Stratford, supplied the stage with

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two plays every year, and for this received an allowance so large that he was able to live at the rate of 1000*l.* a year. Does this suggest Mr. Donnelly's butcher? Is it possible that Bacon would own the authorship of such a play as 'Osmund and Cornelia,' and repudiate 'Hamlet'? The Elizabethan style and period allowed for, can any one pretend that the Baconian style is Shakspere's? Can any practical dramatist or actor believe for a moment that 'Osmund and Cornelia' and 'Othello' were written by the same author? Of Shakespeare's lines we may well say:—

'Looke how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of minde and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines.'

Great as Bacon's genius is, it is of another kind. The mere accident of a few lines written by Bacon appearing in a play of Shakespeare's proves nothing. He might have read or heard them, or they might have been communicated to him by Jonson, and may have struck the playwright so that he purposely quoted or interpolated them in his plays. Shakespeare undoubtedly used lines from the older ballads and plays; why not from contemporary ones? Mr. Donnelly's figures are ingenious, but, beloved Shakspere,

"'Thou art proof against them, and, indeed, above the ill-fortune of them or the need.'

'Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of the stage;

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Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
Triumph, my Britaine ! thou hast one to showe
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe."

Ay, and America too ; and I dare to prophecy that Mr. Donnelly will make even fewer converts among his own countrymen than among mine.—Yours, &c.,

"WILSON BARRETT.

"The Priory, North Bank, December 3rd."

These Mermaid Club traditions have already been considered (page 95).

Jonson's poetical panegyric is, *pace* Mr. Wilson Barrett, *not* testimony. Read the whole poem and see if any jury could find a particle of hard fact or reliable evidence in it. With reference to this, Mr. Appleton Morgan asks pertinently, "Will any insurance company pay its risk on the ship *Dolphin*, on being furnished by the *Dolphin* owners, with a thrilling poem by Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Tupper, describing the dreadful shipwreck of the *Dolphin*, the thunderous tempest in which she went down,—the sky-capping waves, rent sails, creaking cordage, &c. ?"

As to Greene, see Dr. Theobald's letter, page 87.

Mr. Wilson Barrett says, "The mere accident of a few lines written by Bacon in a play of Shakespeare's proves nothing." Well ! it might prove a little, if it occurred, unfortunately it does not. The parallelisms alleged by Baconians mean this :—make an inventory of Bacon's mind, his metaphors, turns of expres-

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sion, his favourite authors, his knowledge, errors, mistakes, and in every one of these particulars you will find Shakespeare *fits* the whole set, as no second individuality could. This is a very large topic, only partly worked at present. Still there is plenty of it for those who care to look for it ; and those who do, never talk about " mere accident " in this loose fashion.

Mr. Sinclair Korner writes from Edinburgh, Dec. 13 : " I will give a few specimens of archaic forms from Shakespeare, and invite Baconians to produce equivalents from Bacon's undoubted writings, if they can ; and, if they cannot, to take this case as gracefully and as speedily as possible out of court. At the beginning of ' As you Like it,' Orlando asks Rosalind, ' Are you native of this place ? ' ' As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.' To find a parallel to *kindled*, meaning littered, we must go to Wycliffe's rendering of our ' generation of vipers.' In the fourth act of ' The Tempest,' Iris talks prettily of the bounties of Ceres, of ' flat meads thatched with stover ' for the up-keep of sheep. Our ablest commentators, including Delius, are at sixes and sevens as to the interpretation of stover ; our best and latest lexicons say that it means ' food for cattle.' Now, in the third stanza of the second fytte of ' Sir Tristram ' the hero begs of his uncle,—

> ' A schip thou bring me tille
> Mine harp to play me thare,
> Stouer ynough to wille,
> To kepe me son thou thare.'

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Here it means food for man—the victualling of a ship. Elucidations of some of Shakespeare's most telling expressions are to be found, not in the literature of the sixteenth, but in that of the fourteenth and even thirteenth century. Were this field worked as it should, we would get some unexpected light on those asseverations in Shakespeare which are wrongly regarded as oaths—vulgar oaths. I can get from commentaries and lexicons no explanation of 'God's liggens,' which Justice Shallow uses in the Second Part of 'Henry IV.' Yet is it merely the obverse side of one of the most beautiful expressions in the litany of the Episcopal Church. Macbeth says to Banquo and companions, 'We will keep ourself till supper-time alone; while then God be with you!' Does Bacon ever use while for till? This use is common in Barbour's 'Bruce.' Shakespeare several times uses raught as the past form of the verb to reach. Does Bacon employ this form? Chaucer has it, and in the line next the last of the First Part of 'Henry IV.' we find business pronounced strictly as it is spelt—a trisyllable. Similar instances are to be found all through Shakespeare's plays. If they cannot be matched from the undoubted writings of Francis Bacon, then Francis Bacon's claim must be set aside."

Mr. Sinclair Korner writes a little too peremptorily and, "as if—

> The passage and whole carriage of this action
> Rode on his tide."

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This kind of logical cornering, besides being scarcely consistent with controversial civility, is also extremely unreasonable, and shows that the writer fails to apprehend the first conditions of the argument. For this reason only it is worth our while to take notice of these "pettish lunes," this "humorous predominance" of a single magisterial controversialist. It must then be noted that the Baconian case does not rest on any separate arguments, or class of arguments, however forcible they may be. The case is essentially cumulative,—that is, it rests on a multitude of facts, some very important, but most of them very slight. Any one may be surrendered without weakening the superstructure in any important degree. It is, however, also to be remembered that these small facts gather strength by accumulation; each additional instance comes with augmented force which is reflected back on all that have gone before;—so that while they are separately very cheap, and any one may be surrendered without any pang of regret, yet even their fineness and subtlety makes them more important, even as every organic structure is more dependent on microscopic cell-germs than on gross and palpable masses. With this remark we leave Mr. Korner to "Baconian," who satisfies his "stand-and-deliver" challenge on his own conditions, in a style which we imagine, from his confident tone, Mr. Korner little anticipated.

The following appeared December 9th:—

"A Baconian" writes: "Mr. Sinclair Korner's

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letter invites a reply. I shall therefore, be obliged if you will insert the following remarks. They would hardly be necessary if writers on the Bacon-Shakspere question would be at the pains to inform themselves a little on the matter before beginning to write. Bacon was a complete master of language, provincial and archaic, as well as classical and modern. A contemporary recorded of him that such was his acquaintance with country terms and familiar and household words, that he was able to talk to any man in the peculiar language or dialect of the person addressed. It seems strange that Mr. Sinclair Korner should not have read so much as the 'Moral Essays' of Bacon, which have usually been included in the studies of any educated person. Even a leading Shakespearian acknowledged to the present writer that he had thought it desirable 'to run his eye over them,' although he was, singularly enough, unsuccessful in finding by that process that they contained any traces of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' or of 'Hamlet.' However, if any one is disposed to take the trouble 'to run his eye down' those essays he need not go farther in order to find many provincial and archaic words. Space does not admit of references, but the following words will catch the 'running eye.' Many refer to husbandry, others to sport, hawking, hunting, some to domestic life: *Coppice* woods; if you leave your *staddles* too thick, you shall never have *clean* underwood; he shall *mew* them; the *scum* of people; *cram* not in people; trifles and *gingles;* toil and *moil;*

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chopping bargains; a *seeled* dove; things *toys;* this *slug* of usury; a *knap* of ground; great cities which *lurcheth* all provisions; where a man is *scanted;* the *scantleing;* low hedges like *welts;* like distilled waters *flashy* things; maketh himself *cheap;* suits *spewed* out; *catching* and *polling* (plundering) clerks; fruitful *havings; flatly* rejected; effectually *quashing;* a *blab; pick* a secret out of a man; kinsfolk of the *lump;* envy a *gadding* passion; the *puzzle* of business; *waggishness; knee-timber;* money like *muck; ticklish* times; Monarchy a *ticklish* thing; a bald *noddle;* to *stick* at a thing; he *stuck* not to say; to *fetch* about (in talk); *pretty looses* in the conclusion; hanged in a *withe;* scourged without *quecking;* the *prime* of the weather; a *push* on his nose; it is *nought; shoals* of people; they are *gazed;* a *dry flout;* he *mought* (frequent); the *baugh; buckling;* to *can;* to *proyn;* to *queech;* to *trash;* a *shrewd* thing; a *newel; oes* or spangs; *gaudery;* you were *better* to; to *mate* courage; to do it for a *flash,* &c. If we go farther afield into works less pithy and less carefully polished than the 'Moral Essays,' these familiar and household words meet us at every turn. In the 'Wisdom of the Ancients' Iambe tells *prattling* stories; Pan wears a *mottled* coat; the Satyrs have *antic* motions; we *stumble* on discoveries, and add no *tittle*—elsewhere *not a whit, not a jot;* we read of *skulking* places; *twitches* of the mind; of *fetching* up lost ground; of *clapping* on a cover; and *stuffing* out

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worship. In the 'History of Henry VII.' we find such sentences as these: To *squint* the eye upon; a *shoaring* and underpropping act; to *tumble over* in his thoughts; to have but a *catching harvest* of their spoils; to have *brandled* the fortunes of the day; *stout* king; *round* speeches; *stiffly* upheld or *stood upon*; a town *shrewdly* blocked up; a *moot* point, &c. In the 'New Atlantis,' a glance shows us within a *kenning*; the *weal* of our souls; the least *inkling*; within our *tedder*. In Bacon's notes on 'Husbandry, Gardening, and Experimental Science,' the instances are, as might be expected, far more abundant. When he has to speak of country things he does so in country language. Thus he talks of a dead *stub* of a tree; of little stalks and low *thrum*; of the *chessome* and *mellow* earth; of a heifer *snuffing* the air; of a small red flower which the country people call the *wincopipe*; strong smells are best in a *weft* afar off; stuff whereof *copples* are made; geese which *gaggle*; to wax *turn-sick*; to *go through* or *take a fall*; *tears* of trees; *rundlets* of verjuice; *eager* drinks; to *slubber* and *beslubber*; to be *well left* and *well friended* or *ill-neighboured*; to have a multitude of *lacks*; to be *over-squeamish*; to *rip up* the matter; to *after-slack*; the *parling* season; the *mothering*, or to *mother* (for ferment). These examples are, as will be seen, taken at random, and the list might be easily and largely extended; but they will be sufficient to prove to any unprejudiced person

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that Bacon, who is continually found bringing these homely expressions even into his studied works or his rhetorical speeches, was quite as familiar with their use as the author of 'Shakespeare' has been observed to be."

On December 15, we have the following :—

G. T. W. (M.A.) writes from Lincoln : "I was born in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, and know the dialect of the peasant population of Warwickshire and Worcestershire well. I have also been a close student of 'Shakespeare' for twenty years. I altogether deny your correspondent Mr. Marshall's statement that the poet, whoever he be, 'used terms, names of wild flowers, idioms, &c., which have closely-connected links with Stratford-on-Avon,' and I challenge him to produce any such. I can remember Suffolk and Hampshire provincialisms in the poet's pages, but I have often regretted never having come across a downright Warwickshire or Worcestershire expression, long before I had any doubt as to the genuineness of the works. As to Mr. W. J. Hawker's 'most conclusive proof,' let me say that it is quite true that the word 'chuck' is still a term of endearment among the Midland peasantry; but, unfortunately for Mr. Hawker, it is always applied to a pig! In Lincolnshire, the peasants call their fowls 'chuck;' and most likely the poet's 'chuck' is a corruption for 'chick.' If this is Mr. H.'s 'most conclusive proof' of the Shakespearian origin of the plays,

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the rest of his proofs must be very weak indeed. 'A.' says the internal evidence in favour of Shakspere is overwhelming. I say it is all against him. Classical expression appears constantly, and there is no expression of a general sort or of peculiar dialect which will not fit the Lea as well as the Avon."

On December 7th, Mr. John Taylor, City Librarian, Bristol, comments on the inquiry of Mr. Donnelly—"Why was Stratford ignored?"—and replies that it has not been ignored really. "We will begin our argument by citing the singular exclamation, 'Aroynt thee, witch!' 'Aroynt thee' is a Warwickshire phrase—at least, the combined researches of the philologists who have attempted to explain the word 'aroynt' in Dr. Murray's great dictionary find no single example of its employment earlier than the exclamation in 'Macbeth.' That it was, however, a familiar phrase in the dramatist's time with the lower classes in his native place is apparent from the Stratford records, as quoted by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. In the same play occurs also the phrase 'blood-boltered,' which the critics have all thought to mean simply 'blood-stained;' but Miss Baker, in her glossary of Northamptonshire words, first pointed out that 'bolter' was peculiarly a Warwickshire word—and Malone affirms the same—signifying to clot, collect, or cake, as snow does in a horse's hoof, thus giving the phrase a greater intensity of meaning. In 'Timon of Athens,' act iv. scene 3, are these lines:—

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> 'It is the pasture lards the brother's sides;
> The want that makes him lean.'

The 'brother's sides' puzzled the commentators until Mr. Singer happily proposed 'rother's sides'—that is, oxen's. 'Rother' is Saxon for horned cattle, and at Stratford to this day is a street called Rother Street, formerly the rother-market for cattle. The tradition of the deer-stealing adventure, which drove the poet to London, obtains confirmation from the opening scene in the 'Merry Wives,' the formal Justice Shallow being sufficiently identified with Sir Thomas Lucy by the pointed allusion to his coat-of-arms, and by other allusions of less direct if not less decisive kind. 'Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge,' objects Shallow to Falstaff, and we further learn from the justice that his venison was 'ill killed.' 'Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not,' begs Christopher Sly in the prologue to the 'Taming of the Shrew,' when in merry jest he has been conveyed in drunken insensibility to the nobleman's bedchamber. Wincot is a secluded hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon, and there is an old tradition (Hall, Ph. I. 216, Outlines), that the alehouse frequented by Sly was often resorted to by the poet. Stephen Sly, one of the tinker's friends or relatives, was a known character at Stratford-on-Avon, and is several times mentioned in the records of the town. This fact, jointly with the references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath,

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demonstrates that the scene of the induction of the 'Shrew' was intended to be in the neighbourhood of Shakspere's town. Some passages in other plays show also an intimate acquaintance with the adjoining county, Gloucestershire. The 1st scene in the 5th act of Second Part 'Henry IV.,' is that shire. Davy says to Justice Shallow, 'I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Vizor, of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill.' This Woncot is Woodmancot, still pronounced by the peasantry Woncot, a township in the parish of Dursley, on the Cotswolds. In Shakespeare's time a family named Vizor, the ancestors of the present family of Vizard, of Dursley, resided and held property in Woodmancot. This township lies at the foot of Stinchcombe Hill, still locally called 'The Hill.' On this ascent is the site of a house wherein a family named 'Purchase,' or 'Perkis,' once lived, which seems to be identical with 'Clement Perkes of the Hill.' An ancient rate-book shows that a family named Shakspere formerly resided at Dursley. That they were kindred with the poet, as claimed by their descendants, who still survive in an adjoining parish, and that the poet possibly visited them, are mere conjectures. In 'King Richard II.' (ii. 3) a description of Berkeley Castle, a few miles from Dursley, is given, which is so exact that it is hardly possible to read it without believing the passage to have been written by one who had come within sight of the stronghold. Those who, like the

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present writer, have approached Berkeley from the north, as did Hotspur and his companion, will recognize the accuracy of this picture of the fortress, secluded by its lofty and immemorial trees, and not standing out bleak and bare from that direction, as it does on the south side. As Mrs. Henry Pott, in her anti-Shakspere crusade has affirmed that there are no allusions to harvestings and rustic merry-makings in the plays, &c., an omission which was likely to occur if they came from the pen of a courtier, we may point to other recollections of the country, such as :—

> 'The summer's green is girded up in sheaves,
> Born on the bier with white and bristly beard.'

In the 'Winter's Tale' (iv. i. 2) the clown says, I must have saffron to colour the warden pies.' To this day, says Mr. Wise, the warden pear, or hard warden, still grows on Warwickshire hedgerows; and a warden pie, called a 'warden cob,' there forms a primitive dish. Such a dish is not known in the more southern parts of England. In 'Romeo and Juliet' there is an apple called 'bitter sweeting,' known to every wife in the Midlands as 'bitter-sweet,' and is a good cider apple. Mercutio says :—

> 'Thy wit is a very strong bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce.'

Romeo replies :—

> 'And is it not well served with a sweet goose.'

The minute allusion to its use as a sauce, for which it still serves, is an instance which the rustic

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Shakspere might be expected to notice, but hardly the courtier Bacon."

For the following reply to Mr. John Taylor, we are indebted to the Editor of Bacon's *Promus*. It may be taken also as a reply to many other letters.

"Mr. Taylor seems to take for granted several particulars which Baconians (and probably most other persons who are not distinctly Shakespearian), must consider to be at least open questions. He assumes for instance (1) that Francis Bacon was not acquainted with Warwickshire, or especially with Stratford-on-Avon and the neighbourhood. (2) He assumes, as many others have done before him, that the provincialisms and homely words used in 'Shakespeare,' are peculiar to Warwickshire. (3) That the unusual word 'aroynt' is a restrictively Warwickshire expression *because it is used in 'Macbeth,'* and occurs in the Stratford records. (4) That Bacon was unacquainted with minute details of husbandry and of matters connected with rural life. (5) That as a *courtier*, he would be especially unlikely to notice that apple sauce is good to eat with goose.

"With regard to 1., 'Mr. P. Ames's' letter, (page 104) may be considered a sufficient answer, but other particulars might be added. Bacon is known to have travelled. He advocates travel for the sake of recreation, and for the acquisition of knowledge. Of all men he is the least likely to have been ignorant of his own country. He had friends everywhere. 'The Homes of England,' or some

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such book, would supply us with many descriptions of country seats occupied by his noble or well-to-do friends. He is known to have been sent northward on commissions for the Queen. He was at one time member for Liverpool. He was greatly interested in the complaints of the cloth-workers of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Wiltshire, and 'had taken much pains' to win from the Dutch the trade of dyeing and dressing cloth. He was engaged in legislation concerning the navigation of rivers, and in arguments relating to the 'jurisdiction of the council of the marches.' The latter involved an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of 'the Principality of Wales,' and the counties on its borders. Cheshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Salop, are especially discussed in Bacon's arguments on this question, 'in a contest which,' says Mr. Spedding 'was of some historical interest,' and which "was carried on through the greater part of James's reign, and indeed earlier.' It is highly improbable that Bacon should, during all these years, never have travelled into the 'Western parts' of which he speaks, and whose varied interests he had to argue.

"But in point of fact, no arguments are needful to prove that Francis Bacon must have been well acquainted with Warwickshire and Worcestershire when we know that his wife's family, the Pakingtons, and his own family connections, the Lucys, resided, the former within a drive of, and the latter in the parish of, Stratford-on-Avon.

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"With regard (2) to the provincialisms used in 'Shakespeare' an answer has been given to similar objections raised by Mr. Sinclair Korner (page 116). The philology of Bacon is a large subject, and one which it would be absurd to enter upon at length in this place; yet it may be as well to say that a considerable amount of labour has been expended in this direction. Bacon's vocabulary and phraseology have been ransacked, and harmonized with those of 'Shakespeare,' and the results of such investigations and collations are ever the same—namely to bring before the student in a convincing and irrefragable manner the almost infinite identities of diction, and of thought; and consequently, the identity of authorship in the two groups of works.

"In his 'Study in Warwickshire Dialect'[1] the President of the Shakespeare Society of New York gives a glossary of 518 words which the author assures us 'is at least quite complete enough to prove the existence of the Warwickshire Dialect to-day; and, inferentially, what must have been the barbarisms of that dialect three centuries ago.' Having closely examined this glossary, we have arrived at the following conclusions :—

"1. That of the 518 words enumerated in the glossary, there are only 46 which are not as current in Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Lincoln-

[1] By Appleton Morgan. Brentano Bros., New York.

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shire, and Leicestershire (and perhaps in any other English county) as they are in Warwickshire.

"2. That *not one of the* 46 *words* in the glossary, which we do *not* recognize as common to the Southern and Eastern counties, are to be found in 'Shakespeare.'

"3. That it would therefore seem that although the author of the Shakespeare Plays was generally well acquainted with the 'familiar and household words' of the 'poorer sort' of country folk, he was not a Warwickshire man. On the contrary, that he used, chiefly, the dialect of the Southern, South Midland, and Eastern Counties, when he wished to introduce rustic characters or country allusions into his pieces.

"Mr. John Taylor proceeds in his arguments by means of a misquotation from one of the little handbooks or pamphlets, 'Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?'[2] He says: 'Mrs. Henry Pott in her anti-Shakespeare crusade has affirmed that there are no allusions to harvestings and merry-makings in the plays, &c., an omission which was likely to occur if they came from the pen of a courtier.' The passage to which Mr. Taylor refers, reads as follows: 'It might naturally be expected that a man born and bred in the country would have given some kind of description of, or scene in a country town or village—a village green with rustic dancing, may-pole, &c., or a smithy, a country inn, fair, or market; but there are none of

[2] Publishers: Parry and Co., 29, Paternoster Row.

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these in the plays. Neither is there a harvest-home, or Christmas merry-making, nor any of the small pleasures and occupations of country life. There is no brewing, cider-making, or baking, no fruit- or hop-picking, no reaping, gleaning, or threshing. No scene in a farm or country gentleman's house, no description of homely occupations, or of any kind of trade.' It will be seen that the writer does not here *affirm that there are no allusions to*, but that there are *no descriptions and scenes of* such rural matters as would naturally be expected to come home to the heart and bosom of a countryman of lowly birth. That Francis Bacon had an intimate acquaintance with and intense love of the flowers and birds, the woods and groves, the streams, the hills and vales of the country; that he not only loved, but studied in detail, every creature or natural object, or phenomenon which came within the compass of his vast observation, are matters of fact and not of question. Numerous examples are given in the tract to which Mr. Taylor refers, to show that these subjects 'with many other things which are explained or noted in the prose works of Bacon, are to be found repeated *or alluded to, or forming the basis of beautiful metaphors and similes in the Plays.*'

"The very abundance of such allusions renders it difficult to select from them; nevertheless, we wonder at the poverty of Mr. Taylor's specimens, which would tend rather to weaken than support the notion of the poet being a countryman born and bred, and with some technical knowledge of rural matters. At least

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in these small particulars Bacon's knowledge was equal to 'Shakespeare's.'

"Mr. Taylor quotes (but why, we know not, since it is not in 'Shakespeare') :—

> 'The summer's green is girded up in sheaves,
> Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard.'

Does Mr. Taylor think that Bacon was so ignorant as not to be aware that corn, when the summer is over, is ripe, and bound into sheaves? Or that corn is 'bearded'? Why should he be more profoundly ignorant and unobservant than any common labourer on his own estates was likely to be? We fear that there can be no copy of Bacon's work in the Bristol Library, or else that the pages remain uncut. Bacon, as has been said before, had an intense love of gardening and husbandry, and his numerous notes on these matters show the careful though original way in which he studied them. 'The beard of an oat," he says, '(if you mark it well) is wreathed at the bottom, and one smooth entire straw at the top.'[3] His notes are all of something which are 'worthy to be inquired' with a view to assisting nature and benefiting mankind. 'The diseases and ill accidents of corn' are amongst such subjects, and of them he says '(*a*) The mildew is the greatest; which, out of question, cometh by closeness of air; and therefore in hills, or large champaign grounds, it seldom cometh; such as is with us *York's Woald.* This cannot be remedied, otherwise than that in countries of small inclosure the grounds be turned into larger fields: which I have

[3] Sylv. Sylv., 494.

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known to do good in some farms. (*b*) Another disease is the putting forth of wild oats, whereinto corn oftentimes (especially barley) doth degenerate. It happeneth chiefly from the weakness of the grain that is sown: for if it be either too old or too mouldy, it will bring forth wild oats. (*c*) Another disease is the satiety of the ground; for if you sow one ground still with the same corn . . . the same kind of grain . . . it will prosper but poorly: therefore, besides the resting of the ground, you must vary the seed. (*d*) Another ill accident is from the winds, which hurt at two times; at the flowering, by shaking off the flowers; and at the full ripening, by shaking out the corn. (*e*) Another ill accident is drowth at the spindling of the corn; which with us is rare, but in other countries common; insomuch as the word *calamitas* was first derived from *calamus*, when the corn could not get out of the stalk. (*f*) Another ill accident is over-wet at sowing time. . . . (*g*) Another is bitter frosts continued without snow. (*h*) Another disease is worms; which sometimes breed in the root, and happen upon hot suns and showers immediately after the sowing; and another worm breedeth in the ear itself, especially when hot suns break often out of clouds. (*i*) Another disease is weeds, and they are such as either choke and overshadow the corn, and bear it down, or starve the corn and deceive it of nourishment. (*k*) Another disease is over-rankness of the corn: which they used to remedy by mowing it after it is come up or putting sheep into it, &c. (*l*) Another ill accident is laying of corn with

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great rains near or in harvest, &c.' Such passages as these not only prove Bacon's knowledge, but afford many suggestive hints as the sources from which he drew his poetical figures.

(*a*) 'Here's your husband : *like a mildew'd ear,*
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ?'
(*Ham.* iii. 4. 64 ; see also *Lear*, iii. 4. 120.)

'And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges
(*b*) *Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,*
Even so our houses and ourselves and children. . . .
Grow like savages.' (*Hen. V.* v. 2. 38.)

. . . . 'Comes in my father,
(*d*) And *like the tyrannous breathing of the North,*
Shakes all our buds from growing.' (*Cymb.* i. 4. 36.)

'Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night,
(*d*) *A storm* or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings.' (*Ib.* iii. 3. 60.)

(*d*) '*The winds*, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, *have suck'd up from the sea*
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,
(*f*) *Have every pelting river made so proud*
That they have overborne their continents :
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and *the green corn*
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard.'
(*M. N. D.* ii. 2. 88.)

(*g*) 'Biron is like *an envious sneaping frost*
That bites the first-born infants of the spring, &c.'
(*L. L. L.* i. 1. 94.)

'Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening, unkind brow. . . .
(*g*) It blots thy beauty *as frosts do bite the meads,*
(*d*) 'Confounds thy fame, *as whirlwinds shake fair buds.*'
(*Tam. Sh.* v. 2. 139.)

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(*h*) '*Now will canker sorrow eat my bud.*' (*John*, iii. 4. 82.)

'Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
And writers say, *as the most forward bud*
(*h*) *Is eaten by the canker ere it blow*,
Even so by love, the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly, *blasting in the bud*,
Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes.'
(*Two G. Ver.* i. 1. 42.)

'Her fallow leas
(*i*) The *darnel*, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, *all uncorrected, rank*,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,
Losing both beauty and utility.' (*Hen. V.* v. 2. 44.)

. . 'Burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo flowers,
(*i*) *Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow*
In our sustaining corn.' (*Lear*, iv. 4. 5.)

'Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
(*k*) *Thy sheep be in the corn.*'[4] (*Ib.* iii. 5. 43.)

'His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
(*l*) *Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.*'
(2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 175.)

'*Though you untie the winds*, and let them fight. . . .
(*l*) *Though bladed corn be lodged . . . though the treasure*
Of nature's germens tumble all together
Even till destruction sicken, &c.' (*Macb.* iv. 1. 58.

[4] This has been quoted as an example of Shakespeare's knowledge that corn in the ear is injurious to sheep, but we see that Bacon was alluding to the green corn which the sheep were to nibble down.

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"These few instances are sufficient to show how completely the observations of the poet and those of the philosopher are in accordance. No 'ill-accident' which Francis Bacon notes as happening to corn but is turned to poetic use in 'Shakespeare.'

"We pass to Mr. Taylor's second instance of Warwickshire lore as seen in the plays—the allusion, namely, to 'Warden pears.' These he seems to consider a specialty of Warwickshire. But this is quite a mistake; Warden pears, or 'keeping' pears, as they are usually called, are equally common to Sussex and Surrey (and probably to every other county), although the old word is dying out with the gardeners and cooks of modern days. It is, however, beside the purpose to inquire as to the origin or use of the word. The point which we have to settle is, whether or not Francis Bacon was likely to know as much about wardens as 'Shakespeare' did. Here is the answer: 'The earliest fruits are strawberries, cherries, . . . after them early apples, . . . after them most kind of plums, peaches, &c.; and the latest are *apples*, *wardens*,' &c.[5] In other places Bacon describes methods for the conservation of apples and pears through the summer.

"As to the saffron, although there is no record of Francis Bacon having witnessed the process of colouring a warden-pie, it is more than probable that such a sight was familiar to him from early childhood. 'When a fine lady called at Gorman-

[5] Sylv. Sylv., 577.

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bury, she found Sir Nicholas in his study with Quintilian, Lady Anne in her kitchen with her herbs, her jam-pots, and her game. Her stepson, Nathaniel .... made a portrait of her standing in the pantry, habited as a cook.' Her son Francis seems, in some degree, to have inherited her taste for making 'concoctions' for diet, and recipes for medicaments. He has much to say upon the importance of diet, which he considers to be the best part in physic and the 'Regimen of Health.' Saffron plays a foremost part in many of his recipes. It is, he thinks, digestive and cordial. He recommends the taking of pills with aloes and saffron before dinner. Ambergris and saffron are prescribed as 'cordials;' salt and saffron to warm the feet; saffron in baths, to prolong life, and so forth. But we come to the goose with apple-sauce. Why Francis Bacon, *although a courtier*, should not remark that apple-sauce is good to eat with goose, is beyond us to guess. The very delicacy of his health, the overwrought nerves which impaired his appetite and his digestive powers, would be all the more likely to make him appreciate the value of the gastronomic arts; and turning again to his essay of the 'Regimen of Health,' we see that he 'commends rather some diet, for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic.' In the 'History of Life and Death' he enters, in detail, into the principles upon which men should diet themselves in health or sickness. In health, 'Aliment should be of a nature that is least easily dissipated—beef, pork, . . . *goose*.' Such foods are

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hard of digestion, and help 'to make the juice of the body roscid,' for which purpose also 'roast or baked meats are better than boiled.' But 'the doctrine that meats should be simple, *without sauces, is a simplicity of judgment; since well-chosen sauces are the most healthy preparations of food*, and contribute *both to health and longevity*. With meats hard of digestion strong liquors *and sauces that penetrate should be used;* with light food, on the other hand, thin liquors and fat sauces.'

Hence it is clear, that if Francis Bacon wished to give his guests a Michaelmas goose for dinner, he would certainly not forget to order the digestive and 'penetrative' apple-sauce which would tend to the prolongation of their lives, and be a more agreeable condiment than the pills of aloes and saffron."

So far as the Warwickshire dialect is concerned, if we accept the current theory of authorship, the wonder is not that there is so much *patois* but that there is so little. When Shakspere left Stratford in 1585 or thereabouts, he must have talked a broad provincial jargon, both as to words and pronunciation, that would be almost unintelligible in the metropolis. And yet the "first heir of his invention," the poem of "Venus and Adonis," is written in the most exquisitely refined Classic English that the world has ever seen, before or since. But in truth, 1. The dialect of Warwickshire is *not* in Shakespeare. 2. Nor is there anything in the names of wild flowers pointing to any special locality. 3. Bacon was

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quite as likely to know the topography of all the Midland counties as Shakespeare, including Stratford villages and Charlecote. 4. The little frog of doubtful allusion to Squire Lucy, is blown out into an ox, simply by the inflation and exaggeration of the critics. There is nothing in the passage that can properly be called "maligning," no attack: and if a discreditable passage in William Shakspere's youth is obscurely referred to, it is most likely that the writer himself was not the subject of the allusion: he would have preferred to hush it up. The notion that the grand personality who wrote "Shakespeare" would put into his plays a paltry, spiteful lampoon in vengeance for a small injury which must have proved, allowing the received theory of authorship, the most fortunate event in his life,—is too absurd. If he had referred to it at all, he would not have forgotten how essentially his good-luck turned upon it. It is much more likely that Bacon fished out the incident, and inserted a dim reference to it in order to help his masquerade. There would be nothing "miraculous" in Bacon's being familiar with all this; the really miraculous notion is that a person with Shakspere's antecedents, environments, and personal history should be the throned monarch of the world's literature.

The following letter shows that even on the question of Shakespeare's *rapport* with Warwickshire words and facts, Shakespearians are not all agreed. The date is December 13th.

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"Shakespearian" says: "In some remarks of Mr. C. J. K. Marshall's (Dec. 6) there seems to be some misapprehension as to the 'flora and fauna,' as well as to the 'native terms, idioms,' &c., of the county of Warwickshire. Even good Shakespearians admit that the birthplace of the poet and its neighbourhood present no peculiar idiosyncrasies in these respects, yet the flowers of Shakespeare have been frequently made the subject of inquiry and research in connection with the history, the tastes, and the poetic fancies of Shakespeare himself. Two articles in 'Shakespeariana' for April and May, 1885, enter fully into the question of Shakespeare's horticulture, and albeit those articles are the product of a Baconian, and consequently painfully imbued with the pernicious doctrines of our adversaries, still we must allow that the details given are very curious and accurate, so far as we have been able to test them. The writer quotes Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, our great authority on Shakespeare, to the effect that 'Shakespeare's observation of our wild flowers was not necessarily limited, as has been supposed, to his provincial experiences .... green fields being throughout his life within an easy walk from any part of London. Neither are his numerous allusions to wild flowers and plants, not one of which appears to be peculiar to Warwickshire, evidences, as has been suggested, of the frequency of his visits to Stratford-on-Avon.' It will be seen that this at once disposes of all that the Baconian writer has put forward with regard to Bacon's flowers and his notes

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upon them being identical with Shakespeare's. One pair of eyes is as good as another, and of course what Bacon could see in the neighbourhood of London Shakespeare could see equally well. Moreover any one can perceive at a glance the mind of the dry, note-taking philosopher in Bacon's observations, while, on the contrary, Shakespeare 's slightest allusion is radiant with poetic brightness."

This letter sustains the Baconian side. It is strange to find well-informed persons talking about Bacon as a "dry, note-taking philosopher." *Dry* he was not: every page of his writings, even the most philosophic, sparkles with brilliant fancies. Did not this *dry* pedant write, on this very topic: "And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air"? It is not difficult to suppose that the writer of this exquisite passage also wrote:

> "That strain again: it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

Bacon's slightest allusion to natural facts "is radiant with poetic brightness," and people who talk of him as a "dry, note-taking," unpoetic sage, simply echo the conventional babble of people who know nothing whatever about Bacon's real mental characteristics.

In one or two letters (Carleon, Dec. 5: Mrs. Crellan, Dec. 33, and incidentally in others), the genealogy of

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Shakspere's family is referred to; it is claimed for the Shakspere and Arden families that they were old, aristocratic families, tracing their pedigree for nearly eight hundred years, through thirty-five descents.

All this genealogy is of the extremest possible uncertainty. The Arden family of Stratford certainly belonged to the obscure county yeoman class. To this Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is the unimpeachable witness. The Heralds have been notorious for unscrupulous romancing, and if this does not account for Mrs. Crellan's elaborate genealogical scheme, it must be that the Stratford Ardens belong to an entirely distinct family. The fact that Shakspere's family and connections and even his own daughter, were rude, illiterate, uneducated, most of them unable to write their own names, is too well established to be unsettled by any real or fanciful genealogy whether relating to the Ardens or any other people. Even if the Herald's grant (or the petition for the grant; a petition, says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps not complied with), called John Shakspere a "gentleman," the whole thing was a matter of purchase, and no petition could have ever been presented without this assertion, whether it was true or false. (See p. 88.)

II., SHAKSPERE'S CHARACTER.

On Dec. 29, "J. H." writes: "To a septuagenarian who has spent some forty years in reading and studying the literature of his country, it is a matter of the most astounding amazement that any well-read person could be found who would maintain that Bacon's

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'Essay on Love' and the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' were written by one and the same person. The style of Shakespeare's plays and that of the essays of Lord Verulam are wide as the poles asunder; and to the present writer it would not appear so incongruous to assign the sea-pieces of Hook to Millais, or the paintings of Leighton to Gilbert, as to relegate Hamlet and Lear to the writer of the 'Novum Organon.' The attempts to blacken the moral character of the closing years of Shakspere can only excite the indignation of those who have investigated such records as remain to us in the neighbourhood of his birth and his burial place. It may be alleged that the preface of his will was merely the common phraseology of the time as applied to such records. But as it is in entire conformity with the traditions which have come down to us respecting Shakspere's later life, it ought to cause writers to pause before they apply such phrases as 'drunken butcher' and the like to him. Moreover, there remains one fact which cannot be questioned. This townsman of Stratford-upon-Avon lies buried in the chancel of his parish church, a distinction not likely to be conferred on a 'drunken butcher;' but one likely to befall a townsman who had brought honour to his birthplace by his genius and moral worth, and who had left on record this solemn testimony—'I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting'

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(Shakespeare's Will). If these words were the mere forms of an attorney's adoption they were, nevertheless, in perfect accord with the pious utterances of many characters in his plays."

Doubtless the "Essay of Love," and "Romeo and Juliet" were not the offspring of the same mood. But it is a very remarkable fact that there are many passages in Shakespeare which reflect the sentiments of the essay very exactly. See "Much Ado," act ii. sc. 3, Benedick's first soliloquy, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act i. sc. 1. l. 63—69, and the whole of this scene, "Othello," act ii. sc. 1. l. 262—275; "Venus and Adonis," last ten stanzas. The moral which the essay teaches didactically is taught pictorially by the love passages of "Anthony and Cleopatra," and of Florizel in the "Winter's Tale." Bacon leaves the romance and passion of love to his dramatic writings; for he says "The stage is more beholding to Love than the life of man."

As to Shakspere's character, no Baconian ever indulged in the riot of reckless assertion and gratuitous detraction with which Bacon has been assailed—even by recent writers, who ignore the judicial and exhaustive vindications of Hepworth Dixon and Spedding. Both Francis Bacon and William Shakspere must be judged impartially, and it is not easy to discuss their relations without discussing their personal characters. This need not involve any scurrility—nothing like vulgar abuse or vituperation. An historical inquiry of this sort cannot accept the limitation, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum:* its canon rather should be *De Viventibus nil nisi*

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bonum; de mortuis nil nisi verum. It is unreasonable to put any merely charitable or complimentary restrictions on the inquiry into the character of a man who lived 300 years ago. We know very little about William Shakspere—but there are certainly hints of drink, poaching, licentiousness, &c., connected with him, which may be referred to without provoking indignation in any one. We must describe William Shakspere as he was, whether those who idolize him like it or not: and we are quite as open to good reports as evil, because we think that all genuine facts will help to elucidate the truth. "J.H." is a miracle of guilelessness if he believes gravestone eulogies, or think they can be produced as certificates of character; and the "solemnities" of a will, drawn up by a scrivener, are even less relevant. Shakspere's will is one of the strongest facts against the claims which are made on his behalf:—it is a dry, official document, and bears no traces of literary occupations or possessions, nor any indications that its author was other than an utterly commonplace man.

If Shakspere ever wrote any poetry, it may have been of the kind alluded to in the following letter, January 3rd, 1888:—

W. R. T. observes: "Rowe, in his 'Life of Shakespeare,' gives us a specimen of the first effort of our author's powers, showing that Shakespeare had some powers, at any rate, of writing poetry with some point in it of a certain description, before he left home for London. Rowe was right in thinking that his readers would like to see this specimen, and we

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regret that he could only give us the first stanza, which is all that has been recovered of the ballad, unless, indeed, the following stanzas should have been somewhat too powerful for general reading. Here is the first stanza :—

'A Parliement member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it;
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state,
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.'

"Rowe says that though the rest of the ballad has been lost, 'yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the persecution against him, to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and to shelter himself in London.'"

Mr. Appleton Morgan has collected the few scraps of this kind of stuff which tradition has fathered upon Shakspere, and given them as William Shakspere's *opera omnia.* Their quality is exactly consistent with all that is really known about William Shakspere. It is true that Shakespeare contains doggrel verses, and worse; but these are excrescences growing out of a noble stock. These genuine poems of Shakspere are strangely enough excluded from all editions of Shakespeare, where they ought to appear if the Stratford rustic is the prince of poets.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOLARSHIP IN SHAKESPEARE AND THE SCHOLARSHIP OF SHAKSPERE.

IN the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence the earliest difficulty connected with the Baconian theory is that of the supposed absence of scholarship in the plays. Mr. F. A. Marshall, one of the editors of the "Irving" edition of Shakespeare, denies that the author was a classical scholar. In a letter published November 29th, he writes:—

"No one can have studied Shakespeare's plays without seeing that he had no knowledge of Greek classics whatsoever except from translations, that his knowledge of Latin was very limited, his knowledge of history equally limited. As for his being a linguist, of Italian he knew absolutely *nil.* I think there is hardly a single Italian word or sentence in the Folio of 1623 which is spelt or written correctly. The knowledge that Shakespeare shows about all subjects connected with philosophy, natural history, music, &c., is just that knowledge which an observant and naturally intelligent man might pick up from the conversation of others, or from books usually obtainable."

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On this letter, Mr. John N. Ellaby, B.A. Oxon, comments as follows (December 2nd) :—

"What nonsense! No unclassical writer would have opposed such words as 'rudis' and 'civilis' in the lines,—

> 'Uttered such dulcet and harmonious breath,
> That the *rude* waves grew *civil* at her song.'
> (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii.)

Nor could he in the concluding lyrics of the same play have transposed the epithets,—

> 'Now the *heavy* ploughman snores
> All with *weary* task foredone.'

Similar instances of the classical tone may be multiplied by any intelligent scholar, and such instances are much stronger evidence of scholarship than accuracy in topography and chronology, which might be attained without even a claim to scholarship. My belief is that the author of the plays was well versed in the classics. The passage in the first act of 'Hamlet,' that is supposed to be an imitation of the lines in the 'Georgics' of Virgil, has been heard of. Is it preposterous to say that the writer of the lines in 'Hamlet'—

> 'The Queen, the courtiers; who is this they follow, &c.
> 'Couch we awhile, and mark,'—
> (Act v. sc. 1.)

was familiar with the scene at the beginning of the 'Choephori' of Æschylus (lines 8 and 19)? Similar instances are to be found, and can be multiplied. If Mr. Donnelly's cipher is proved to be an hallucination,

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it will remain a mystery how Will Shakspere, with the education we are told he had, wrote like a classical scholar."

Mr. Ellaby's harmless, if superfluous, exclamation, "What nonsense!" seems to have roused Mr. Marshall's ire; and in a very wrathful letter, published December 8th, after some general bluster directed against the "harmless lunatics" who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, the writer continues:—

"I am afraid that the instances which he produces in support of his dogmatic assertion to the contrary will not convince those very many Shakespearian scholars who have been guilty of the same nonsense as myself on this subject. Your space will not admit of my going into this matter at any length. I can only recommend Mr. Ellaby to read his Shakespeare a little more and to study his Ben Jonson at the same time, when he will see that it is not more certain that the latter was a classical scholar than it is that Shakespeare *was not*. I only hope that, if Mr. Ellaby has any pupils at Oxford, he is as indulgent to their failings in the classical languages as he is to Shakespeare's."

The scholarship in *Shakespeare* is a large topic: and one on which a good deal of strong assertion and stronger denial has been used. It would seem that the presumptive evidence is in favour of the existence of scholarship in the plays, seeing so many of them are on distinctly classical subjects, and the most careless

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reader must be struck with the large number of classical allusions even in the non-classical plays, where there would be no inducement to put in any cram. It always seems to us that the fashionable depreciation of scholarship in Shakesperian criticism has an *ex post facto* complexion. The critics know quite well that William Shakspere's classic knowledge must have been small, and they therefore look at the evidence of scholarship in the plays and poems through a reducing lens; their view is accommodated to their own foregone conclusion of the writer's personality. For it is certain that in order to reach this conclusion, the evidence of scholarship must be not only explained, but explained away, and this has assuredly never been satisfactorily accomplished.

In fact the classic *tone*, which is even more significant than classic allusions, is remarkable. There is, for example, an abundant use of words, not derived, but half-derived, or un-derived, from the Latin—foreigners, more or less naturalized. We believe there is a distinct indication, in this kind of phraseology, that the writer had been accustomed to use "the general language," and that his habits of Latin composition perpetually coloured and intruded into his English. He was doubtless making experiments,—using classic words tentatively, and trying to enrich his own language by new additions. In some cases he has succeeded, and many of these new and really Baconian words in Shakespeare are doubtless passed over because we no longer feel them strange. Others are not fully

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domesticated, and they are disused; others have a double sense, and one of the classic senses is now forgotten. Space does not allow detailed illustration of these remarks, but let any one look up the Shakesperian use of the following words, and we think he will not dispute our assertions. We refer to such words as accite, antres, artificial, cadent, candidatus, cast, captious, civil, circummure, conduce, confixed, consist, continent (Shakespeare makes the chest the continent of the heart), content, contrive, convent, convince, demerits, determinate, dissemble, eminent, erring, evitate, exigent, exorcist, expedient, expulsed, extracting, extravagant, facinorus, fatigate, festinate, fine, generous, immanity, immure, indigest, inform, inherit, insisture, intenible, intend, mere, mure, occident, oppugnancy, palliament, perdurable, prefer, premised, preposterous, prevent, proditor, propension, propugnation, reduce, repugn, religious, renege, repute, Roscius, sacred, secure, sensible, septentrion, stelled, suspiration, terms, unsisting, &c. To say that a writer who uses all these words was no scholar, and had to borrow his classic knowledge from cribs, may be accurate, but it requires a little proof; and those who think differently are not obviously either irrational or uninformed. When Ben Jonson in his masquerading verse says,—

"Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek."

he was apparently quizzing his readers; and expected the retort,—

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"Where then did all the Latin and Greek come from?"

As to the actual traces of scholarship, in passages clearly reflecting classic sentiments, our illustrations must be limited; but a considerable list might be easily produced. Critics have found indications that the poet had read both Plato and Cicero, and that Platonic philosophy is distinctly present in the poems. The following classic writers are apparently used, for knowledge or allusion, in different parts of Shakespeare: Plato, Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, Seneca, Cicero, Catullus, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucretius, Statius, Tibullus, Dares Phrygius, Pliny, &c.

A specimen or two may be given. Plato has a passage in his "First Alcibiades" which Mr. R. G. White translates as follows:— "We may take the analogy of the eye. The eye sees not itself, but from some other thing, for instance, a mirror. But the eye can see itself also by reflection in another eye; not by looking at any other part of a man, but at the eye only." This idea is of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare.

"The eye sees not itself
But by reflection, *by some other thing*.
. . . . I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."

Again:—

"'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,
And out of you [i.e. reflected in you] she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her."

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Shakespeare's "Glass" is one of his most characteristic metaphors. And it is not less characteristic of Bacon. The most striking case is in De Augmentis, 8th Book, 34th Proverb, in which this Platonic idea is clearly expounded.

Hamlet's "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," is derived from Catullus :—

> "Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
> Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam."

Coriolanus says, "I shall be loved when I am lacked;" and the same sentiment occurs several times in Shakespeare.

Horace also says : "Extinctus amabitur idem."

Shakespeare has :—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate."

Catullus has :—

> "Lenta, qui, velut assitas
> Vitis implicat arbores
> Implicabitur in tuum
> Complexum."

For other cases, see Stapfer's "Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity."

Undoubtedly the easiest explanation of these resemblances is that the Poet had read the classic writers. Mr. Marshall contrasts Ben Jonson with Shakespeare. No one disputes Ben Jonson's scholarship, because we know he had an education that accounts for it. But

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the real evidence is as strong for Shakespeare. Ben Jonson paraded it, Shakespeare assimilates it and so disguises it. In Ben Jonson it is an outside growth, an excrescence; with Shakespeare it is an aroma, a flavour. Some critics, not unlike Mr. Marshall, can only see scholarship when it is blazoned in scholastic utterance: they can see sugar in the lump, but cannot taste it when it is dissolved; they insist upon the crude substance, and are very indignant if you tell them that it pervades and flavours the whole mass.

Don't tell me that the sugar lumps, when dropt in water clear,
That they may make the water sweet, themselves must disappear;
For common sense, sir, such as mine, the lumps themselves must see:
Sweetness, instead of sugar, sir, you'll not palm off on me!

To show how wonderfully Bacon's Latin is secreted in Shakespeare's poetry, we may here introduce the following letter, which appeared Dec. 9.

Mr. R. M. Theobald, Hon. Secretary, Bacon Society, writes:—

"Mr. Donnelly tells us there is a hidden story in Shakespeare. But I am prepared to prove, without resorting to any cryptic or esoteric arts, that the poet sometimes puts on a mask and wraps himself up in a disguise which is not easily penetrated. Let me produce an instance. The writer wished to make use of the following Latin aphorism in such a way as to conceal the source whence it was derived, and not betray his Latinity: *Turpe est proco ancillam sollicitare*,

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est autem virtutis ancilla laus : 'It is disgraceful for a suitor to woo the handmaid: but praise is the handmaid of virtue.' The mode of applying this motto will be evident if we read the opening sentences of Bacon's 'Apology' relating to Essex. 'I cannot be ignorant, and ought to be sensible, of the wrong which I sustain in common speech, as if I had been false or unthankful to that noble but unfortunate Earl, the Earl of Essex. And for satisfying the vulgar sort, I do no so much regard it, though I love good name, but yet as an handmaid and attendant of honesty and virtue. For I am of his opinion that said pleasantly 'that it was a shame to him that was a suitor to the mistress to make love to the waiting-woman;' and, therefore, to woo or court common fame other than it followeth upon honest courses, I, for my part, find not myself fit or disposed.' The poet of 'Love's Labour's Lost' has exactly the same sentiment, but it is masked, and you can only find out how to remove the mask by reference to the passages from Bacon which I have quoted. The princess has a bow in her hand, and is invited to shoot the deer. She wishes to get credit or praise for good shooting, yet she feels it almost a shame to win such fame by killing the poor innocent animals, and she puts her perplexity into the following form :—

'And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart,

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> As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
> The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.'

Here is Bacon's Latin motto very carefully, as he would say, dissembled. Glory is the suitor, *Procus*, in disguise; and his behaviour is *turpe*, he is guilty of detested crimes. For he is courting the maid, *ancillam sollicitat*, he bends the working of his heart to *ancillam*, an outward part; and this said maid is fame or praise, the handmaid of virtue, *laus, ancilla virtutis*. Bacon's 'certainly' is faintly masked by 'out of question,' which is, indeed, a phrase that Bacon himself often employs when he wants to make a variation on 'certainly.' How do I know that Bacon would have put Glory as a representative of the *Procus* who thus misbehaves himself? This, too, is ascertained. Look at Bacon's Antitheta to Vain Glory (De Augmentis, Lib. 6), and you will find *Procus* and *Gloriosus* harnessed together, representing the same moral type. For in the group of two or three mottoes in which Vain Glory is portrayed we again meet with our friend Procus, and we find him handcuffed with Mr. Gloriosus, or Glory: 'Gloriosi semper factiosi, mendaces, mobiles, nimii'—Glory, or the family of the Gloriosi, is ever factious, false, inconstant, extreme. This is a specimen of the kind of light thrown on Shakespeare by the 'lunatics' who study our poet under the guidance of the 'Baconian craze.' Bacon quotes this same Latin motto in his letter to Rutland, and it has a niche in his 'Promus,' No. 70. I do not think it has

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ever been traced to any Latin author, and my strong impression is that, like Macaulay's 'judicious poet,' the merry author that he quoted was himself. The whole case certainly lends itself most forcibly to the notion that the writer used some of his art to hide himself.

We may add that Italian Scholarship is distinctly indicated in the plays. Othello contains, as Mr. R. G. White has shown, sentiments and language directly derived from untranslated Italian sources. Dr. Elze brings direct evidence to prove that the poet had visited Mantua, and knew Italian localities and home-life as no mere untravelled book-worm could, and Professor Hales agrees with Elze.

The mistakes and inaccuracies of Shakspere are not very important. They are magnified for polemical purposes, and especially for Anti-Baconian argument. They are all such as a seventeenth-century scholar would hold very cheap in poetry. Bacon, like Shakspere distinctly recognizes that all poetry is "feigning"—he uses the word habitually in his scientific definitions of poetry. His three divisions of poetry are Narrative, Dramatic, and Parabolical, "Feigned Chronicles, Feigned lives, and Feigned Relations:" and when he quotes a fable of the poets, he says, "The poets feign," (see Essay, Of Riches, Advancement, p. 94, Clarendon Ed. &c.) He allowed for all kinds of "divorces" between the feigned world of poetry, and the actual world of fact. But some of his supposed mistakes may be explained.

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The following letter, December 17th, is relevant to this subject, and disposes of one of the most flagrant of these shocking blunders, at which the critics alternately shudder and triumph :—"In reference to the common supposition that Shakespeare was in error in placing Bohemia near the sea-coast, Mr. G. P. Yeats, of Malvern, points out that in the 'Modern' Part of 'Universal History,' vol. xlii., p. 161, it is stated that Othogar, King of Bohemia, purchased of Udaricus, Duke of Carinthia, part of Carinthia, all Styria, and the port of Naon, in the Adriatic."

Even if the coast of Bohemia were absolutely wrong, we are quite sure that Bacon would have invented (i.e. feigned) it, if he wanted to put it into a poem. Just as Goethe makes Faust talk about Luther, so Bacon has no objection in "Macbeth," the date of which is 1030 to 1056, to speak of dollars, which were not in existence till 500 years later; and he can put striking clocks into "Julius Cæsar," "Winter's Tale," "Comedy of Errors," and "Cymbeline." If this was a *bêtise* for Bacon, it was absolutely inexcusable in the incomparably greater man (as the Shakespeare critics are never tired of affirming that William Shakespeare was). In truth the whole objection is frivolous.

It is plain that the gorgeous robe of classic learning which is to be found in the Shakespeare poems cannot by any effort of adaptation be made to fit the rustic, uncouth figure of William Shakspere. But this point has not arisen in the correspondence.

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CHAPTER VII.

EVIDENCES IN FAVOUR OF BACON.

MANY of the evidences which support Bacon's claims to be the genuine "Shakespeare" are produced incidentally in the foregoing pages. The whole evidence cannot be produced in this volume, because it depends on a detailed comparison between the whole of the poems and the whole of the prose. In the first place we must refer to

SECTION I.—THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE MS.

In a letter, December 8th, Mr. G. I. F. Tupper "calls attention to an interesting but not very well known fact which brings the names of Shakespeare and Bacon together really, and with far more apparent significance than a clumsily concocted cryptogram. In the month of August, 1867, two boxes of papers at Northumberland House were submitted to the late Mr. John Bruce, of the Record Office, for examination. Among these, Mr. Bruce found an unbound volume of transcripts of papers by Bacon; the first in the volume was a quadrilogue or locution, by four persons successively, in praise of their favourite virtues,

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portions only of which had been hitherto known. This was of so much interest that, although imperfect from having been badly damaged by fire, it was determined to print the whole as it stood; and, under the able editorship of Mr. James Spedding, it was published in 1870, with the author's title, 'A Conference of Pleasure.' The outer sheet of this MS. volume (which serves as a cover) bears on the right hand of the front page the name of the author (Mr. Francis Bacon), followed by the titles of the four orations, and then of the remaining contents of the volume, and the whole covered with scribbling—letters and parts of letters, disconnected words; the Latin rhyme, 'Multis annis jam transactis;' names of plays and other works—'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.;' and of persons, amongst which are 'Shakespeare,' "Mr. William Shakespeare' (*sic*), several times, and "Mr. Francis Bacon." That the whole is merely idle scribble I have no doubt; yet there is the fact. At the instance of Mr. Bruce I made an elaborate *facsimile* of the leaf for the Duke of Northumberland, and it appears in Mr. Spedding's edition, before referred to, where it can be seen by those who desire to form their own opinion. It is not known how this MS. came into the possession of the duke's family. Might the transcript have been made for the use of an ancestor who was to have spoken a part in the entertainment at which the 'device' was produced?"

The Northumberland MS. is a very curious docu-

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ment, and it seems to us that no explanation except the Baconian one affords a satisfactory solution of its puzzle. The title-page, giving a list of the underlying contents, is certainly presumptive evidence that all the writings specified are by "Mr. Francis Bacon," unless there is any indication on the title-page itself of other authorship. The list runs on without any change of style, putting "Richard II." and "Richard III." on precisely the same footing as the "Essay in praise of the worthiest virtue—In praise of the worthiest affection—In praise of the worthiest power—In praise of the worthiest person." Then the "Isle of Dogs," by Thomas Nash, and "Osmund and Cornelia," are entered as "inferior plaiers." The name William Shakespeare, spelt as the Stratford playwright never spelt his name, and in a way used by none of his family—the way invariably used on the title-pages of the plays and poems—occurs repeatedly. There is also the line, "Revealing day through every granny *peeps*;" —not *spies*, as it is found in the poem of Lucrece: peeps would have been a better word; *spies* is required to rhyme with *eyes;* and *peeping* comes in afterwards in the same stanza. Does not this mean that we see a fragment of the unfinished poem, before it had received its author's last corrections? The dog-latin word *honorificabilitudino* occurs also, and is found not quite in the same form as that in which it appears in *Love's Labour Lost.* We know also that Thomas Nash, the author of the "Isle of Dogs," complained

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that his piece had been brought on the stage with two or three interpolated scenes, not his own. Who was the real writer of these interpolated scenes, this title-page not obscurely indicates. The whole page is so blurred by repeated scribbling that its real import might be easily overlooked by anyone who might examine the MS. to remove any compromising portions. In fact, all the MS. corresponding to the plays has been carefully removed; the Essays, and, we believe, some of the letters remain. The only place in the world where we can be sure that the MSS. of two of "Shakespeare's" plays once existed, is BACON'S PORTFOLIO. We have a right to make much of this fact; its significance cannot possibly be explained away. The "idle scribble" is simply documentary evidence.

SECTION 2.—THE PLAYS AS RELATED TO THE DATES AND FACTS OF BACON'S LIFE.

In a letter, published December 22nd, Mr. George James observes:—

"Some years ago I collected a mass of circumstantial evidence bearing on the point at issue, and I propounded to myself a question, which was this: That, if, from the impecunious position of Bacon, owing to the sudden death of his father, he wrote these plays to support himself, while waiting for the long-deferred office he craved from his uncle Burghley's and cousin Cecil's influence, then the date of the last play ought to coincide with the year in which

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he obtained the long-coveted Attorney-Generalship. Upon referring, I found that the last and perhaps greatest of the plays was produced the very same year. I refer, of course, to 'The Tempest.' In this play, and especially in the epilogue, he announces he has finished his career as caterer for the public pleasure. He has got his rights, forgives those who have thwarted his plans, the way so long closed to him is opened, his life's aim and goal is now before him (the Chancellorship), and in this play he joyously relinquishes his connection with the stage. Now, if Bacon wrote the plays simply to meet his necessitous circumstances, and used Shakspere to father them, so as not to injure his professional prospects, then the hitherto unexplained cessation of the plays is revealed. How Shakspere, in the very zenith of his genius, should suddenly cease his glorious writings and turn to doggrel epitaphs, has, perhaps, been the greatest enigma to the critics of all, but if really the supply was cut off by Bacon then *this mystery* of mysteries is solved. Again, just one of a thousand coincidences is the contemptuous allusions to the play-actors themselves by the writer, especially in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Is the suggestion far-fetched, that 'The rude mechanicals,' 'The shallowest thick skin of a barren sort,' is but a veiled allusion to the very actors he wrote for?—for the instances are many that the writer knew he was writing above them and beyond their comprehension and for a future age;

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and is not Nick Bottom, the weaver, embraced by Titania, suggestive of public opinion adoring one of the 'barren sort'? If this fancy is true, it is time we woke, like Titania, from the delusion."

The dates assigned to the plays are, for the most part, conjectural. So far as they are ascertained or conjectured, they correspond to the events of Bacon's life. No one has ever succeeded in tracing any connection between the known facts of Shakspere's life and the plays. If the attempt is made the results are simply grotesque. For example, Professor Dowden finds that "Lear" and "Hamlet" were written when "Shakspere had been reached and touched by the shadow of some of the deeper mysteries of human existence; somehow a relation between his soul and the dark and terrible forces of the world was established, and to escape from a thorough investigation and sounding of the depths of life was no longer possible." He looks for the counterpart of this high spiritual elevation in the Stratford playwright, and what does he see? Simply a man who had filled "his breeches-pocket," and was ready to sell his malt and collect his debts. "Shakspere had by this time mastered the world, from a practical point of view. He was a prosperous and wealthy man." Did ever a thoughtful and accomplished critic bamboozle his intellect in a more humiliating style? Shakspere scholars see all this mountainous parturition and ridiculous mouse-generation, and yet with imperturbable gravity they

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still declare that the antecedent probability against Shakspere does not exist, or is a crazy phantom invented by circle-squaring lunatics. If Professor Dowden had turned his eyes in another direction he would have seen that the writer of *Hamlet* and *Lear* really had had his soul stirred by dark and terrible forces—by the tragedy of Essex's fall—by watching the gradual lapse into insanity of his mother, the noblest and most accomplished lady he had ever known—by a long and bitter struggle with poverty and debt—by the neglect and alienation of those in high place to whom he had a right to look, so that through them he, like Hamlet, "lacked advancement."

There are certain lines in "2 Henry VI." which were not published, and perhaps not written, till after Bacon's fall in 1621, such as these, in which his vindication appears to be secreted :—

> Justice with favour have I ever done.
> Prayers and tears could move me : gifts could never.
> . . . . .
> Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
> Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
> . . . . .
> Have I affected wealth or honour? Speak!
> Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
> Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

For a fuller discussion of this very curious and remarkable feature in the Baconian case, see Mrs. Pott's second pamphlet, "Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?"

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SECTION 3.—BACON'S LEISURE AND OPPORTUNITIES OF LITERARY WORK.

That Bacon really possessed all the knowledge which the plays indicate needs no detailed proof. The more relevant question is, had he time to write them? Was he not too busy? In reference to this we quote the following letter, December 24th:—

"May I ask you to find a place in your columns for a few final words in defence of Shakspere," Mr. Lewin F. Lightfoot writes. "They have not been written hurriedly, but are the result of some study, and to my humble mind they are conclusive. After a thorough search through the life of Bacon, all I want to know from some ingenious Baconian is, when did Francis Bacon write thirty-nine plays and 154 sonnets? I appeal for fair consideration of the following facts. Francis Bacon was born 1561. About the age of thirteen he goes to France, and at Poictiers, about 1578, he invents and studies a mode of writing in cipher. His father dies suddenly, and he enters Gray's Inn, 1580. Up to this, you say, he has had at least four years for writing; but I shall have something to say of this further on. He studies now hard, and in 1586 is appointed Counsel Extraordinary to the Queen. Considering the work necessary for this advancement, what time has he had for the plays? Now he devotes himself zealously to science and philosophy, till a sudden taste for public life

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results in his being returned to Parliament for Middlesex, in 1593.[1] Till 1597 he follows hard and fast after politics. In this year he is disappointed over the Solicitor-Generalship, and publishes his Essays, which according to Lord Campbell, we may fairly ascribe to his residence in France. So here are the four years mentioned above well accounted for. His 'Essay on Love' is worth reading here; since, though it was probably written earlier, it was published wonderfully near to 'Romeo and Juliet,' which, according to Meres, was printed previous to 1598. To imagine that the same pen which wrote the 'Essay on Love' also composed 'Romeo and Juliet,' or any other love-scenes, and so close together, would be preposterous. Again, in 1598, all the great historical plays, except 'Henry V.' and 'Henry VIII.' six comedies, and 'Romeo and Juliet' revised, had appeared! Obviously Bacon was a man who wrote plays instead of sleeping. However, in 1597, Bacon returns to Parliament, and in 1599 from his pen comes the 'History of the Alienation Office.' Somewhere about this time were produced 'Henry V.,' 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' Now Bacon works himself into a good position at the bar. Can he be playwriting now while Essex's affairs are engrossing his whole attention? Yet 'Twelfth Night' appears about this time. 1601 sees him again in every debate in Parliament up to 1603, when he

[1] A mistake: Bacon entered Parliament in 1584.

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toadies to the King, and gets knighted. Now Southampton, already known as the patron of Shakspere, has been tried for treason, and Sir Francis publishes an apology for his behaviour towards Essex. He is engaged in Raleigh's trial. He returns to Parliament, and takes a prominent place, and in 1605 he publishes the 'Advancement of Learning.' Political pamphlets follow. In 1607, after indefatigable efforts, he is Solicitor-General to the Crown. His spare hours are now occupied with] philosophical labours. In 1612 he asks the King for promotion. 1613 sees him Attorney-General. In this year appears 'Henry VIII.,' and before this probably nearly all the others. 1614, Political Adviser to the Crown. He raises 'benevolences,' tortures Peacham, cultivates Villiers, and resolves to be Ellesmere's successor; but in 1616 is Privy Councillor. He investigates law reform; gets Coke dismissed, and himself appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall. In 1617 he is Lord Keeper, the following year a peer, and in 1620 his 'Novum Organum' sees the light, which had occupied him for years. But, as Shakspere has died in 1616, I don't propose to follow up Lord Verulam's life further. It will readily be seen that I have only given the barest sketch; but my point is to show that the idea of his having completed the thirty-nine plays and 154 sonnets is utterly inadmissible and incongruous with the existing evidence of his untiring efforts towards self-advancement, and this I think I have done."

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Mr. Lightfoot assumes that the six years from 1580 to 1586 must have been occupied entirely with legal studies. Bacon became an "utter Barrister" in 1582, and his preparatory studies ended then. It is scarcely probable that even between 1580 and 1582 he studied nothing but law. His powers of acquisition were marvellous, and we know that in his early years, before his public life had begun, while his brother was on the Continent and his mother living at Gorhambury, he kept himself so secluded at Gray's Inn that he offended some callers who wished to gain access to him. A letter of Fanut's in 1583 illustrates this. His mysterious studies gave some concern to his excellent and anxious mother, who feared lest his health should suffer from his studious seclusion. This is the sort of advice she gave (it is in a letter addressed to Anthony Bacon, May 24, 1590):—

"*Gratia et Salus.* That you increase in amending I am glad. God continue it every way. When you cease of your prescribed diet, you had need, I think, to be very wary, both of your sudden [change] of quantity and season of your feeding; specially suppers, late and full. Procure rest in convenient time; it helpeth much to digestion. I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid*, when he should sleep, and then in consequent by late rising and long lying in bed."

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This does not suggest the idea of a man whose time and energy is mortgaged to business or professional pursuits. It exactly corresponds to what we should suppose of this period of Bacon's life—that he was only too much a master of his own time, but that he used his time in arduous and unremitting study. And this state of things covers a very long period—going far on past youth and early manhood towards middle life.

We have no information whatever about him between October, 1580, and April, 1582; and very little up to the end of 1584. He had no public business; no authorship is recorded, except the *Temporis Partus Masculus*, about 1582. In 1584 he entered Parliament; but it is not likely that his Parliamentary duties at that time consumed much of his time. Parliamentary life was not then so absorbing as it is now; this Parliament lasted only one session, and its work was pretty much of a routine nature. So far as Bacon was concerned, he probably spent most of his time about his own pursuits. There are only two notices of Parliamentary work at that time, one as a member of a committee, and the other as making a speech. He wrote a State paper for the Queen in 1584 or 1585; and then we know nothing about his occupation till October, 1586, when Parliament again met. It dissolved in March, 1587; and then nothing more is heard of him till August, 1588, except that he assisted in a masque in February, 1588, and so on with little variation up

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to 1591. His first appearance as a pleader in Court was in January, 1595 (modern style), when he was thirty-four years of age. In March, 1593, he offended the Queen by his Subsidy speech, and she never forgave him, and during the ten remaining years of her reign never gave him any continuous employment. So far as State and professional work are concerned he was *under-worked* during the whole of Queen Elizabeth's reign, i.e. up to March, 1603, when he was forty-two years of age. The political pamphlets and State papers which he produced count for very little with such an affluent mind and productive brain. He did not marry till 1606, nor become Solicitor-General till 1607.

It is, therefore, quite a mistake to suppose that the earlier half of Bacon's life was busy with State affairs or legal pursuits. In June, 1595, when he was thirty-four years of age, he writes to his uncle, Lord Burghley: "It is true my life hath been so private as I have had no means to do your Lordship service; but yet, as your Lordship knoweth, I have made offer of such as I could yield;" and some time later, date uncertain, he wrote to the same uncle: "The time is yet to come that your Lordship did ever use or command or employ me in my profession, in any services or occasions of your Lordship's own, or such as are near your Lordship." And the whole purport of the letter implies that he could not find enough employment to support him in comfort. Other letters of the same import might be quoted.

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Now, seeing that Lord Burghley was the chief minister of the Queen, working for him meant public occupation generally; and "any services of your Lordship's own, or such as are near your Lordship," includes all State business whatever.

After the Queen's death, referring to her neglect of him, he said: "Her service was a kind of freehold, and it was a more solemn time." Meaning that public business was not very urgent, and he had very little of it. ("Life," vol. iii., p. 80.) He was evidently more busy with his own studies than with public or professional work; for he writes, in 1592: "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed; and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more harmful than most parts of action are." ("Life," vol. i., p. 108.)

It is obvious that during most of the time assigned to "Shakespeare" production, Bacon had plenty of leisure time—he did not spend all his income, either of time or intellect, if he did no more than his biographies record. What his private occupations really were it is not possible to ascertain, with such materials as we have. Bacon's private life is not known: it is shrouded in mystery. He preserved all papers relating to his literary and public business; but all private documents seem to have been carefully and exhaustively cleared away.

This sketch of the "Shakspere" portion of Bacon's

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life, i.e. the part of his life when William Shakspere was alive and the quartos were being published, is a sufficient reply to the difficulty raised in Mr. Lightfoot's letter. We say nothing about the plentiful use of fanciful colouring in Mr. Lightfoot's *précis* of Bacon's career. We content ourselves with one absolutely flat contradiction: Bacon never "published any apology for his behaviour towards Essex." No fair or scholarly critic, careful to avoid misleading statements, would ever describe his "Apology" in these terms. Many other statements in this letter are entirely inaccurate to us. What work is referred to as the "History of the Alienation Office," we have no idea.

Bacon's "untiring efforts towards self-advancement" is a mistake. It is the fashion to represent him as a perpetual and importunate suitor. A detailed examination of Bacon's correspondence shows that his own applications for preferment, such as he had a right to make, and would have been to blame if he had omitted, were very few. His claims were presented more by others, especially Essex, than himself, and the urgency of Essex annoyed him, and probably damaged his promotion, so that he had the mortification of seeing younger and inferior men preferred before him. In truth, the necessity which was laid upon him for such self-assertion as he made was a reproach much more to those who neglected him—the Queen and Salisbury—than to himself. If his transcendent merits and wonderful capacity for work

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had been even approximately recognized, it would have been clear to posterity that his efforts in his own behalf were singularly modest and reserved.

SECTION 4.—BACON'S SENTIMENTS, POWERS, CHARACTER, STYLE, &c.

It is often said that the writer of Shakspere must have been an actor, and known stage business. Thus, December 10th, Mr. Dalton Stone writes: "Mr. Wilson Barrett a few days back asked, 'Can any actor doubt that the players' scenes in 'Hamlet' were written by an actor?' In answering 'No,' to Mr. Barrett's question, allow me to quote a few lines from 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in support of his arguments. Act I. scene ii.: 'Is all our company here?' 'I am slow of study.' 'Quick or slow study,' are words used among actors now. A novice coming on the stage, or any one unacquainted with its ways, would call it 'learning a part,' not 'studying.' Again, 'I will draw a bill of the properties,' Act III. scene i., is certainly the work of an actor. Then again, Act IV. scene i., where Bottom wakes—'When my cue comes call me, and I will answer: My next is, "Most fair Pyramus."' All these expressions are the same as used now, and are, no doubt, more widely known outside the theatrical world than in Shakespeare's time. I do not contend that Bacon did not know them; but this I do say, that the players' scenes in 'Hamlet'

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and 'Midsummer Night's Dream' stamp the writer of them as an 'author-actor.'".

It is not probable that a great dramatic writer would be also an experienced stage-manager, any more than it is likely that a good critic would be a good type-setter or printer. Some actors have been also dramatic authors, but signal success in either department almost excludes proficiency in the other. Of course, a dramatic writer is likely to make himself acquainted with theatre business and all the usual technicalities of the stage; he will probably attend rehearsals; he may assist at private or semi-private theatricals. Bacon's known experience in writing masques and attending playhouses, removes from the Baconian theory every difficulty arising from the presence of stage jargon (if it exists) in the plays. If different critics have proved to their own satisfaction that the author of Shakespeare was a sailor, a doctor, a lawyer, a divine, one may feel small surprise at the discovery that the writer of the greatest dramatic works the world has ever seen, knew something about the inside of a theatre, and may have been an actor.

We are not, however, quite prepared to assent, without some qualification, to the assertion so often made, that Shakespeare's are good acting plays. Not one of them is ever produced without plentiful curtailment, trimming, alteration, adaptation. Some are so enormously long as to be absolutely useless till they are edited for dramatic purposes. The writer must

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have known this when he produced them. Evidently, therefore, he wrote them quite as much, or probably more, for readers and for the world, as for spectators. Some are too abstruse and thoughtful for public representation. *Troilus and Cressida* would send a stage audience to sleep, or make "the gods" shut it up by impatient interruptions. On this subject, see *Bacon Journal*, No. II., pp. 73, 74.

The next letter, however, will bring this question to a more definite issue.

On December 23rd, Mr. Stanworth Adey points out that "Mr. Wilson Barrett, in his admirable letter, lays considerable stress on the fact that the author of the plays was undoubtedly an actor. Why, from memory one might quote an infinity of texts of a histrionic character: 'A part that I shall blush in acting,' 'A part which never I shall discharge to the life,' 'Like a dull actor, now, I have forgot my part,' 'As an unperfect actor on the stage,' 'This great stage of fools,' 'A poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage,' 'Let this world no longer be a stage, to glad contention in a lingering act,' 'This wide and universal theatre,' 'As in a theatre the eyes of men, after a well-graced actor leaves the stage,' &c., 'A stage where every man must play a part,' 'As in a theatre where they gape and point.' Surely such passages as these indicate a very familiar acquaintance with the stage. One of your correspondents observes that Shakespeare and Bacon

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each use the phrase 'I cannot tell.' I know Shakespeare by heart, having annotated the plays with 3000 references, and could point to a number of pet phrases of Shakespeare which Bacon never makes use of. It is remarkable how the former repeats himself in words and similes; even in referring to days of the week he almost solely confines himself to Wednesday, which is mentioned twelve times."

Mr. Adey's impressions about the phrase "I cannot tell" are not very lucid. The only reference to this point in the *Daily Telegraph* is not in the correspondence, but in the report of the meeting of the Bacon Society, November 29. The paper there referred to is published in No. V. of the *Bacon Journal*, and shows that the phrase discussed deserves a little more attention than Shakespeare critics have given to it. Bacon always uses "I cannot tell" in an insincere, rhetorical way; never to express any real want of information or genuine suspense of judgment. And Shakespeare, when the phrase occurs in an isolated, epigrammatic way, uses it in exactly the same way. This curious and significant fact is easily verified when it is once pointed out. Typical cases for Bacon-proper are to be found in the Essay of *Truth*, and in some of Bacon's speeches; for example, that made on entering office as Lord Chancellor—In Shakespeare, in "2 Henry IV." Act I. scene ii. line 190; "Henry V." Act II. scene i. lines 22—27; "Macbeth," Act. I. scene ii. line 41 (Globe edition). Other

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cases can easily be found. See *Bacon Journal*, No. V., p. 198.

The full reply to this letter, however, must be left to "Baconian," December 27th.

"Mr. Stanworth Adey's remarks in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 23rd," observes "Baconian," "are both profitable and suggestive. Instead of embarking in vague generalities, or reopening questions which learned Shakesperians themselves have long ago settled to the satisfaction of Baconians, this gentleman declares himself prepared to bring positive evidence as to the dissimilarity of the phraseology of Bacon and Shakespeare. 'I know Shakespeare by heart, having annotated the plays with 3000 references, and could point to a number of pet phrases of Shakespeare which Bacon never makes use of.' To collect the 'pet phrases' of Bacon and Shakespeare has been the earnest endeavour of certain labourers in this field, and we shall be very glad if he will afford us the benefit of his knowledge by publishing a list of as many of such peculiar phrases as he especially esteems the 'Shakespeare's.' He will not expect that from the philosophical and scientific treatises, speeches, and essays of Bacon we shall reproduce absolute colloquialisms, oaths, expletives, and so forth. Neither should we expect him to produce from the plays and poems of 'Shakespeare' the absolute technicalities of law or science. But let us keep to the highway, and fairly

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compare what we may gather of the language, ordinary, literary, and oratorical, of the supposed writers. Mr. Adey has thrown down the gauntlet: he will not resent as an offence that a friendly opponent shall pick it up. Having shaken hands in advance, we will agree on the indubitable fact that the author of the plays was an actor. Few great plays can have been written by authors unacquainted with the histrionic art. But then who is there who will seriously come forward and say that Francis Bacon was *not* an actor? Not a *professional* actor certainly, but every inch an actor; attributing the utmost importance to the use of the stage, urging the necessity of training all young men in the art of acting, quoting the excellent examples of the Greeks, the more subtle and politic examples of the Jesuits in this respect; showing, too, the power and superior dignity which a man acquires by having a due control of his facial muscles, his gestures, his voice, &c., and by learning to overcome the fear of speaking before his fellow-men. Then, too, have we not his curious notes and studies, to show us how he drilled himself in these particulars? To have action, but not too much action; not to gasp or pant in delivery, not to hurry, nor yet be too deliberate, and so forth. Then of every expression and gesture by turns. The effect of casting down a glance sidelong, or of turning up the eyes; of raising the eyebrows, depressing the mouth, wafting with the hand, shaking

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the head, knitting the brows, standing suddenly still, cutting short a sentence as if by chance or impulse—but of intent—and so forth. Will any one read such notes and tell us again that Bacon was not an actor, and a most carefully trained actor too? Amongst the condensed and pithy Essays we have one on 'Masques and Triumphs.' The author is careful to vindicate his own reputation as a grave and reverend signior by the remark that 'these things are but toys.' But, toys or not, he knows all about them, and any one who cares may compare that bright little essay with the scenes in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' where a fairy scene is contrived in the forest, to frighten and perplex Falstaff. It will be seen how entirely Mistress Page's stage arrangements harmonize with Bacon's instructions. The fairies are to be in *green and white;* they are not to be, after the custom of the day, 'anything that is hideous;' they are to be accompanied by 'songs loud and cheerful,' 'the music well placed.' The scenes must 'abound with light,' and the masquers coming on to the scene are to have peculiar 'motions of their own.' How judiciously then does Mrs. Page dress the children, not like 'devils, or anything hideous' (though it is to frighten Falstaff), but like

> Urchins, owphes, and fairies, green and white,
> With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads;

how 'well' she places them, 'in a saw-pit, whence they all rush forth at once with some diffused song,'

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and how decidedly she adds that 'my Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.' When, however, sweet Anne Page is again to appear on the stage, Mrs. Page ordains that 'quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,' for, though then in disguise, she is still a fairy, and Francis Bacon's fairy too. Need we doubt any longer whether or no Francis Bacon, the leader of the Gray's Inn Revels, the manager and moving spirit of the Court Triumphs and Devices, was acquainted with the theatre and its accessories?"

The question of style is constantly referred to in this correspondence. We can here only reproduce some typical utterances. On Dec. 1st, E P. E. W. writes:—

"Lord Byron, in one of his stanzas (in 'Childe Harold,' I think), said 'Time will doubt of Rome.' As yet, however, Rome, thanks to its decayed but still living records of the past, remains unchallenged. And has time really begun to doubt of Shakespeare? Lord Palmerston's belief in the Baconian theory was always quite inexplicable to me. Look for a moment at the style in prose of the great Verulam. Take his 'Essays,' his 'Novum Organum,' his 'Advancement of Learning.' All lovers of literature never forget that style. It is as individually marked as Sir Thomas Browne's style in his 'Religio Medici,' as Sam Johnson's in his 'Rambler.' Then take Shakespeare's prose when it occurs in his plays. Could anything be more unlike Bacon's?

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"Bacon never posed as a great poet. If he was ashamed to write plays as a dramatist, would he not have been proud of writing the so-called more refined style of verse? And what evidence have we that he could write lyrics like those exquisite gems in 'As You Like It,' &c. Take only as an instance Bacon's translation of the ancient author's remarks on 'Life' in verse. Was anything more devoid of a polished style in metre? Finally, Shakespeare's geographical mistakes were not such as the mighty Verulam would have made. Savage Landor described John Keats as the 'naturalest born poet' since Shakespeare. Why? Because the young surgeon, with only a small education at a Tottenham school, and with no knowledge of the classics except gleaned from 'Lempriere's Dictionary,' wrote of Greece and Rome in verse as neither a Porson nor a Jebb could have done."

As to style every one must judge for himself. The resemblance, however, between Bacon's style and Shakespeare's is not a fancy, invented by the Baconians. Cowden Clarke speaks of some of Shakespeare's meditations as "like one of Bacon's essays;" Vernon Lee says that the theatre-going people in Shakespeare's time went to hear "Baconian thoughts in Baconian language." Such a question as this, however, if discussed at all, cannot be settled by vague impressions; it requires detailed analysis.

The comparison between Bacon's style and Shakespeare's is illustrated in a very direct way, so far as

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one variety of Shakespeare's style is concerned, in the following letter, December 3rd. Mr. R. M. Theobald, hon. secretary of the Bacon Society, writes :—

"I see that some of your correspondents make the difference of style between Bacon and Shakespeare a strong point against the theory of the Baconians. This is a large subject, and has many ramifications. But I think I can show by a typical example that among the many styles that are represented in Shakespeare, some of the many styles to be found in Bacon are included. Here is a genuine Baconian essay out of 'Shakespeare.' Falstaff, soliloquizing on Mr. Justice Shallow and his servants, makes reflections which, if just a little trimmed so as to put off the comic livery which the personality of the speaker requires, might be incorporated, without patching, and without any serious break of continuity, into the Essay of Negotiation, or Suitors. Here it is : 'It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent [i.e. in vocal unison] like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry favour with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his

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servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company.' ("2 Hen. IV.," Act V. scene i.) I might quote any number of passages from Bacon in which the style, sentiment, peculiar turns of expression, of this little essay are accurately reflected. Thus: 'In manners or behaviour your lordship must not be infected with custom, which makes us keep our own ill graces, and participate of those we see every day.' (Life, II., 10.) 'To attain [good forms of behaviour] it almost sufficeth not to despise them; for so shall a man observe them in others, and let him trust himself with the rest.' (Essay 52.) 'If you would work any man, you must either know his nature or his fashions and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have interest in him, and so govern him.' (Essay 46.) 'Timing of the suit is the principal. Timing, I say, not only in respect of the person who should grant it, but in respect of those who are likely to cross it. Let a man, in the choice of his mean, rather choose the fittest mean than the greatest mean.' (Essay 49.) All who are familiar with Bacon's writings will also recognize the intensely antithetic structure of every sentence, and the other tricks of phraseology which are characteristic marks of his style. *It is a wonderful thing* is Bacon's *It is strange*, or *I find it strange. It is certain*, or *Certainly*

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occurs nearly seventy times in the essays. The ethical, persuasive *therefore* is even more frequent. And Bacon's 'carriage' may be tracked in every line, almost in every word of the speech."

Mr. Ames concludes the letter, part of which is already given (page 104), as follows :—

"One word with reference to the alleged differences in the genius of the plays and of the acknowledged writings of Bacon. Shelley remarked on the 'poetry,' the 'distending strain,' the 'sweet and majestic rhythm' of Lord Bacon's language, and many others have since adduced numerous illustrations of this. That Bacon's genius was not that of the practical philosopher is further shown in his distaste for, and ignorance of, mathematics, and in his inadequate notions of their utility and true relation to physical inquiries. 'I know not,' he says, 'how it has arisen that mathematics and logic, which ought to be the serving maids of physical philosophy, yet affecting to vaunt the certainty that belongs to them, presume to exercise a dominion over her.'"

The following letter is an endeavour to connect some of the sonnets with Bacon personally; a more hopeful effort than that of connecting them with Shakspere. December 30th, "H. F. S.," writing from Beckenham, further points out that much light is thrown on the controversy by the sonnets :—

"In support of the view that the author (Bacon ?) did write many of the sonnets in praise of his own plays,

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I would refer your readers to the 19th, 20th, 22nd, 26th, 29th, and 38th. In the 39th sonnet he says:—

"O how thy worth with manners may I sing
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this *let us divided live.*

That is, let them continue under another's name. The 52nd to the 76th all appear to be addressed to his plays, and in the last-mentioned we find him afraid that in writing so much upon the same theme and in the same style—

"That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed.

and thus reveals the authorship. In the 34th he says:

"Let me confess that we two must be twain.
. . . . . .
I may not evermore acknowledge thee.

And again, when we recollect that Bacon at one time desired a pension which would have enabled him to apply himself entirely to literature and science, but was obliged to follow the law for a living, the 111th sonnet seems a very clear allusion to this:—

"Oh for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of *my harmful deeds*,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand?

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Again, in the 134th, 135th, and 136th sonnets, in which there is the play upon the word 'Will,' occurs the following, which clearly alludes to the plays being under another's name. It is from the 134th :—

> "So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
> And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will.
> . . . . .
> He learn'd but, *surety-like*, to write for me,
> Under that bond that him as fast doth bind."

Mrs. Stopes in her letter of December 17th (page 70) refers to this same 111th sonnet, interpreting it to mean, "that he was an actor and that his profession jarred upon him." We should imagine that Shakspere was about the last man to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, or to feel any distaste for the occupation which brought him a large fortune, and a very fantastic but profitable sort of notoriety.

But we do know that Bacon's profession jarred upon him. His plaintive lament, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, My soul hath been a stranger in the house of her pilgrimage—is repeated over and over again in his correspondence. Thus in the most flourishing period of his public life, in 1605, he writes to Sir Thomas Bodley: "I think no man may more truly say with the Psalm, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, than myself. For I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence errors are committed which I do willingly acknowledge; and

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amongst the rest this great one that led the rest, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind." What better commentary than this can we find for the 110th and 111th sonnets?

The following letters are fair specimens of the sort of confident Q.E.D. manner in which this very subtle and untangible question of style is discussed. The date is December 5th:—

"C. L. C." asks: "Could Bacon have created Falstaff—is there anything in his known writings to indicate that he had an affluent fund of humour? Could he have given us Mrs. Quickly? Shakespeare, like Dickens, had an intimate knowledge of the low London life of his times. Learning may be acquired, but not the genius that could at once give us not only Hamlet, but the Gravedigger. This was not Bacon's forte."

In reference to the style of the two authors, Mr. James Ainscough writes: "The man who wrote the plays was assuredly not the same man as the author of the 'Novum Organum.' The one is, by nature, terse and epigrammatic, the other diffuse and prodigal of words. And not only is the style of the dramatist, taken as a whole, different from that of Bacon, but what I may call the 'direction of change' between the earliest and latest styles of the two writers is also

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different. The dramatist begins by being positively verbose, but as time goes on, he becomes more compact in the later plays, 'the sentences are close-packed; there are rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough.' A slight comparison of a scene from 'Love's Labour Lost' with one from 'The Winter's Tale' will bear out the above statement. Now in Bacon's case the change goes on in the opposite direction, from bareness to richness, from a somewhat pedantic terseness to greater variety and freedom. A reference to the closing paragraphs of Macaulay's essay on Bacon will bear me out in this assertion. To what does this argument tend? To this: that both styles are perfectly natural, and, so to speak, alive."

Nothing is more unsafe than dogmatism about style. As an illustration of this, some critics of Marlowe, having persuaded themselves that the "gift of humour, the most grateful of all gifts, was withheld" from him—many rare qualities he had, "nobility, tenderness, and faith," but not humour—have assigned the comic scenes in *Faustus* to other pens. The evidence for this sort of dissection is quite insufficient, and it would be much safer to judge of Marlowe's powers, by taking all his works into account, and so conclude that Marlowe, like other great men, had many sides to his nature, and that one of them looked out upon the fantastic and comic aspects of life. So with Bacon. We know from the testimony of con-

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temporaries that he had rare, social, and jovial qualities; that he was an incorrigible jester, Ben Jonson testifies; that he could talk with all sorts of people in their own jargon excited the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries; that he could hold an audience spell-bound during a long oration at the bar or in Parliament there is plenty of proof. Yet none of these gifts could be found out by a perusal of his prose works. In them, however, wit of all kind abounds, and wisdom of the loftiest type; and even some passages suggestive of humour. Where is the improbability then, that one of the most extraordinary wits (as Macaulay asserts) that ever lived, who was also, as Shelley says, a great poet, one whose "language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect," possessed also the gift of humour? The restriction which denies it is purely arbitrary.

Bacon had many styles, and his language was as versatile as his mind. A living critic, singularly gifted with sympathetic literary insight, writes in a private letter: "I am just now reading 'The New Atlantis,' with the greatest admiration and delight, finding it the noblest of prose poems, full of divine and human wisdom beyond the 'Republic' of Plato, and a beautiful work of imagination."

Would any reader of the *Novum Organon*, or the

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Sylva Sylvarum, or the "History of Henry VII." find these qualities in those works? If "The New Atlantis" were attributed to its author only by a Baconian theory, would not all the critics most confidently assert that Bacon's known writings prove him to be incapable of this, and that only colour-blind judges of characteristics could suppose otherwise?

The same kind of argument might easily be applied to Shakespere, and indeed is constantly so applied by critics who think that style is capable of being reduced to rules and figures, and statistics. Who could suppose that the writer of a stiff, pedantic, mocking euphuistic extravanganza called *Love's Labour Lost*, could have penned the grave, philosophic, learned, closely thought-packed *Troilus and Cressida*?—and so on.

The following letter from the admirable artist who preaches with such divine and prophetic eloquence by his pencil; will be read with interest. It appeared November 30th. Mr. W. Holman Hunt points out that we are not left in the dark as to the theory of invention which, as a poet in general and as a dramatic writer especially, Bacon would have approved and would undoubtedly have adopted. His very complete essay on Poetry in the "Advancement of Learning" furnishes us with an exact statement of his views: "Seeing true history relates the successes of actions in no wise proportionable to the merit of virtue

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and vice, poetry corrects it, and exhibits issues and fortunes more agreeable to desert and more according to the laws of Providence. . . . So that poetry serves and contributes not only to delight, but also to magnanimity and morality; wherefore it may very reasonably seem to partake of a kind of divinity, because it erects and exalts the spirits with high raptures by proportioning the images of things to the desires of the mind, not by confining and binding the mind to the nature of things as reason and history do." Upon this passage Mr. Hunt remarks: "When I read what is called 'Shakespeare,' I confess that on arriving at the end of a passage I invariably feel that the impression received is of something very much more distinct and solid than I make out of the meaning in the words quoted above. There can be no question here that Bacon thoroughly despises, as undeserving the name of poetry altogether, the system on which the dramas in dispute are constructed. To this scholarly mind surely it would have been repugnant to have had calamity of the direst character overtake the pitiful Ophelia, the too truth-loving Cordelia, the innocent Desdemona, and the other heavenly victims of the storm which the vileness of some beings of evil has brought into their world, and which overwhelms the innocent not less than the guilty. Instances might be multiplied beyond measure. That there was some dramatic poetry much in vogue in Bacon's time, which he did

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not enjoy so much as Spenser professed he admired Shakespeare's plays, may be gathered from what Verulam wrote further: 'Dramatic poetry, whose theatre is the world, is of excellent use, if it were not abused. For both the instruction and corruption of the theatre may be great, but the corruptions in this kind abound; the discipline is altogether neglected in our times.' With such reason for concluding that Bacon thoroughly disapproved the philosophy which Shakespeare's name represented, it would seem to me reasonable—before razing Stratford-upon-Avon to the ground, and destroying the many well-intentioned monuments to the naughty deer and rabbit poacher, who was also the very imprudent but honour-keeping lover of Anne Hathaway—to require a better reason than the reading of the cryptogram gives for the Lord Keeper's seriously low estimate of the playwright's genius. The account which he wrote of his advice to the Queen about the pretension of Shakespeare surely tells against the new theory, for had the false author been exposed by the examination which Bacon advised, it is likely that the true author would have been revealed, and thus the danger so cumbrously guarded against would have been at once upon him."

The Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society referred to this in a letter published December 3rd:—

"May I express my surprise that Mr. Holman Hunt should think that because Shakespeare's

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Tragedies end tragically, therefore they are inconsistent with the function which Bacon assigns to poetry, of 'submitting the show of things to the desires of the mind.' Bacon adds, 'whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.' Surely this idealizing process is something very different from making things agreeable all round—plenty of jam, and security from kicks and bruises for all who keep the Ten Commandments. If any writer presents the show of things in such shapes and colours and environments as to satisfy the desires of the mind, Shakespeare certainly does, and that in the darkest tragedies as much as in the sunniest of his romantic dramas. Bacon does not by any means treat the theory of poetry exhaustively, as Mr. Holman Hunt seems to imply. It is a brief suggestive sketch, but any one who will read carefully what he says of it in the Advancement, II. iv., will find that Bacon's ideal is satisfied by Shakespeare as by no other writer."

Mr. Hunt's reference to Bacon's advice to the Queen "about the pretension of Shakespeare" is scarcely accurate, and therefore a little misleading. Bacon's own narrative is rather confused, and gives one the impression that he was not quite willing to say all he knew. Shakespeare is not mentioned, and Bacon's advice was astutely given, so as to avoid such a mode of inquiry as might have compelled the supposed author to betray the real

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one. Bacon's suggestion, if accepted, would have exposed the pretended writer, but not revealed the true one. The test which he proposed was a very harmless one, and could not have brought any one into trouble. This is the passage, "And another time when the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collecting the styles to judge whether he were the author or no.'"

SECTION 5.—BACON'S IDEAS ABOUT LOVE AND WOMEN.

One of the most usual difficulties suggested in opposition to the Baconian theory is that Bacon was not a lady's man, and he cannot have had that high estimate of woman which is expressed in the plays. He looked on woman as a drag upon the business-wheels on which the world moves. His essay of *Love* comes from a cold, passionless heart, that could never have conceived the heroines of the Shakespeare gallery. The following letter from Lady Martin (December 12th) expresses this objection very ably. The reply is from the pen of the Editor of the

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Promus. We generally find that these objections arise from an imperfect knowledge both of Bacon himself and of his writings; and that a completer analysis of both makes the Baconian theory stronger than before.

"SIR,—In all that has been written in this controversy about 'The Dethroning of Shakspere' I have not noticed that any of your correspondents has touched upon the point which, to my mind, speaks most conclusively upon the subject.

"Of the many claims which the plays ascribed to Shakspere have to our reverence and gratitude, no one ranks higher than the way in which he has drawn the character of woman. His conceptions of what she is, and may be, while they were unprecedented in literature, are to this day unrivalled. Is there, I would ask, the faintest indication in any of Bacon's writings that his mind had dwelt upon what is best and purest in womanhood; or that he could have portrayed the qualities which constitute her highest and subtlest charm? Is there anything to show that he could have drawn her in her weakness, her waywardness, her caprice, her strength, her self-sacrifice, her constancy? Anything to suggest that he could have conceived an Imogen, a Juliet, a Rosalind, a Cordelia, the shrewish Katharina, or the right noble and queenly Katharine of Arragon?

"What a series is here!—and they are but a few of his magnificent gallery—so varied in character and in

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circumstance, with surroundings so widely diversified, yet with the same essential charm of exquisite womanhood which has enshrined them in the hearts and the minds of the men and women of his own and all other lands.

"Even if the established facts of Shakspere's life and his relations with his contemporaries were not in themselves conclusive that he, and none but he, wrote all that is best in the best of the plays which they recognized as his, how idle is it, in the absence of any evidence that Bacon had the genius to divine the possibilities of womanly worth, and upon the strength of a purely fanciful cryptogram, to seek to wean our devotion and our gratitude from him whose name has been for nearly three centuries identified with such matchless conceptions.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

"December 9."

The arguments here used are fallacious in this respect. They treat as truths generally known and allowed, things which are really mere assumptions. Propositions which are either opposed to evidence, or which, to say the least, are unproved, and open to doubt, are taken for granted, and with a naïve simplicity which totally disregards Bacon's injunctions to weigh and consider, and to study "the other side."

Here are three such assumptions upon which we would briefly comment, since they are not peculiar to

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the letter by Lady Martin, but have been from time to time advanced and dilated upon in other places.

1. Bacon was cold, passionless, unemotional. He never knew what love was. Therefore he could not have written *Romeo and Juliet*, or the love-scenes in other parts of the plays.[1]

2. He was no student of character, or of human nature. Especially, he had no knowledge of, or sympathy with, womankind; consequently, he was incapable of portraying the noble, high-minded, and graceful ladies of the Shakespeare plays.

3. The author of the plays had evidently a very high appreciation of the beauties, virtues, charms, and capabilities of women. His views on such subjects differ totally from those expressed by Bacon. In short, that Shakespeare gives women a most excellent and gracious character, whilst Bacon scorns and depreciates them.

Of the first of these propositions we can only say that it is based upon no solid foundation whatever. Such evidence as exists points in the opposite direction, and we can only conceive how such ideas should have arisen by considering the general ignorance which prevails concerning the youth of Bacon, and indeed of the whole of his private and personal life.

[1] Some add to this, that Bacon married late in life, which is true (but we know that even then he did not marry his first love); and that he married for money, which is untrue. He settled upon his wife a sum far larger than her dowry

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A perusal of the "Story of Bacon's life" by Hepworth Dixon, is sufficient to alter the views of those who have been brought up upon Lord Macaulay's Essay alone, or by mere sketches of Bacon's life prefixed to the student editions of his Scientific or Philosophic works. We should read of him as the beautiful boy, intelligent and witty beyond his years, brought up in the choicest society of London, in the midst of all that was wise, dignified or stirring, mingling with the court, and noticed by Queen Elizabeth herself. After a short career at the University of Cambridge, we may follow him to France, where, in the suite of the English ambassador, he made with the French court a kind of royal progress, remaining for three years in Poictiers or the neighbourhood. At this period he was plunged headlong into all the dissipation and licence of the mixed courts of England and France, described in such forcible terms by Sully. Masques, theatricals, balls succeeded each other, and the whole society seems to have been engaged in the pursuit of excitement and in the arts of love. For ten years more we behold him as the brilliant briefless barrister, living poorly in the Inns of Court, indefatigably working, sometimes mysteriously, and with locked doors, to the surprise and vexation of his friends. At other times he is to be traced leading the revels at Gray's Inn, or writing devices for their festive days. Is there anything to make us really believe that Francis Bacon, impressionable, excitable, poetic, enthusiastic,

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bright, witty, and gay, as by nature he undoubtedly was, should have remained untouched by the passions most incident to men? That the course of true love did not run smooth with him is probably true, and it is equally probable that repeated disappointments and painful experiences somewhat embittered his views, and caused him in later life to look with a philosophic contempt, which is everywhere reflected in the plays, upon violent extremes of youthful passion, which he carefully distinguishes from the truer affection or love on which "all exquisite sympathies" depend.

It would seem to be a waste of time to combat the assumption (2) that Bacon was no student of character, or of humanity. His own works are a sufficient answer. Yet since the objection is still frequently brought forward by Shakespearians, it cannot be ignored. Not once, or in any few set forms, but in every conceivable manner, and in scores of passages, Bacon urges as a paramount necessity the study of mankind, and of the character, humours, and actions of those with whom we have to deal. It is impossible to do more here than to indicate by brief illustrations the system of observation which he pursued in relation to the study of women's characters, which we have now under consideration. Although there is no Chapter or Essay "Of Women," yet we may confidently affirm that there is not a touch of female character, no one attribute of womanhood in its best

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or worst phases emphasized, or even indicated by the poet, which had not found a previous record in the note-books of the philosopher. Let us take first, for the sake of brevity, a few notes from the *Promus*, where we shall find that Bacon registers much to the discredit of women, and but little to their advantage. We see in these notes (chiefly extracts from the classics or selected proverbs), that women are artful, deceitful, feigning, fickle, furious, untrustworthy and gossiping, shrews, scolds; only virtuous when kept out of the reach of temptation; easily won over by gifts; their love is as brief as a fire of tow; they are constant in nothing; one tires of them in three days, nevertheless they are syrens. There are other notes which show the writer to be drilling himself to resist the attacks of this dangerous form of madness, this folly in love. In his mature works Bacon renews these heavy impeachments against women—"Love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doeth much mischief, sometimes like a Syren, sometimes like a Fury." "It was well said, that it is impossible to love and be wise." This, truly, is plain speaking, and men have said in their haste that it is sufficient to annihilate all or any arguments in favour of Bacon's authorship of the plays. But not so fast! Let Shakespeare also have time to speak his mind.

The player is told, in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 124, that if he have not

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A woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift.

The inconstancy, artfulness, and feigned tears of women are fully described by Hamlet in his soliloquies regarding his mother—too well known to be repeated at length :—

Within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor Father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears :—why, she, even she . . .
She married.
(*Ham.* I. ii. 45, &c.)

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain! smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile and smile, and be a villain.
(*Ham.* I. v. 105, and see III. iv. 40, &c.)

Then we have Cressida, protesting and swearing eternal fidelity to Troilus :—

If I be false . . . let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth. . . .
"Yea," let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."
(*Tro. Cr.* III. ii. 191—203.)

After this, and much more to the same purpose, she marries Troilus; he leaves home for a brief space, and she deserts him for Diomed. Her own strictures

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on the weakness and "turpitude" of her sex equal in severity any utterances of Bacon :—

> Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find
> The error of our eyes directs our mind:
> What error leads must err.[2] O then conclude
> Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
> (*Tro. Cr.* V. ii. 109, &c.)

Troilus fills up the scene with a recordation to his soul of the deceptious, false, untruthful nature of women, and of Cressid in particular. "Let it not be believed for womanhood! Think, *we had mothers*" (V. ii. 118, &c.).

Alas, poor Troilus! He had believed in the goodness of woman, and in the fidelity of her love, but he could do so no longer. He can only echo the sighing regret of Hamlet, "*Brief as woman's love.*"

Othello is easily brought to believe his gentle, faithful wife as bad as other women, and Iago has unhappily a ready means of proving her as artful and feigning as the rest :—

Iago. I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.[3]
Oth. Dost thou say so?

[2] In quo vix erratur melius eo in quo error proclivis. (*Promus*, No. 1323). See also Isabella's testimony to the same effect, (*Mea. Mea.* II. iv. 121, &c.)

[3] Il est fort trompé qui mal ne pense. (*Promus*, No. 1466 and 1508.)

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Iago. She did deceive her father marrying you:
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go to then,
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming. . . &c.
(*Oth.* III. iii. 201, &c.)

We think over other sweet and fascinating ladies in the Plays. "Gentle Jessica," who cheats and misleads her old father, and actually runs off with his ducats and his jewels. "Celestial Sylvia," whose complications with her various lovers are almost too intricate to follow, and to whom it seems to be unimportant which of them will in the end fall to her share. "Sweet and tender Juliet," who, for love at first sight, is ready on the spot to deceive father, mother, and betrothed husband, whilst her artful old nurse willingly helps the cause of either lover if only he will pay her for her services. Surely it is unnecessary to instance further the fact that Shakespeare was as keenly alive to the artfulness, duplicity, and inconstancy of women, and as gravely censorious of their behaviour, as Bacon in his most earnest and contemplative reflections.

Leaving for a while these particulars, we will compare Shakespeare's portraits of women with Bacon's note, "Semper virgines furiæ:—courting a furye" (*Promus*, 43 and 567).

In the *Taming of the Shrew* we find Petruchio

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illustrating the proverb quoted below,[4] that "Love does much, but money does more," and another to the same effect, "Love makes rage, but money makes marriage."[5]

> If thou know
> One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
> As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
> Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
> As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
> As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
> She moves me not. . . .
> I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:
> If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
>
> (*Tam. Sh.* I. ii. 66.)

We then read how Katherine, though *brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman* is "intolerable curst and shrewd and froward." She is "a wild-cat,"[6] "a devil, a devil, a very fiend."[7] She breaks her lute over the music-master's pate, uses "vile" language, and certainly in her case, love comes not as a Syren, but as a Fury. So Beatrick in *Much Ado*, I. i., is described by Benedick as "*possessed with a fury*." Romeo, in his misery and his love, calls on "fire-eyed fury to be his conduct now,"[8] and is reproached by

[4] L'amour fait beaucoup, mais l'argent fait tout. (*Promus*, No. 1523.) Comp. *R. III.* IV. ii. 39; *Lear*, I. ii. 242; *Cymb.* II. iii. 71—90; *Tim. Ath.* III. iii. 3, 24—40.

[5] *Promus*, No. 1525, and compare—

> Oh! what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
> Looks handsome on three hundred pounds a year.
>
> (*Mer. Wiv.* iii. 4.)

[6] *Tam. Sh.* I. ii. and II. ii. [7] *Ib.* III. ii. [8] *Rom. Jul.* III. i.

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the philosophic Friar for his unreasonable fury and unmanly and yet womanish conduct: [9]—

> Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
> Thy tears are womanish: thy wild acts denote
> The unreasonable fury of a beast:
> Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
> Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
> (*Rom. Jul.* III. iii. 109.)

Bacon's aphorism that love comes sometimes as a Syren, sometimes as a Fury, seems also to throw light upon two passages in Othello. The handkerchief which was to be the test of Desdemona's love and faith had magic in the web of it.

> A Sibyl
> *In her prophetic fury* sew'd the work . . .
> And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
> Conserved *of maiden's hearts*.[1]

When Othello, wild with the jealousy of an *unwise* extremity of love, begins to cross-examine Desdemona, and to rouse her alarm, she seems yet to see that his great love for her has something to do with his mysterious utterances.

> What doth your speech import?
> I understand a fury in your words—
> But not the words.[2]

But it is not only in matters of love that the ladies of the Shakespeare plays show their furious, vindictive and intemperate passions. "Anger," says Bacon, "is a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weak-

[9] Compare *Rom. Jul.* IV. i. 28—39; 61—63.

[1] *Oth.* III. iv. 70. [2] IV. ii. 31.

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ness of those subjects in whom it reigns—women, children, old folks, sick folks" (Essay *Of Anger*).

Elsewhere he gives the signs and gestures of anger, rage, and despair, which include sighing, sobbing, groaning, screaming, roaring, tears, distorting of the face, grinding of the teeth, sweating, trembling, swelling, foaming at the mouth, bending of the fist, paleness, going and coming of the colour, knitting of the brows, an imagination of the act of revenge. Thus prepared, we are not so much surprised as otherwise we should be, to find Benedick telling Beatrice that he trusts she may continue in the mind to remain unmarried, "So, some gentleman or other shall escape a predestinate scratched face."

Iras will never suffer degradation and contempt,—

> For I am sure my nails
> Are stronger than mine eyes.
>
> (*Ant. Cl.* V. ii. 223.)

Lear looks to his "kind and comfortable daughter," to take his part against Goneril, and "with her nails to flay her wolfish visage."

Antony, in his rage against Cleopatra, exclaims—

> Let
> Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
> With her prepared nails.
>
> (*Ant. Cl.* IV. xii. 37.)

Richard III. urging the widowed queen of Henry VI. to consent to his marriage with her daughter Elizabeth, she threatens that she would not hear him, "till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes."

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Yet after a volley of abusive language, she is won over by the brilliant offer, and consents. Richard's reflection on her behaviour is of a piece with Bacon's:—

> Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

The nails of the woman probably suggested the claws of animals. Twice the violent-tempered Katherine is called "a wild-cat."[3]

Iago, summing the objectionable points noticeable in women, says amongst other things that they are—

> Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
> Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.[4]

Elsewhere women are described (and justly so according to their behaviour in the plays) as tigers, wolves, serpents, adders, harpies, dog-hearted, devils, fiends, as "opposite to every good," "abominable," "ruthless," "beast-like and devoid of pity."[5] The *Promus*, note 1471, hinting at the cruelty of daughters to a helpless parent, "Mère pitieuse, fille rigoureuse," is more than illustrated in Regan and Goneril's behaviour to poor old Lear:—

> What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?
> Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all? . . .
> Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
> To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

[3] *Tam. Sh.* I. ii. 198; II. i. 279.

[4] *Oth.* II. i. 110.

[5] See *Tit. And.* II. iii. 142, &c. 3 *Hen. VI.* I. iv. 111—157. *Macb.* I. v. 41; I. vi. 59. *Lear*, III. vi. 19, 56—58; IV. ii. 59—67.

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Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

(*Lear*, III. iv. 66.)

"What have you done?" exclaims Albany,

Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded . . .
See thyself, devil.
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman. (IV. ii. 39.)

There are other points on which Bacon's notes agree with the plays, but these we can only touch upon briefly and hastily. No. 126 in the *Promus* is "a quavering tong," a note which has applications to men as well as to women in the play. In the *Tempest*, the description of the scolding woman, "She has a tongue with a tang," and Iago's (quoted above) "You are bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens;" and Petruchio's, where he compares a woman's tongue with "artillery, alarming neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang" seem to have some connection with this note. Bacon peculiarly disliked loud, shrill, and unmusical voices; he seems to have considered that the voice had some affinity with the mind and nature of the person. We cannot fail to observe that "shrill-tongued" or "shrill-voiced women" are notably shrewish in the plays, whilst on the other hand, "a woman's only virtue" is in one place said to be "that

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she is slow of speech." The graceful tribute to Cordelia has almost passed into a proverb, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; a most excellent thing in a woman."[6]

We may also notice a remarkable entry of the following French Proverb:—

"Fème se plaint, fème se doubt, fème est malade quand elle veut,
Et par Madame Ste. Marie, quand elle veut elle se guerie."[7]

We find this well instanced in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Enobarbus says:—

"Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing. . . . Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly. I have seen her die twenty times upon poorer moments. I do think there is some mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying."[8]

Cleopatra confirms this account of herself:—

Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be: I am quickly ill or well,
So Antony loves.[9]

The moralist and the poet seem equally to associate the idea of coquetry with a brunette, and the idea of priestly immorality with a cardinal.

Fille brunette, gay et nette. (*Promus*, 1522.)
Elle a son cardinal. (*Promus*, 1645.)

[6] *Lear*, V. iii. 272.
[7] *Promus*, 1516.
[8] *Ant. Cl.* I. ii.
[9] *Ib.* I. iii.

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The association of ideas is visible in this line :—

When the brown wench lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal. (*Hen. VIII.* III. ii. 295.)

As fit as . . . the nun's lip to the friar's mouth. (*All's Well*, II. i. 32.)

We cannot fail, too, to observe in the plays traces of Bacon's repugnance to second marriages, and especially to step-mothers, whom he considers to be, as they are represented in the plays, treacherous, and in their treatment of the husband's children, entirely opposed to mothers.[1] The "adulterate arts" of painting the face and dyeing the hair are all held up to reprobation and contempt by Bacon, who also comments severely on every species of affectation in speech or manner, which fashion or evil habits encouraged in either sex. Simpering, lisping, *nick-naming God's creatures,* affected gait and gesture, are all specified, and are equally annoying and repulsive to Bacon as to Hamlet.

And are we to conclude from all this that Bacon had no appreciation of the graces, charms, virtues or beauties of woman? Surely, no. He could not have understood and condemned the caricature if he had not known and appreciated the beauty and attractiveness of good women. It would be as absurd to argue from the Shakespeare passages which have been given, or from other even more revolting pictures of degraded womanhood which might be quoted, that

[1] *Promus*, 443, 529, where see examples.

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Shakespeare was as senseless in this respect as Bacon has been taxed with being.

There is no disagreement between the two, as to the "parts" which make up the character of a noble matron, a "sweet lady," or a good wife. On the one side we find Bacon exalting the "masculine" virtues in women—fortitude, patience, and endurance, courage, moral courage especially. And these heroic qualities, which are so prized by the ancients, from whom he drew his finest ideals, are the very bases and foundations of the finest models in the plays, or of the finer parts in the less powerful characters. Think of Volumnia (perhaps in part a portrait of Bacon's own mother), of Katharine of Arragon, Isabella, and even of Cleopatra. Her noble resolution not to fall into the hands of a triumphant conqueror, her disregard of death when compared with disgrace, must have excited Bacon's entire approval, although he is fain to admit that such nobility is only for the heathen, and that to a Christian self-destruction is prohibited.

But apart from the grander types of character, Bacon had another and more feminine ideal. The essays of Beauty and of Marriage furnish many hints of what this softer image was like. Great beauty is no necessary part of it. "Virtue is like a rich stone, *best plain set*, and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect.

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Neither is it almost seen that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue ; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency.[2] . . . In beauty that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express, no, nor the first sight of the face. . . . Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; . . . yet if it light well, it maketh virtue shine, and vices blush."

Sweetness of expression, grace and dignity in movement, a comely but not particularly beautiful face, these with the perfectly natural and unaffected manner, the courtesy and the low voice which Bacon elsewhere commends, make up the "parts" of all the gentle maidens and dignified matrons who are to be found in the pages of Shakespeare. For the matter of accomplishments, Bacon notices only music, and the delicate use of the needle ; but he also expected a lady to be housewifely, "a young man's mistress, but companion of middle age, and an old man's nurse." It has been said that this pithy summary of the duties of a wife, shows a very cold and poor

[2] The bountiful blind woman doth much mistake her gifts to women . . . for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, and those which she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly. . . . Fortune reigns in the gifts of the world and not in the lineaments of nature.

(See *A. Y. L.* I. ii.)

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appreciation of her value, let us therefore add that the most satisfactory representation of a truly womanly wife, or wifely woman to be found in all Shakespeare, includes these very points. The passage is too long for insertion, but let any one who cares to follow out the subject, turn to *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 234—310, and observe how Portia argues with Brutus. Her anxiety about his health and his altered manner, her wifely adjurations on the question whether it is physical to walk unbraced and suck up the humours of the dank morning? To steal out of his wholesome bed to dare the vile contagion of the night, and tempt the rheumy and unpurged air, to add unto his sickness? No, it is not right, and she adjures him by the remembrance of their youthful love, by her "once commended beauty" to unfold to her, the companion and counsellor of his home life, the troubles and secrets which oppress him. "I grant that I am a woman," she adds, well aware of the general opinion of women's indiscretion, but yet she assures him that she is stronger than her sex, and may safely be trusted. "Oh, ye gods," exclaims Brutus, "render me worthy of this noble wife." And, indeed, he has something to be thankful for. "Trust not a woman or a tapp," is the motto upon which most of the husbands in the plays are constrained to act. Under very similar circumstances to those of Brutus, Harry Hotspur refuses the pressing request of his wife for his confidence:—

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I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
But yet a woman : and for secrecy
No lady closer : for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
(1 *Hen. IV.* II. iii. 110.)

Bacon's personal experiences of love and marriage were not happy, and he seems to have considered his own to be the common lot. The union of a pair equal in mind, in age, and in love was indeed a marriage of God's own making, a heaven on earth, but such were unhappily the exception, not the rule. Marriage is needful, and a wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity—unmarried men often growing selfish—yet a wife and children are impediments to great enterprises. The chances of peace and happiness are greater to a bachelor than to a married man, and the joys of true friendship, deep esteem, and mutual trust and confidence far outweigh those of a brief though passionate love. "He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: '*A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.*'"

Such opinions, thus plainly expressed, have shocked the casual or prejudiced reader, and have been interpreted to his disadvantage. But he "spake as he saw." His plan was to follow the highway of life, and to aid and help forward weak and erring fellow-creatures, not by flying over their heads with soaring

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speeches and highflown morality, but by holding up a mirror to nature in which, as he says, men should see their proper deformity. If in his moralizings he turns out the seamy side of love and marriage, the same is done in the plays. Evans is made to say that "Marrying is marring!"[3] Cinna thus answers inquiries about himself, "Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor." "That," replies his companion, "is as much as to say, they are fools that marry."[4]

Hamlet tells Ophelia: "If thou dost marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them."[5]

Certainly in such sayings we have an excellent commentary on a *Promus* note from Horace, which Bacon is fond of reproducing:—

Quanquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat.
(*Promus*, 1041. *Hor. Sat.* I. i. 24.)

Grave words of didactic wisdom, however true, fall cold and harsh upon the popular ear; whilst truth spoken with a smiling face, philosophic axioms veiled in metaphor, classical aphorisms or Christian doctrines wrapped up in parables, and delivered by clowns, court jesters, mad men or weak women, win their way to the hearts and bosoms of all men. Has it ever been argued or assumed from the strictures of "Shakespeare" on morals, love, marriage, &c., that he was a woman-hater, cold, unsympathetic, a despiser

[3] *Mer. Wiv.* I. i. [4] *Jul. Cæs.* III. iii. [5] *Ham.* III. i.

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of tenderness and of home ties? On the contrary, although his censures and satires far surpass anything which is to be found in the condensed and measured sentences of the essays, the general impression is everywhere conveyed of the poet's intense humanity and sympathy. And critics of Bacon's character, even severe and censorious critics, find similar qualities in him. Dr. Abbott says:—

"Pity is the prominent feeling in Bacon's views of mankind, a pity that never degenerates into scorn or contempt, but [Dr. Abbott is careful to add] never quite rises into love. He is no Timon; he has no quarrel against mankind: he does not accuse them of any great crimes or foul innate depravities—simply of weakness, folly, and ignorance, resulting in general inability to resist the temptations of selfishness."

Oth. So delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear! of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, thousand times! and then of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Aye—too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet, the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it!

"So," continues Bacon's commentator, "like the wise man in the 'New Atlantis' who *had an aspect as though he pitied men*, Bacon pities men [and, we may add, *women*], partly for their physical and bodily pains, partly for their intellectual blindness, but

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partly also for their meannesses, their spiteful ways, their envious jealousies, their petty and unprofitable selfishness. But he pities their morality, without much hope of amendment." Perhaps we might modify the last words and say, without certainty of amendment. Hope he always nourished of the amelioration and gradual development of the human race. Yet it is probable that in the face of facts and of the state of society in his own day, he doubted the power of morality or philosophy to cope with the "tyrant custom." or to eradicate the vicious moles and cankers of corrupted nature. If this was his attitude of mind, Hamlet is his mouthpiece; and with a sigh for the frailties of womanhood and a hopeful longing for the development of all that is noble, tender, and unselfish in their natures, he has expressed his mingled feelings through the tremulous lips of Ophelia (*Ham.* IV. v. 42):—

Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

SECTION 6.—PARALLELS.

The *Daily Telegraph* correspondence is not very rich in this part of the argument. In a few letters quotations have been given from Bacon strikingly similar to passages in Shakespeare, and some of them have been given in previous chapters. See pages 151; 152—154; 181, 182; 208.

On December 2nd, the following well-known parallel is cited :—

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"F. H." says: "In your review of Mr. Donnelly's book with regard to the authorship of the plays hitherto almost universally attributed to Shakspere, attention is drawn to the expression of Mrs. Quickly ('Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act IV. scene i.), 'Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.' Now amongst the works of Lord Bacon is a collection of apophthegms, or smart and witty sayings. One of these reads as follows: 'Sir Nicholas Bacon being appointed a judge for the Northern circuit, and having brought his trials that came before him to such a pass as the passing of sentence on malefactors, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing that he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred, "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."' That the same, not very common, idea should have occurred to two men, and that they should have expressed it in almost identical terms, is, to say the least, strange. If, however, we suppose that Lord Bacon had, before writing the play, heard the anecdote from Sir Nicholas, and that he merely borrowed the joke, the wonder ceases."

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December 5th supplies the following, equally familiar to Baconians :—

A. Oldham points out that "in 'The Advancement of Learning' Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying, 'that young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy, because they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections nor attempered with times and experience.' In 'Troilus and Cressida,' II. ii. 165, we have 'Not so much unlike young men whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy. The reasons you allege do more conduce to the hot passion of distempered blood than to make up a free determination 'twixt right and wrong.' Apart from the similarity of the above, it is noteworthy that Aristotle speaks only of political philosophy, and the error of Bacon is repeated by Shakespeare. It looks as if the passages quoted and the common error emanated from one and the same pen."

The following appeared December 20th :—

Writing from Dorchester, T. M. Dron says: "I notice that nearly all your correspondents dislike the Baconian theory; but, at the risk of being reckoned among those whom one of them has ill-naturedly stigmatized as 'lunatics,' I venture to call attention to what is at least a curious fact. Shakespeare and Bacon were undoubtedly the greatest of all the writers of the Elizabethan age, and yet neither in any single instance quotes from the other. The fact is all the more remarkable when we consider that Bacon

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quotes from almost every other author who ever wrote anything worth quoting. While the authorship of the Waverley Novels was yet unacknowledged, the fact which more than any other led the critics to suspect who the great novelist must be, was that, in putting mottoes to his chapters, the Great Unknown, who quoted from everybody else, never quoted from the poetry of Scott. May it not be that it was for a similar reason Bacon never quoted from Shakespeare? It seems strange, too, that so many passages in Bacon, even in the very words made use of, should so strongly resemble other passages in Shakespeare. Scores might be cited.

BACON.

"Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others.—*Essay* 23.

SHAKESPEARE.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
(*Hamlet*, I. iii.)

BACON.

"A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.—*Essay* 42.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old.
(*Two Gent. of Ver.* II. iv.)

BACON.

"There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well.—*Essay* 22.

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SHAKESPEARE.

"She, Eros, hath
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false played my glory.
(*Ant. and Cleop.* IV. xiv.)"

The parallel passages here cited are very striking, and, being produced in a brief letter, may stand as representatives of hundreds of similar instances. Standing alone, they do not look very strong, but, as we have before pointed out, in this case *vis unita fortior*, small and feeble links, when bound together, make a large and sustaining chain. It must be remembered that the full extent of this evidence has not yet been published. Much, however, may be found in Mrs. Pott's annotations of Bacon's *Promus*, in Holmes on the "Authorship of Shakespeare," and in Mr. W. H. Smith's two small but weighty books on Bacon and Shakespeare. The *Bacon Journal*, as it appears, will gradually produce this evidence in detail; every number yet published, except the first, contains some of it—enough to open the case for all unbiassed inquirers.

The question asked in the following letter, December 5th, is a curious illustration of the current habit of talking about Bacon without taking any pains to learn what his ideas really are.

"A. F." inquires: "Why does not some one challenge Newton's gravitation theory as being a crib from 'Troilus and Cressida,' IV. ii. 109:—

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> "But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it.

Or does Mr. Donnelly show this as a proof in favour of the scientific Bacon?"

The lines from Shakespeare are really an illustration of Bacon's moral philosophy. The following passages supply the best possible commentary on the *Troilus and Cressida* passage:—

"There is formed in everything a double nature of good: the one as everything is a total or substantive in itself; the other as it is a part or member of a greater body: whereof the latter is in degree the greater and the worthier, because it tendeth to the conservation of a more general form. Therefore, we see the iron in particular sympathy moveth to the loadstone; but yet if it exceed a certain quantity, it forsaketh the affection to the loadstone, and like a good patriot moveth to the earth, which is the region and country of massy bodies; so may we go forward, and see that water and massy bodies move to the centre of the earth; but rather than to suffer a divulsion in the continuance of nature, they will move upwards from the centre of the earth, forsaking their duty to the earth in regard of their duty to the world" (*Advancement*, II. xx. 7, p. 189, Clarendon Ed.).

In "De Principiis," he also speaks of heavy and light things as borne "the one to the centre of the

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earth, the other to the circumference and compass of the heaven, as to their proper places" (*Op.* V. 500).

These passages show how intimately science, morals, and poetry were blended in Bacon's mind; as they are in Shakespeare. They also hint at the unworked mine of Shakespeare illustration, commentary and interpretation, which is lying neglected in Bacon's prose.

SECTION 7.—THE "PROMUS."

The *Promus* is referred to in the following letter, December 16th. Mr. George Tawse writes:—

"For more than 200 years a small book in MS., entirely in Lord Bacon's writing, has lain in the British Museum, and has not been often consulted by his editors or biographers. It is chiefly brief notes, sentences, French proverbs, and sparks from the mind of the prince of philosophers, and much of it is in Latin. Mrs. Henry Pott has examined, studied, and edited this book. In 1883 she published it (by Messrs. Longman) under the title, 'The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies, by Francis Bacon, being his Private Notes made about 1594, hitherto unpublished.' It contains 1655 separate detached notes or sentences, and to each she has given, entirely from the plays, parallel quotations, exhibiting either the gist of the thought or a turn of the expression, or some peculiar word which elucidates and illustrates both. Her quotations in illustration of those 1655 Promus notes, or Bacon thoughts, number no less than 4104 quotations from the Shakespeare plays.

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Here are two examples: Bacon, making notes respecting newly-coined or introduced words, refers to the new form of salutation, 'Good-morrow,' and suggests as an extension by analogy, 'Good-dawning'? Now, curiously, the word 'Good-dawning' is only once used in all Elizabethan literature, and, most noteworthy, that once is in 'King Lear,' and 'King Lear' first saw the light in 1606—twelve years at least after Bacon wrote down this Promus note or reflection. It could not be that the actor took this newly-coined word from the philosopher—for it was only printed four years ago. Nor could it be that Bacon saw 'King Lear' performed at its first performance on December 26, 1606—or read it when Nathaniel Butter, the piratical printer, first printed it in 1608, and so appropriated the word. That also could not be, for this Bacon MS. is proved to have been written not later than 1594. The only—the true—explanation is that the man who wrote it down in the 'Promus,' and probably then coined it from his brain, was also the man who wrote it down in the play of 'King Lear.' The word 'Good-morrow' was then a very rare and newly-coined word. Yet in the plays it occurs nearly 100 times—while in over 5000 works written or printed up to the time when Francis Bacon flourished, which have been carefully examined, it only occurs thirty-one times in all—and it is found a frequent word in Bacon's published writings. So that this word, seldom used by other writers, is in

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frequent use by Bacon in his general writings and by Bacon (?) in his plays. The contents of the 'Promus' have been carefully compared with the literature extant in Shakspere's and Bacon's times; and this is the result. 328 authors and 5300 of their works have been carefully scrutinized, and in only a few—a comparatively few—are any of the thoughts, expressions, and characteristics of the 'Promus' found, while in the plays 4104 instances or examples, more or less apposite, are given. The thousands of parallelisms between Bacon's writings and the plays are not to be got rid of by poohing! poohing! and calling them plagiarisms. Literary plagiarisms, as we know them, have been solitary pilferings here and there; but this runs along the whole lifetime of two men—from the beginning to the close of at least one great career. What we have to deal with, therefore, is a complete unvarying series of parallelisms, in topics and whole passages, in subjects, ideas, and language, and especially in the turn and use of certain words, which the writer of the plays could not avoid, because the writer of the prose works also could not avoid the same words and expressions, as they were the natural and habitual expression of his mind and soul."

Mrs. Henry Pott's edition of the *Promus* is the pioneer to a new order of Shakespeare and Bacon study. It is impossible to exhibit its significance in a paragraph or two—it must be studied by scholars for many years to come before its entire import can be elucidated.

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In order to supply to some extent the lack of Baconian parallels in the *Daily Telegraph* letters, we may bring forward a few of the hints which the *Promus* supplies. No. 872 is *Haile of Pearl.* What this means must be determined by reference to both Bacon and Shakespeare. The following history of the birth and development of a poetic fancy seems interesting for many reasons.

(1) In an early masque (1595) Bacon puts into the mouth of one of the characters: "Acknowledge such a difference as is betwixt the melting hailstone and the solid pearl." ("Life," I., 384.)

The difference between a transient and valueless thing and the enduring precious thing which it resembles, seems to have been turned over in Bacon's mind, and after a time he thinks that a striking poetic use may be made of the melting, transient thing, if it can be imagined to be no longer transient, but enduring as the precious stone which it resembles. Will not this be a glorious symbol of lavish, inexhaustible wealth? So he enters the thought into his note-book as an idea to be used, and

(2) The second stage is the *Promus* entry, *Hail of Pearl.*

(3) Next comes the use of the figure so expanded and developed, in poetry, and here it is, enlarged and glorified:—

> I'll set thee in a shower of gold,
> And hail rich pearls upon thee.
>
> (*Ant. and Cleop.* II. v.)

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367. *Odere reges dicta quæ dici jubent.* (Kings hate, when uttered, the very words they ordered to be uttered.)

> I have seen
> When, after execution, judgment hath
> Repented o'er his doom.
>
> (*Meas. M.* II. ii. 10.)

King John, Richard II., Cymbeline, and Pericles supply similar illustrations.

488. *Ever spare and ever bare.*

> She hath in that sparing made huge waste.
>
> (*Rom. Jul.* II. vi.)

521. *Fere Danaides.* (Almost like the daughters of Danaus, whose punishment in hell was to pour water into an empty sieve.)

> Thy counsel . . . falls as profitless into my ears, as water into a sieve.
>
> (*Much Ado*, V. i.)
>
> As fast as you pour your affection in, it runs out.
>
> (*As You Like*, IV. i.)
>
> Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
> I still pour in the waters of my love.
>
> (*All's Well*, I. iii.)

Notice the classic tone of the whole of this passage —the attempt to bring Latin words into the English language—besides the subtle classic allusion.

537. *A thorn is gentle when it is young.*

> Does so young a thorn begin to prick?
>
> (3 *Henry VI.*, V. v.)
>
> So young and so untender.
>
> (*Lear*, I. i.)

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Ah me, quoth Venus, young and so unkind.
(*V. and A.*, 32.)

688. *To help the sun with lanthorns.*

With taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish.
(*John*, IV. ii.)

722. *Domi conjecturam facere* (οἴκοθεν εἰκάζειν). (To make conjectures at home.)

Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done in the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions; and give out
Conjectural marriages.
(*Coriol.* I. i.)

806. *Adonis gardens.* (Things of great pleasure, but soon fading.)

Thy promises are like Adonis gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.
(1 *Hen. VI.*, I. vi.)

823. *To quench fire with oil.*

When oil and fire, too strong for nature's force
O'erbears it and burns on.
(*All's Well*, V. iii.)

Beauty . . . shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
(2 *Hen. VI.*, V. ii.)

Such smiling rogues bring oil to fire.
(*Lear*, II. ii.)

869. Riper than a mulberry (*Maturior moro*). Of a mild, soft-mannered man.

Humble as the ripest mulberry.
(*Coriol.* III. ii.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

CUI BONO.

IT was to be expected that some correspondents would ask the question—what does it matter whether "Shakespeare" was written by Francis Bacon or William Shakspere? The question was asked briefly by a correspondent on December 2nd, and by Mr. W. Terriss just as the correspondence closed, January 6th.

Mr. W. Terriss, of the Adelphi Theatre, writes:—"When this 'storm in a tea-cup' shall have abated, when the 'slings and arrows' which have been hurled against the armour of our mighty bard's personality shall have glanced harmlessly away, we may turn quietly to each other, and, with a gentle, patient shrug, murmur *Cui bono?* What good has been done? What has it mattered in the three centuries which have bridged the time since the greatest of all poets sang for the delight of an undeserving world, or what will it matter in the countless ages to come, whether Shakspere or Bacon wrote "Shakespeare"? Why has this slumbering controversy been again unearthed, and the literary ingenuity of two hemispheres put to the utmost strain to unravel problems which are as

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mysterious and misleading as a complex railway guide of our day would be to a citizen of London at the time of Alfred the Great? Why should the plays and poems and songs that have made our language what it is, and the tender thought and philosophy which have helped to civilize the universe, now serve as shuttlecocks for the modern Erudite? 'Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.' Let us say, only for the sake of argument, that the true authorship of the 'White Swan's' works may be traced in the person of the great Lord-Keeper, what do we gain by that knowledge? Will that fact unsweeten the measure of the verse? Will it, indeed, dethrone the empire, which *our* Shakspere has almost bred into our flesh and blood, and which must—I fervently hope, to most of us—be irremovable? No; I am sure that we shall remain unconvinced by any attempt to shatter the monument which has lifted its head for so many generations. We do not worship at the shrine of a *name* merely, but we worship the priceless genius which has been handed down to us *with* that name—that name, like to the player's art, 'whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.'"

Considering the extraordinary heat with which Shakesperians defend the credit of their idol, it would

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seem to be a very vital point indeed to prevent the substitution of a living, illustrious man, for a dumb fetish. And surely historic accuracy is worth having on its own account. It is a little humiliating that the greatest literary property in the world should be held by a *parvenu*, and that we should be expected to open our hearts, and minds, and houses, to Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, simply because he has got possession of an estate that does not belong to him.

Consider the enormous waste of intellect, labour, research, in the vain and unprofitable quest after Shakesperian light in the Stratford direction. How much light on Shakespeare has this infinite travail ever brought forth? Not one passage in Shakespeare is made more intelligible or more interesting by these Stratford investigations. Consider, too, how Bacon's prose has been neglected. Only those who have studied the two groups of writings comparatively, know what a mine of priceless comment on Shakespeare has yet to be worked in the prose works of Bacon.

A true perception of the relation of Bacon to Shakespeare will clear up a host of hitherto insoluble problems connected with the whole of Elizabethan literature. Bacon's poetry is by no means exhausted by the poems and plays of Shakespeare. Many Baconians are persuaded that if Marlowe had not been stabbed in a drunken and disreputable brawl in 1593, Shakespeare would never have been heard of. There are

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many old plays which are supposed to be rejected or neglected early Baconian efforts, which will doubtless in time receive the attention to which they are entitled. And some of the choicest poems in the Elizabethan Collections, such as England's *Helicon*, bear unmistakable traces of the same master-hand. The poems marked *Ignoto* and *Shepherd Tony* must be looked into; and with them are associated a large number of other delightful lyrics, the authorship of which was at the time kept in mysterious obscurity, but which carry on their surface the unmistakable features of the greatest of English poets. The Baconian authorship of Shakespeare does not stand alone by itself: it opens up a large number of most interesting problems for critical sagacity to work out. These will arise to the front in due time; we can calmly wait till that time arrives.

THE END.

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(*b*) To investigate Bacon's supposed authorship of certain works unacknowledged by him, including the Shakespearian dramas and poems.

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to alleviate the sorrows of our fellows, be among the objects worthy of man's emulation, then the Society has not been formed in vain. This, and much more, it has accomplished, though it may have failed in making it known; believing, as it does, that "true goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it." The exigencies of the day led to its formation, for when the condition of our wounded soldiers, and the widows and orphans of those who were killed, became known in this country, one universal cry pervaded the land, and society, touched to its very centre, arose as one man to alleviate the misfortunes of our brave defenders and their dependants. Collections were made in all the towns in the United Kingdom, and a variety of entertainments were also got up as a means of adding to the fund. In Cambridge several entertainments were given for this purpose, but none of them realized so much money as the one given by the Theatrical Amateurs. The great satisfaction which was expressed at the efforts of the amateurs, the success that crowned those efforts, coupled with the numerous requests which were made that they would continue their histrionic amusements, led to the establishment of the Society, which has now continued through sunshine and storm for thirteen years.

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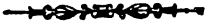

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ON DRAMATIC SOCIETIES.

In writing in praise of dramatic representations, and in the establishment of dramatic societies, we are apt to run counter to the notions of the Puritan and the straight-laced moralists of the age. They are eager in denouncing all such amusements, charging them with being satanic in their origin, devilish in their action, and destructive in their results. The poor player is placed beyond the pale of society, his occupation is looked upon with scorn, and the art which is really requisite to obtain a position, is held to be degrading to his manhood. What is applicable to the professional actor, is to a great extent applicable to the amateur, and the amusement which its followers find in its practice, is looked upon as inimical to the morals of society.

If these gentlemen, who so frequently denounce Amateur Theatrical Societies and dramatic representations of any kind, were first to obtain a knowledge of their *modus operandi*, they would probably have removed from their mental vision

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some of those scales of prejudice which have been fostered by their ignorance. These very fastidious moralists entirely lose sight of the fact, that man when engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, requires some change. He wants something to amuse, something to arouse another form of activity, from whence he can derive pleasure; and what can be more befitting such a purpose than dramatic representations; for they in a high degree afford much pleasure and instruction of an intellectual kind. In large towns it is highly necessary that dramatic exhibitions should be more frequent, for they would serve as a counterfoil to many of the temptations to which those who live in "populous cities" are exposed. The common business of life, too intensely pursued, makes men unmindful of precepts and maxims of virtue, which they are more apt to forget in the eager pursuits of their avocations, than abandon through want of principle. The *Drama* awakens them to virtue, exercises all the kinder emotions, and by its genial influence over the brain and feelings, prevents that moral stagnation which so much tends to degrade and brutify the nature of man.*

* "If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, as bad as it is now, would be then ten times more wicked and debauched. This was once the case at Milan; when Charles Borromeo took possession

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Amateur Theatrical Societies when properly constituted add strength to the character of their members and greatly extend the circle of their knowledge. The study of the works of the great masters, both ancient and modern, who have written for the stage, necessitates a corresponding expansion of vision, at the same time begetting a feeling of charity that passeth show, and a love of humankind, more practical in its results than one-half the sermons which are preached from our pulpits. The world of sacred literature can point to no "bright particular star," like that which the dramatic world can boast of. They have no master of humanity, with the breadth and genuine love of his race like WILLIAM SHAKESPERE; nor can they find his equal in wisdom, goodness and true greatness. The sometime player and poet, the Titan of Stratford, stands at the head of all authors, whether sacred or profane. The student of his works, of the works of the dramatists who were coeval

of the Archbishopric, he, out of abundance of zeal and severity, shut up the playhouse, and expelled the players, strollers and minstrels, as debauchees and corrupters of mankind. He soon had reason to alter his opinion, for he found that the people ran into all manner of excesses; and, that wanting something to amuse and divert them, they committed the most horrid crimes by way of pastime. It was on this account he repented of his edict, re-called the banished players, and granted them a free use and liberty of the stage."—LA MOTTE's *Essay on Poetry and Painting*.

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with him, and of those who have followed. in this world of ours, cannot fail of being bettered by his study; and, if so, how much more will he be improved, both mentally and morally, when, in a well-regulated theatre, he seeks to realize his conception and so pourtray his author's meaning to all classes of the community, for of such material is our audiences composed.

That the indiscriminate establishment of Amateur Theatrical Societies would be attended with ill results, none would deny; but when they are properly directed, they confer not only pleasure on those who are witnesses of the efforts of their members, but they also impart a knowledge, give strength to our character, and bestow a power we otherwise could not obtain.

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Dates of the various Performances, with the names of the Professional Ladies engaged.

1854.

THE performances in aid of the Patriotic Fund, were given at the Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday, December 27th and 28th. On the first night was presented the Comedy of "The Wonder," and the Farce of "Catching an Heiress." On the second night was presented Colman's Comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," and the Farce of "Love, Law and Physic." The Professional Ladies engaged at these performances were Mrs. H. BARRETT, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells, and Miss C. ELTON, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The amount of money handed over to the fund, was £40. 7*s*. 10*d*.

On this occasion, the following Address, written by A. C. BARRETT, Esq., was delivered by Mr. H. T. HALL:—

'Twas said that British valour was no more,
That chivalry had fled from freedom's shore;

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Her sons, unnerv'd by peace and love of gold,
No more would waken, as in days of old,
Between the tyrant and his prey to stand,
And shield the helpless from his iron hand.
How vain the despot's hope, let Alma say!
And gory Inkerman's immortal day.
When, by the far Crimean angry wave,
The Minie reap'd the harvest of the grave;
When war's fell engines scatter'd death around,
And Russian corses strew'd the fatal ground,
Till Britons made the baffled drunkards yield
The well-earn'd honours of that hard-fought field.
And we, whose bosoms thrill, while ev'ry tongue
Tells of such deeds, as ancient poets sung;—
Of serried ranks, who stood the hostile shock
Of leagured thousands, like the sea-girt rock:
Or those, who, while stern warriors held their breath,
Rode on in form array to certain death;—
Shall we, who share their fame, for whom they bleed,
Refuse to help them in their hour of need?
No! though it be not ours with them to brave
The foeman's bullet, or the ocean wave;
To keep the midnight watch in cold and pain,
Or stiffen wounded on the battle plain;
Nor yet to follow with that noble few,
Who, to their feelings and their nature true,
Went forth amid the dying and the dead,
To tend with soothing care the soldier's bed.
Yet, still, throughout the land at Freedom's call,—

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Alike from peasant's hut and lordly hall,—
One voice shall rise to nerve the hero's hand,
With each bright record of his native land.
Still, 'midst the perils of his toilsome life,
In fever'd sickness or the battle's strife,
One cheering thought shall fire his warlike breast,
And soothe the passage to his long last rest:
The thought that *we* forget not to be kind,
To those much-lov'd ones whom he leaves behind;
Respect the memory of the gallant dead,
Nor let their children beg their daily bread.

1855.

On Wednesday and Thursday, April 11th and 12th, two performances were given for the benefit of the Albert Benevolent Society. On the first night was presented the Drama of "The Maid of Croissey," the Farce of "The Man with a Carpet Bag," and the Drama of "The Floating Beacon." On the second night was presented the Comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," and the Farce of "Raising the Wind." Mrs. BARRETT and Miss C. ELTON were engaged for these performances. Five pounds were given to the Albert Society.

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1856.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 1st, 2nd and 3rd, three performances were given. On the first night was presented Buckstone's Drama of "Isabelle," the Farces of "Pleasant Dreams" and "The Swiss Cottage." On the second night was presented Morton's Comedy of "Speed the Plough," and the Farce of "Make your Wills." On the third night was presented Fitzball's Play of "Walter Tyrrell" and the Farce of "The Illustrious Stranger." Mrs. BARRETT, Miss C. ELTON and Miss STEWART, of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, were engaged for these performances.

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 26th and 27th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Jerrold's Drama of "The Rent Day" and the Farce of "Comfortable Lodgings." On the second night was presented the Drama of the "Rent Day," and the Farces of "The Turned Head" and "The Thumping Legacy." Miss STEWART was engaged for these performances.

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1856-7.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 29th, 30th and 31st, 1856, and on Thursday, January 1st, 1857, four performances were given. On the first night was presented Buckstone's Drama of "The Duchess de la Vaubaliere" and the Farce of "The Spare Bed." On the second night was presented the Drama of "The Duchess de la Vaubaliere" and the Farce of "You can't Marry your Grandmother." On the third night was presented the domestic Drama of "Grace Huntley," and the Farces of "Kill or Cure" and "Who's my Husband." On the fourth night was presented (by particular desire), the Comedy of "The Wonder" and the Farce of "The Illustrious Stranger." Mrs. A. RAYNER and Miss PEVENSEY, of the Theatres Royal, Sadler's Wells, Olympic and Marylebone, were engaged for these performances.

1857.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21st and 22nd, two performances were given. On the first night was presented the Drama of "The Miller of Derwentwater" and the Farce of "The Lady and the Devil." On the second night was pre-

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sented the comic Drama of "Our Wife," and the Farces of "State Secrets" and "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds." Mrs. A. RAYNER was engaged for these performances.

1858.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 5th and 6th, two performances were given in aid of the Indian Mutiny Fund. On the first night was presented O'Keefe's Comedy of "Wild Oats," and the Farce of "P. P.; or, The Man and the Tiger." On the second night was presented Sheridan Knowles' Play of "The Wife," and the Farce of "The First of April." Mrs. MAYLAND, of the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, Mrs. LEWIS BALL, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, and Mrs. FOOTE, of the Royal Lyceum Theatre, were engaged for these performances. The unpropitious state of the weather prevented these performances from being successful in pecuniary matters, only 12s. being handed over to the fund.

There was no performance at Easter, in consequence of the lessee, Mr. HOOPER, increasing the rent of the Theatre.

On Wednesday and Thursday, December 29th and 30th, two performances were given. On the

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first night was presented the Drama of "The Rent Day," and the Farces of "A Fish Out of Water" and "Kill or Cure." On the second night was presented Knowles' Play of "The Hunchback" and the Farce of "In the Wrong Box." Miss M. MITCHELL, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, and Miss CLAREMONT, of the Royal Princess Theatre, were engaged for these performances. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of the gentleman cast for the part of Master Walter, the Committee were compelled to engage the services of Mr. GEORGE BASIL, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells.

1859.

On Wednesday and Friday, May 4th and 6th, two performances were given. Instead of playing on the Wednesday and Thursday as announced, the Committee were compelled to adjourn the second night's performance till the Friday, owing to the ill-health, and also the absence from Cambridge, of the gentleman cast for Shylock. On the first night was presented the Drama of "Lucille," and the Farces of "State Secrets" and "The Captain is not Amiss." On the second night was presented Shakspere's Play of "The Merchant of Venice," and the Farce of "Good for Nothing." Mrs. MAYLAND and Miss CLAREMONT were engaged for these performances.

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1860.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 3rd and 4th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Cherry's Comedy of "The Soldier's Daughter," and the Musical Farce of "The Turnpike Gate." On the second night was presented Shakspere's Comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing," and the Farce of "Love, Law and Physic." Mrs. MAYLAND, Miss PHILLIPS, of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, and Miss RUSSELL, of the Soho Theatre, were engaged for these performances.

The following address, written by Mr. J. CROSS, was delivered by Mr. H. T. HALL:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—we stage-struck mortals,
Timid and bashful once again appear;
To welcome all that pass our inner portals,
With kindly wishes for the new-born year.
And if we rival not our co-lamplighter,
In the felicity that marks his verses,
At least we hope to make some eyes glow brighter—
Stay, did I hear some Cockney cry "wot werses";
What worse is? true, what could be worse than trying
To add fresh brilliance to those beaming glances,
Which from all parts, like rifle balls, come flying,
And so much more our nervousness enhances.

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Rifle balls, said I, I would give a trifle,
When our old country throbs with war's alarms,
To see some foreign scamp that bears a rifle,
Call the fair owners of those eyes to arms.
Then should we see those stars that now beam gladness,
Wither the eyesight of the rude invader;
And Cambridge riflemen in martial madness,
Would make short work of such a blind Armada.
England is safe while two such corps united,
Shall join their arms to wait upon the foe;
For, should he come to see us uninvited,
He'd find in earnest it would be "*no go*."
But we, the buskin'd files that lift yon curtain,
For some few hours your tedium to assuage,
Feel of this much, at any rate, quite certain,
Your volleys will not sweep us from the stage.
Nay, we are confident, for we have caught a
Trio of graces, whom your praise will warm;
And we shall march behind a "Soldier's Daughter,"
Who knows so well to take your hearts by storm.
You'll pass "The Turnpike Gate" with oft-toll'd pleasure, [pleasant;
"Love, Law and Physic," will for once prove
And you will shew by your approving measure,
All is not "Much ado about Nought" at present.
Yes! you will kindly take our good intention,
For what it's worth; and if its aid procures—
A little pleasure, you will never mention,
The failings incident to Amateurs.

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On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17th and 18th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented the Drama of "The Robber's Wife," the Interlude of "Only a Halfpenny," and the Farce of "Don't Judge by Appearances." On the second night was presented Bayle Bernard's Drama of "The Farmer's Story" and Shakspere's Comedy of "Katharine and Petruchio." Mrs. MAYLAND and Miss RUSSELL were engaged for these performances.

1861.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 8th and 9th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented the Drama of "The Roll of the Drum," the Petite Comedy of "The Rival Pages," and the Farce of "Make your Wills." On the second night was presented Serle's Drama of "The Parole of Honour," the Petite Comedy of "Cousin Cherry," and the Farce of "Who Speaks First." Mrs. MAYLAND and Mrs. F. BARSBY were engaged for these performances.

On Wednesday and Thursday, April 3rd and 4th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Lovell's Play of "Love's Sacrifice" and the Farce of "Don't Judge by Appearances." On the second night was pre-

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sented (being under the immediate patronage of Captain PREST, Captain LEAPINGWELL, and the Officers and Members of the 1st and 8th Cambridge Rifle Volunteers) Knowles' Play of "The Wife," and the Farce of "Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw." Mrs. MAYLAND and Mrs. F. BARSBY were engaged for these performances.

1862.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 7th and 8th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Morton's Comedy of "Speed the Plough" and the Farce of "The Sleeping Draught." On the second night was presented Buckstone's Drama of "Luke the Labourer," the Farce of "Spring Gardens" and the Petite Comedy of "The Two Queens." Mrs. F. BARSBY and Miss KATE RIVERS were engaged for these performances.

1863.

Owing to the want of success which Miss Helen Paget experienced during the regular season, one performance for her benefit was given on Monday, October 12th. The pieces presented

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were Lovell's Play of "Love's Sacrifice" and the Farce of "Don't Judge by Appearances." Miss HELEN PAGET and Miss CHARLOTTE WILLIMOTT were engaged for this performance. The amount realized for Miss Paget's benefit was £24. 3s. 6d.

1864.

This being the year of the Tercentenary of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, the poet and dramatist of the world, two performances were given on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19th and 20th, in aid of the London Shakspere Memorial, and under the sanction and authority of the National Shakspere Committee. On the first night was presented Shakspere's Play of "The Merchant of Venice" and the Farce of "The Railroad Station." On the second night was presented the charming Pastoral Play of "As You Like It" and the Farce of "The Artful Dodge." Miss HELEN PAGET, Miss KATE RIVERS and Mrs. W. BALL, were engaged for these performances. The amount realized for the fund was £23. 6s. 6d.

The following address was written and delivered by Mr. H. T. HALL :—

No "hurling words"* we'll use to-night,
No barbed arrows will we fly;

* Hamlet, act 1, scene 5.

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Nor outrag'd fortune be our quest,
  Nor bid we truth and honour die.
Not sad our tale, we here have met
  In honour of a great man's name;
The foremost 'mongst "the best of all,"*
  That liveth on the scroll of fame.

The world his equal cannot show,
  His powers all other men's excel;
None other in such charming verse,
  The o'er true tale of love can tell.
Nature can ne'er again afford,
  Another son with powers so great;
"Sole monarch of the universal earth,"†
  All other bards upon thee wait.

No pen but his can so display
  The secret workings of the heart;
No pen like his can point the way,
  And show how man should play his part,
While living in this "narrow world,"‡
  Where all do fret and fume and rage;
Where each one must enact his part,
  For is not "all the world a stage."§

No land can boast a second bard,
  Like to the Swan of Avon's stream;
No pen but his has reach'd the height,
  The grandeur of the tragic theme.

* Cymbeline, act 5, scene 5. † Romeo and Juliet, act 3, scene 2.
‡ Julius Cæsar, act 1, scene 1. § As You Like It, act 2, scene 7.

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In all that appertains to man,
Of joy and sorrow, hope and pain,
Can in his wond'rous works be found,
Repeated o'er and o'er again.

Three hundred years have roll'd their course,
Since his young eyes first saw the light;
Three thousand more shall cease to be,
'Ere he be lost in endless night.
O gentle bard! thy name shall live,
Thy "summer leaves"* shall never fade,
Until our globe and all thereon,
In one vast common ruin is laid.

1865.

No performance was given by the Society during this year. Owing to the scarcity of scenery in the Theatre, it was found impossible to play the pieces which had been selected for representation, and the committee were thus compelled to ask the Society to postpone for a time its performances.

1866.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 16th and 17th, two performances were given. On the

* Richard the Second, act 1, scene 2.

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first night was presented Buckstone's Drama of "Isabelle" and Morton's Farce of "Done on Both Sides." On the second night (being under the immediate patronage of Major BARLOW, the Officers and Members of the First Cambs. Rifle Volunteers) was presented Massinger's Play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and the Farce of "Retained for the Defence." Mrs. A. RAYNER and Miss KATE RIVERS were engaged for these performances.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 10th and 11th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Shirley Brooks' Drama of "The Creole" and the Farce of "The Sleeping Draught." On the second night was presented Knowles' Play of "The Hunchback" and the Farce of "Your Life's in Danger." Mrs. C. HARCOURT, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Mrs. F. BARSBY, were engaged for these performances.

1867.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 15th and 16th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Sheridan's Comedy of "The Rivals," and the Farce of "The Two Bonnycastles." On the second night, (being under the immediate patronage of Major BARLOW, the Officers and Members of the First Cambs. Rifle

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Volunteers) was presented Shakspere's Comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing," and the Farce of "Spring Gardens." Mrs. F. BARSBY, Mrs. M. CONWAY, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Miss ELLA STAUNTON, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, were engaged for these performances.

1868.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 14th and 15th, two performances were given. On the first night was presented Morton's Comedy of "Speed the Plough" and the Farce of "Pleasant Dreams." On the second night (being under the immediate patronage of Major BARLOW, the Officers and Members of the first Cambs. Rifle Volunteers) was presented Knowles' Play of "William Tell" and the Farce of "A Prince for an Hour." Mrs. F. BARSBY, Miss FANNY BENNETT, of the Bath and Bristol Theatres, and Miss ALICE AUSTIN, of the Theatre Royal, Olympic, were engaged for these performances.

The following address written by Mr. H. T. HALL, was delivered by Mrs. F. BARSBY, excepting the first four lines, which were delivered by Mr. HALL:—

Come back, come back, you've no business here
Appealing to our friends—you're wrong, my dear;

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You must not speak, we want to start the play;
Such is the order, and you must obey.
I won't! the President has wrote my say,
And, like a true woman, I'll have my way.
Vanish, thou prompter! such is my decree;
Be prompt in going—from this presence flee.
You have no right here, that is most certain;
Your proper place is behind the curtain.
To Audience. It is with pleasure that I look around,
And see your faces with good humour crown'd;
You love the play, your presence here doth prove,
And we'll requite it with a triple love.
First, we will try the best we can to please,
Trusting our efforts will amuse, not tease;
And if we can arouse true English fire,
We'll have reach'd "The crown of our heart's desire."
"Ill fares the land"—you know what's said beside,
About a bold peasantry, their country's pride—
So say we here, and solemnly I vow,
That heartily we wish "God Speed the Plough."
"All that to love the loveliest object seems,"
We will present in our rare "Pleasant Dreams."
A story old, told in the days of yore—
Enacted by men who are now no more;
Of Whittington bold and the sounding bell,
From Bow's lofty spire, with its magic spell.
Ours is a country that we know is free,
Free in our acts, as is the silver sea
That girts our isle, upon whose foaming wave

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Our navy rides, mann'd by warriors brave.
None braver ever trod the deck of fame,
Or carried our flag thro' the fiery flame,
When death ran riot amid shot and shell,
And the lust of battle did with them dwell.
Oh! ours is a land that we each hold dear,
Where the sun shines not on a heart of fear,
Where freedom we love, aye, dearer than life,
Won by our fathers on the field of strife:
So we hope your hearts will throb and swell
With the deeds of the noble Patriot "Tell."
From grave to gay, we next will seek to pass,
Thus running out the sand of old time's glass;
With mirth and laughter we will you detain,
And "A Prince for an Hour" will briefly reign.
I hear a bell! tis time I did depart,
The prompter calls, you've the wishes of our hearts,
Let us have yours; aid us to gain our cause,
Give us your kind approval and applause.

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List of Officers and Playing Members

OF THE

CAMBRIDGE AMATEUR THEATRICAL SOCIETY FOR 1868.

President and Treasurer: MR. H. T. HALL.

Secretary: MR. J. MOUEL.

Committee:

MR. S. AUSTIN.	MR. S. TROUGHTON.
„ C. MORTLOCK.	„ C. SMITH.
„ T. H. PRIME.	„ E. C. COE.

MR. E. LEEDS.	MR. H. R. SCOTT.
„ W. MOUEL.	„ A. GOWER.
„ C. TUXFORD.	„ O. PILGRIM.
„ W. CURSLEY.	„ J. W. SMITH.
„ J. BROWN.	„ F. MORGAN.
„ E. CROSS.	„ F. BUTCHER.
„ J. D'ESTE.	„ G. THOMPSON.
„ B. DIVER.	„ P. HAMMOND.
„ J. ROBINSON.	„ H. WALKER.
„ H. BAILEY.	„ T. WINDSOR.
„ G. PAGE.	

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A SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

THE origin and history of the Drama presents aspects of a peculiar nature. Though the Drama, under some form or other, from the highest to the lowest, appears to have existed among the generality of the nations, yet there are vast chasms in its history which apparently cannot be supplied. There is one important circumstance to be duly considered, that the arts generally, and the Drama comes under that cognomen, have not, like the practical inventions and improvements of mankind, been of slow growth, but almost as soon as they sprang into existence they attained the loftiest height possible, bordering so closely upon perfection, that many have been led to conclude that such is the fact. Sculpture, Painting and Architecture, bear proof of the truth of this. The architecture of Greece, the sculptures of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the paintings of Apelles, have not in modern days been excelled. From the definition of the beautiful in art and

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nature, as defined by the ancients, the moderns of our own times are yet governed. To this rule the drama and dramatic poetry do not form an exception.

The drama is a poem accommodated to action; and as the highest objects of human activity is man, in the drama we see men measure their powers with each other, as intellectual and moral beings, either as friends or foes, influencing each other by their opinions, sentiments and passions, and decisively determining their reciprocal relations and circumstances. To separate all which is essentially necessary, to remove the daily necessities of real life, with the petty circumstances they give rise to, and which serve to deter and interrupt the progress of important actions, to concentrate within as narrow a compass as possible, a number of events calculated to attract the minds of the hearers and fill them with attention and expectation, is the vocation of the dramatic poet. "In this manner he gives a renovated picture of life: a compendium of whatever is moving and progressive in human existence."

"But this is not all. Even in a lively oral narration, it is not unusual to introduce persons in conversation with each other, and to give a corresponding variety to the tone and expression. But the gaps which these conversations leave in the story, the narrator fills up in his own name, with a description of the accompanying circum-

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stances and other particulars. The dramatic poet must renounce all such expedients; but for this he is richly recompensed in the following invention. He requires each of the characters in his story to be personated by a living individual; that this individual should, in sex, age, and figure, meet, as near as may be, the prevalent conceptions of his fictitious original,—nay, assume his entire personality; that every speech should be delivered in a suitable tone of voice, and accompanied by appropriate action and gesture; and that those external circumstances should be added which are necessary to give the hearers a clear idea of what is going forward. Moreover, these representatives of the creatures of his imagination must appear in the costume belonging to their assumed rank, and to their age and country; partly for the sake of greater resemblance, and partly because, even in dress, there is something characteristic. Lastly, he must see them placed in a locality, which, in some degree, resembles that where, according to his fable, the action took place, because this also contributes to the resemblance, he places them, *i.e.*, on a scene. All this brings us to the idea of the theatre. It is evident that the very form of dramatic poetry, *i.e.*, the exhibition of an action by dialogue without the aid of narrative, implies the theatre as its necessary complement. We allow that there are dramatic works which were not originally designed

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for the stage, and not calculated to produce any great effect there, which, nevertheless afford great pleasure in the perusal. I am, however, very much inclined to doubt whether they would produce the same strong impression with which they affect us upon a person who had never seen or heard a description of a theatre. In reading dramatic works, we are accustomed ourselves to supply the representation."*

The invention of the drama appears to have been a very natural one. If we observe, we cannot fail to perceive in children, that they are very much addicted to mimicry, and even among the lower animals the love of imitation prevails to a great extent. If the science of Phrenology and its expounders can be relied upon, we find that man possesses an organ of imitation; and it is but natural to suppose that there should be a development of the organ; that opportunity should be afforded for its healthy action. From the existence of this organ, and the development thereof, arose the drama, and in nearly all countries we find traces of its existence. In some it appears to be of the rudest form, and in others it attained a high state of refinement. Among the South Sea Islanders, who belong to the lowest grade of civilization, a rude kind of drama existed. In India, too, the drama was found,

* Schlegel *Dramatic Literature*, pp. 31, 32.

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and the native princes followed it with a zest unknown to the inhabitants of regions more cold; for "there it flourished with a remarkable vitality long before any foreign influence could affect it, and lately it has been revealed to Europe that they possess a dramatic literature which extends back upwards of 2,000 years." The Chinese, too, have their national theatre, and the Etruscan also followed the amusement; and the Etruscan name of actor, *histrio*, is still preserved among the living languages of the present day. Thus we find a wide diffusion of the drama.

In connection with the drama we find it divided into two parts: the tragic and the comic; and under these heads we will consider it.

Poetry, or the leading characteristics of it, are the Epic, Lyric and Dramatic; and in the two former it is very singular, yet not more so than true, that they are not divisible into two parts like the dramatic. The great difference between the dramatic poet and the epic, is, that though both represent external events, the dramatist represents them as real and present. He, too, also claims our mentality, equal with the lyric poet; though, instead of the calmness which accompanies the efforts of the lyrist, the dramatic poet warms and inspires us more, calling forth our feelings of joy and sorrow with greater vehemence and power. This duality of power possessed by the dramatic poet, known under the names of Tragedy

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and Comedy, bear the same relation to one another as earnestness and sport.

Earnestness of purpose, of thought, and of action, are the highest states of human existence. As soon as we reflect and look back upon the past,—and man is the only animal who is so capable of looking back,—and call ourselves to an account for our various deeds, whether their nature or effect has been good or bad; and when the brain acts and reverts to all the circumstances attendant upon life, we find that death is the outer circle that binds all humanity. When we recollect the multitudinous ills that flesh is heir to; when we remember the thousand and one evils to which our passions have given rise; how every moment of our existence calls upon us for the performance of our sacred duties; how, in an instant, we may be robbed of all that we cherish, and to obtain which we have suffered toil and punishment; how those whom we esteem may be rudely torn from our circle by the hand of death; how we are entirely dependant upon cause and effect completely beyond our control, for we

> "Are the sport of circumstances, when
> Circumstances seem the sport of men."

"This constitutes the tragic tone of mind; and when the thought of the possible issues out of the mind as a living reality, when this tone pervades and animates a visible representation of the most striking instances of violent revolutions in a man's

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fortunes, either prostrating his mental energies or calling forth the most heroic endurance—then the result is *Tragic Poetry*."*

As earnestness is the essence of tragic representation, so is sport of the comic. Amid mirth, all gloomy considerations are forgotten in the state of present happiness. We view everything in a sportive light, frivolity is the magician whose wand dispels all thought of care, and allows us to exist in peaceful serenity. The comic poet must therefore be careful, in his painting the vein of mirth, not to point a moral or seek to win sympathy for the personage whom he presents. He must display their irregularities as springing from an excess of animal spirits, and show that their unfortunate positions are only ludicrous distresses, unattended by any fatal consequences. This is the true vocation of the comic poet, and in the elder or Greek drama was strictly preserved, presenting a more beautiful contrast to tragedy than the new comedy, which to a certain extent is characterised by earnestness.

In Greece, then, the land of classic song, arose the drama. Many of the Grecian states contested for the honor, but by common consent, that proud position alone is due to Athens. In this state, the drama derived its origin from the hymns which were sung at the festivals of Bacchus, held in honor of that deity. These hymns consisted

* Schlegel's *Dramatic Literature*, p. 45.

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of chorusses of Bacchantes and Furies ranged round certain images, which they carried in procession, chanting songs, and sometimes sacrificing individuals to public ridicule. Such was the practice in the cities, but in the villages greater licentiousness prevailed. Vintagers besmeared with wine lees, and intoxicated with joy and the juice of the generous grape, rode forth in their carts, attacking each other with gross sarcasms, revenging themselves on their neighbours with ridicule, and on the rich, by showing up the acts of injustice which they had committed.

Susarion and Thespis were great benefactors to the Greek drama in its infancy; in truth, the latter author has been generally considered as the founder of the Greek drama, and to this day, the followers of the sock and buskin are termed the children of Thespis. Susarion, who chiefly attacked the vices and follies of the age in which he lived, presented his first piece about 580 years before our era. The first attempts made in tragedy were the production of Thespis, who 576 years previous to the Christian era acted his Alcestis. Both Susarion and Thespis were at the head of a company of actors, the one appearing on a cart, and the other on a kind of stage. Both were born at Icaria in Attica.

Susarion's pieces are chiefly satirical farces; satire being a weapon in which that poet chiefly revelled. The forte of Thespis was tragedy.

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Having noticed in the festivals, that one of the singers mounted on a table and formed a kind of dialogue with the chorus, he conceived the idea of introducing into tragedies an actor, who by simple recitals, introduced at intervals, should serve to relieve the chorus. This happy innovation, with other liberties which Thespis had taken, awakened the alarm of that celebrated Athenian legislator Solon, who strongly condemned them. But, in spite of his condemnation, the dramatic productions of both Thespis and Susarion were received with delight; and other poets who were struck with the peculiar and elegant form which this style of composition began to assume, dedicated their talents to tragedy and comedy. From this date the progress of the drama was very rapid.

Eleven years after Thespis had produced his first tragedy, Æschylus effected a great improvement in the drama. He introduced a second and third actor, sometimes a fourth, upon the stage; for until his time but one had been. He likewise improved the mechanical arrangements of the stage, and served to heighten the effect and deepen the illusion, by appropriate costume, the actors wearing masks, the cothernus, and their being clothed in magnificent flowing robes. He is said to have written ninety tragedies, forty of which carried off the prizes given annually in Athens, and of which but seven are handed down to us.

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As a poet he chiefly excelled in the terrible, and so fearfully true were his representations, it is said, that in one of his pieces, where the infernal deities appear with masks of horrid paleness, torches in their hands, serpents entwined in their hair, and followed by a retinue of dreadful spectres, that amongst the audience, women fainted and children expired with fear, so that the magistrates in order to prevent a like calamity for the future, commanded that the chorus should be reduced from twenty-four to twelve. The number was afterwards increased by Sophocles to fifteen.

The next great Greek dramatist is Sophocles, who in his 25th year conquered his master Æschylus, and won the prize. Sophocles was one of the most prolific Greek tragedians, for he is said to have written 113 pieces, and twenty times was he victorious in the annual competitions which were held at Athens. As a poet he was widely different from Æschylus, for he excelled in the softer and more genial displays of the human character, and never sought, as his predecessor did, in the terrible, for the objects wherewith he worked out and developed the plots of his tragedies. His was a lyre attuned to such sweetness, that he acquired in his lifetime the name of the Attic bee. His dramas were more artificially constructed, they embraced a greater range of characters, were more complicated in their fable, and were written with a smoothness in their rhythm, which we in vain look for in Æschylus.

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The mantle of Sophocles in a great measure descended upon the shoulders of Euripides, who appears next in succession among the Greek dramatists. His dramas are characterised by boundless ingenuity, but he lacks the lofty earnestness of purpose which strikes the brain in the works of Æschylus and Sophocles. Euripides became very famous by his plays and was held in greater esteem than any writer of his day, not only by his own countrymen, but the inhabitants of other nations. It is said, that when the Athenian army under Nicias were defeated in Sicily, and, as a consequence, undergoing all the evils of imprisonment and other barbarities which were then practised upon the vanquished by the conquerors, that all the Athenian soldiers who could repeat the verses of Euripides were spared, and many who returned home publicly thanked the poet for the important service which his works had rendered them.

Aristophanes was one of the chief writers in the new school, *viz.*, Comedy, and appears to have possessed a brilliant wit and most pungent satire, which he continually directed against the follies of the State. He was often remarkably bitter upon the productions of Euripides, and very cleverly exposed his sophistical subtlety, and his rhetorical and philosophical pretensions. He was contemporary with Sophocles and Euripides, and when the Athenians were governed by men whose sole

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object was to make themselves masters of the commonwealth, Aristophanes boldly exposed their artifices upon the stage. Cleo was the first whom he attacked in his Comedy of "Equites," and when none of the comic actors would dare to personate a man of so great authority, he undertook to enact the character himself; which he did with such success, that the Athenians compelled Cleo to pay a fine of five talents, and honored the poet and actor by the throwing of flowers, carrying him through the city in triumph, and issuing a public decree, awarding a crown of the sacred olive tree on the citadel,—the greatest honor that could be conferred upon a citizen.

With Aristophanes expired the writers of the old comedy, who were succeeded by Menander, and to whom has been chiefly ascribed the introduction of the New Style. In fact, by the universal approbation of succeeding writers, he is by them styled the father of the new comedy of Greece; which if it was inferior to the old in strength and fire, far exceeded it in the use of refined and delicate language, in its regularity and decorum, and approached nigher to what we conceive to be the legitimate drama. Menander is said to have written eighty pieces, but none of them as a whole exist, it being fragments only which we have received. Owing to the extraordinary talent which Menander displayed in describing nature and her operations in every

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condition, in depicting the various phases of human life, Aristophanes, the grammarian, said of him,—"O Menander and Nature, which of you copied your pieces from the other's work."

The other principal writers contemporary with and who flourished after Menander, were Philemon, Diphilius, Pollodorus, Philipides and Posidippus. From the fragments which remain of their works, it appears that they were not only bold declaimers against the vices and immoralities which characterized the period at which they lived, but that they in their plays expounded political and religious principles, greatly at variance, and much in advance of the popular superstitions and popular forms of government of the heathen world.

From this period a gradual decline of the drama took place, until the land of Greece was overshadowed by the eagle of Rome, and fell under the government of that country. From the time that Greece became a Roman province, and for upwards of four centuries, her literature exerted but little influence. Though the spirit of the drama still lingered and displayed itself in Greece; yet, owing to the Romans being almost perpetually engaged in war, it was not till the year 391 A.D. that dramatic entertainments were produced at Rome, under the title of *Ludi scenici*, chiefly because they were acted in the shade formed by the branches and the leaves of trees.

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Originally they were enacted by Etrurians, but the Roman youths soon imitated them, and at their various sacred festivals and holidays, they performed similar entertainments, adding to them rude verses, containing satire suited to the subject.

In the year 512 A.D. the first attempt at a regular play was made in Rome. It was written by Livius Andronicus, who was both poet and actor. It was long before the Roman stage could boast of an original composition, for the comedies of the Romans were at first wholly borrowed from the Greeks. Plautus stands foremost among the Roman dramatists, and he was succeeded by Terence, whose works were immensely popular. This latter author was one of the purest of Roman writers, although he was born at Carthage, in Africa, and was early brought to Rome as a slave. Most of the productions of Plautus and Terence were based on Greek originals.

Comedy was long anterior to tragedy in Rome, and the specimens extant of the Roman tragic muse are so few, that its merits cannot be rightly judged.

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Sketch of the Origin of the Drama

IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE Drama is unquestionably of religious origin in this country. Dramatic representations, now so strongly denounced by certain saintly professors, was originally founded by the priests, who were both authors and actors. The Bible was the chief source of the earliest dramatic representations. On the Continent such productions were solely called Mysteries, while, in this country, they were called both Mysteries and Miracle Plays.

All civilized nations possess some form of drama, and no people, except the most degraded tribes of Africa, are without it. It is only in the very lowest forms of human life that we cannot perceive any dramatic taste. It appears to be instinctive to all the European nations, and to many of the nations of the East. From the time of Æschylus to the present time—more than 2,200 years—have theatrical representations continued and flourished.

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In the East, the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were played as late as the fourth century, when they were banished by order of the patriarch of Constantinople, Gregory Naziazen, who substituted plays founded on scriptural subjects. Italy takes precedence of European nations with regard to the religious drama, for in all departments of the arts and literature, the Italians failed not to imitate the Greeks. From Italy the religious drama passed to France, and from France to England. The freemasonry existing among the priests, who travelled from one country to another, was the cause of this diffusion.

The earliest performance of a miracle play in England, of which any record exists, is the year 1109. It was written by Geoffry, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, and performed at Dunstable. In the year 1170, miracle plays were very common in England.

The stages were first set up in the churches, until the clergy were prohibited from acting; and the performances were prohibited being given in the church by the prelates of the time. On the priests being stopped from acting, the lay brothers, the parish-clerks and the hangers on of the religious establishments of the time, became the actors, and the performances took place in the churchyard instead of the church, and ultimately on a moveable stage, when the actors became professional.

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The acting of these plays by the priests was simply an amateur performance, and into the hands of the various handicrafts they ultimately fell; the members of each guild choosing their own plays, which they made entirely their own. The tailors, the smiths, the skinners, the fellmongers and the the various other guilds, had each their pieces, which they represented and kept to themselves.

Some of the miracle plays lasted several days; Stowe, the historian, mentioning one which is said to have lasted eight days. The three important collections of miracle plays in this country, are known as The Towneley, the Coventry, and the Chester. The "Towneley" collection contains 30 plays, the "Coventry" 42, and the "Chester" 24. The characters of Adam and Eve were played in a state of nudity, nor was the taste of the audiences offended by this grossness. The distinguishing features of the miracle plays was lewdness, coarse language, and familiarity of the lower characters with the most sacred persons. The best among the miracle plays, is said to be the one founded upon the story of Abraham offering up Isaac. The interest is more human, the treatment is more secular, and the language is of a far more exalted character than any of the others. This play belongs to the "Coventry" series. The life of Joseph is not touched by any of the authors in the English collections, but a French play exists upon the subject.

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In the later miracle plays, allegorical personages were introduced, and this was a step towards the regular drama, for it prepared the way for the introduction of the Moralities, or moral plays, and they soon predominated. A moral play is the embodiment of abstract ideas, having for its motive the enforcement of moral truth as a guide for moral conduct. In the moral plays, there were two characters highly essential to the success of the piece, Vice and the Devil; these, like the Harlequin and Columbine of our modern pantomime, were always introduced. Moral plays were first played upon moveable scaffolds, then in barns and the halls of great houses, then in inn-yards,* where the windows and the galleries commanded a view of the whole performance. The oldest English moral play is "The Castle of Perseverance," written about 1450. John Skelton, poet-laureate to Henries VII. and VIII., wrote two moral plays, one of which, "The Necromancer," was played before Henry VII. at Woodstock, on Palm Sunday, and was first printed in 1504.

The introduction of the character of Moros in the morality of "The Longer thou Livest the More Foole thou art," we see the forerunner of

* In Cambridge, our forefathers were entertained by the players with dramatic representations in the Falcon Yard, Petty Cury, and in the yard of the Eagle and Child, (now the Eagle,) such being the true specimens of the yards in which the strollers of the early drama were wont to play in.

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Shakspere's fools and clowns. This character enters, singing

"Footes of many songs as fools were wont,"

and here we have the device which Shakspere followed, and which he so greatly improved by the lyric sweetness, the wit and wisdom which he has put in the mouth of his clowns. "The Marriage of Wit and Sience" is the first morality that was divided into acts and scenes. One of the latest moral plays was "The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," written in the year 1588 and printed in 1590. This production, however, partakes more of the nature of a comedy than a morality, and it is chiefly written in blank verse.

Into the miracle plays the authors introduced allegory and the impersonation of abstract qualities, thus paving the way for the moralities. The authors of the moral plays departed from their original construction, by introducing personages as satirists upon classes and individuals, and in giving representations of manners and customs, thus leading to the introduction of comedy, or the ideal representation of human life in the English drama.*

* "As a matter of art the morality was a considerable advance on the miracle play. In the latter the poet, if we may so call him, was entirely subjected to his story, which he set out exactly as he found it, in successive scenes, having little or no connexion with one another; but in the morality there was no such scheme made ready to his hand; or rather, no such power of doing without any scheme. He must invent, he must combine, he must

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John Heywood, by the production of his interludes, which were partly based upon the old moralities, prepared the taste of the people for the introduction of the regular drama. The first interlude was produced in 1521, and was called "A Mery Play between the Pardoner, the Frere, the Curate, and neighbour Prattle." Heywood produced a large number of interludes, but he had no successor in his mode of writing them, nor did he found a school.

The first known real comedy, in which a gradually developed action, tending to a climax, and in which the characters were all ideal representatives of actual life, was "Ralph Roister Doister," written in 1551 by Nicholas Udal, master of Eton College. This comedy is composed of five acts, and contains seven characters. The next comedy that was brought out, was "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written by Dr. John Still, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells, and was played at Christ College, Cambridge, in 1566.

Comedy preceded tragedy some few years in this country. The earliest tragedy extant in our language is "Ferrex and Gorbuduc," and is said to have been written by Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset. To the first three acts of this tragedy,

reflect. Without this, it would be quite impossible for him to bring ought to the birth, which would even the very moderate claims which the hearers and spectators of the fifteenth century made upon the author." TRENCH *on the Life and Genius of Calderon*, pp. 87, 88.

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one Thomas Norton puts in his claim as being the author. This tragedy was first played by the gentlemen of the inner temple at Whitehall, by desire of Queen Elizabeth, on the 18th of January, 1561. It is written in blank verse, the speeches are very long and tedious, and it is closed with a speech which contains one hundred lines.

After the production of "Ferrex and Gorbuduc," most of the plays of the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth were adapted from Greek and Latin authors. It is not worth while to mention them here, for they exercised little or no influence upon the development of the English drama. They were derived from a foreign source; and foreign they continued to be to the English people. They were chiefly for the court and the so-called learned bodies of the day, and they did not appeal to the people, whose instincts contained the germ of the English drama, which strengthened and grew with the strength and growth of the English people.

The native drama of England in its origin, up to the commencement and including the early part of the Elizabethan era, was rude in its construction, coarse in its language, and weak in its characterization. It appealed chiefly to the patriotic side of the English character, and wholly ignored the unities of time and space, its bond of union being frequently no stronger than a

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stirring succession of scenic effects. It was intensely real, full of love, of hope, of fear, and all the passions which move, actuate and govern mankind. To the people it appealed, and containing, as it did, a strong English imagination, coupled with our English love of moral truth, it held its own, gradually working its way, for in its representation it gave a true picture of human life, pourtraying the high and the low, the grave and the gay, the foolish and the wise, the woes and sorrows, and the hopes and pleasures which make up the sum of existence in this motley world of ours.

Our drama had slowly reached this stage of growth, when it suddenly burst into a glorious beauty and magnificence that has never been equalled. In twenty years, from 1575, when the best plays then produced by the English dramatists were almost unworthy a place in literature, the English stage became illustrious. Young men from the Universities, and others from their rural homes, flocked to London to make their fortunes by writing plays. Seven among them, *viz.*, Green, Kyd, Lyly, Peele, Chapman, Marlow and Shakspere, attained position and a notoriety that was ultimately obscured and outvied by the efforts of the youngest of the seven, the mighty man of Stratford, the dramatic Titan, William Shakspere.

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NOTICES OF OUR EARLY THEATRES, TILL THEIR CLOSING BY THE PURITANS.

IN the very early days of the dramatic art in this country, there were no buildings set specially apart for the practice of acting plays in. The players roamed from one place to another, occasionally playing in some of the halls of the nobility, and occasionally in the yards of the various inns to which the carriers as a general rule resorted. In the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the actors first became united into companies, they erected an occasional stage. The formation of the innyards gave great facility for seeing,—our modern theatres closely resembling them in their accommodation. The galleries were ranged over each other, on three sides of the building. The small rooms, under the lowest of the galleries, answer to our present boxes; and these, even after regular theatres were built, still retained their old name, and are frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers. The yard bore a sufficient resemblance to the pit as at present in use; and we may suppose the stage to have been

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raised in this area, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a playhouse not incommodious might have been formed. Hence in the middle of the *Globe*, and, probably in other *public* theatres in the time of Shakspere, there was an open yard, or area, where the common people stood to see the exhibition; from which circumstance they are called by Shakspere, *groundlings;* and by Ben Jonson, the *understanding* gentlemen of the *ground.*

The galleries, or scaffolds, as they are sometimes called, and that part of the house which in private theatres was named the pit, seem to have been of the same price; and in all probability, in houses of dramatic reputation, such as the Globe and Blackfriars, the price of admission into those parts of the theatre was sixpence, while in some of the meaner playhouses it was only one penny, and in others twopence. The price of admission to the boxes in Shakspere's time was one shilling, as evidenced by the extract from the prologue to Henry VIII.:—

> "Those that come to see
> Only a show or two, and so agree,
> The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
> I'll undertake may see away their shilling
> Richly in two short hours."

Soon after the time of Shakspere the prices of admission rose, and two shillings and half-a-crown were the fees charged for the boxes.

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It appears from some passages in several of the old plays that spectators were admitted on the stage, and that the critics and wits of the time usually sat there; some were placed on the ground, others sat on stools, the price of which was either sixpence or a shilling, according to the commodiousness of the situation; and they were attended by pages with pipes and tobacco, which was smoked here as well as in other parts of the house. This practice only prevailed at the private theatres, such as Blackfriars, &c., where the audiences were more select. At the Globe and the other public theatres no such licence was permitted.

The custom of sitting and lying upon the stage accounts for Shakspere placing Hamlet at the feet of Ophelia during the representation of the play. With some this was a custom of gallantry with others a matter of economy. Rushes, which formed the usual covering of the floors in this country at that time, were also plentifully strewed about the stage.* The curtain rose not in the manner that it does now, it was not drawn up by lines and pullies, but opened in the centre and was drawn backward and forward by means of rings running on an iron rod.

The manner of lighting the house was tolerably efficient, the stage being illuminated by branches;

* This practice is so frequently alluded to by Shakspere and other authors of his period, that no doubt can exist relative to it being common both in hut, in hall, and on the stage.

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the body of the house by cresset lights formed of pitched ropes wreathed and placed in open lanterns, while occasionally wax tapers were placed between the boxes.

The commencement of the piece—for in the early days of the stage only one comedy, history or tragedy was played—was preceded by the band striking up three times, or, as they were then called, three soundings. After the soundings it

Shakspere, Jonson, Decker, and Bulleyne, in the following instances, thus refer to it:—

"She bids you
Upon the wanton *rushes* lay you down."
Henry IV., pt. i., act 3, scene 1.

"A torch for me: let wantons light of heart,
Tickle the senseless *rushes* with their heels."
Romeo and Juliet, act 1, scene 4.

"More *rushes*, more *rushes*."
Henry IV., pt. ii., act 5, scene 5.

"Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the *rushes*, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded."
Cymbeline, act 2, scene 2.

"House trimmed, *rushes* strewed."
The Taming of the Shrew, act 4, scene 1.

"All the ladies and gallants lye languishing upon the *rushes*."—Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*.

"*Rushes* that grow upon dry groundes be good to strew in halles, chambers, and galleries, to walke upon, defending apparell, as traynes of gownes and kertles from dust."—Dr. Bulleyne's *Bulwark of Defence*, 1579, folio 21.

"The chimney drest up with greene boughs, and the floore strewed with *bulrushes*.—Decker's *Bellman of London*, 1612, sig. n-4.

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was customary for the person to enter who had the prologue to deliver; this done, the piece proceeded. The amusements indulged in by the audience prior to the commencement of the performance, were reading and playing at cards. This is shown in the allusion made to the custom by the authors of the period. In addressing the public, to whom his pamphlet was dedicated, William Fennor, in his "Descriptions," published in 1616, thus writes: "To the gentlemen readers, worthy gentlemen, of what degree soever, I suppose this pamphlet will pass into your hands, before a play begin, with the importunate clamour of *buy a new booke*, by some needy companion, that will be glad to furnish you with worke for a turned teaster." "Before the play begins," says Decker to his gallant, "fall to cards; you may win or lose, as fencers do in a prize, and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper: notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards, having first torn four or five of them, round about the stage, just upon the *third sound*, as though you had lost."*

When tragedies were played, a special preparation was made by the actors. Instead of the ordinary tapestry, which served for either history or comedy, a piece of black baize was placed at the back of the stage—blackness being always

* Decker's Gull's Hoon-book, reprint, p. 18, note.

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held in conjunction with deeds of a tragic nature. The thought and expression is found in the "Rape of Lucrece," in the line—

"Black stage for tragedie and murthers fell";

and again in the 1st part of Henry IV., act 3, sc. 2—

"Hung be the heavens with black."

In an anonymous tragedy called "A Warning to Fair Women," published in 1599, in the Induction, this is still further confirmed. It occurs in a conversation where History thus addresses Comedy,—

"Look, *Comedie*, I mark'd it not till now,
The *stage is hung with blacke*, and I perceive
The auditors prepare for *tragedie*;"

to which Comedy replies:—

"Nay, then, I see she shall be entertain'd;
These *ornaments* beseem not thee and me."

The time of commencing the performance during the period of Shakspere's connexion with the stage was one o'clock in the day. This is shown by the following extract from Shakspere and his Times, by N. Drake. "The hours of acting, during the whole period of Shakspere's career, continued to be early in the afternoon. In 1598, we are informed by an epigram of Sir John Davies, that one o'clock was the usual time for the commencement of the play:—

"Fuscus doth rise at ten and eleven,
He goes to Gyls, where he doth stay till *one*
Then sees *a play*."*

* Vol. ii., p. 216.

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The two first regular theatres built in this country, were "The Theatre" and "The Curtain." They were in close proximity with each other, both being situated in Shoreditch. They were erected about the year 1570. "The Theatre" was called so emphatically, as a place devoted to the exhibition of dramatic representations; and "The Curtain" was so named, probably "on account of the sign there hung out, indicative of the nature of the performance within." *

In 1576 was erected "The Blackfriars Theatre," by James Burbage and others, who had obtained a patent for playing in 1574. The interdiction by the Lord Mayor and Council of London, which excluded the players from all places within their jurisdictions, led to the building of this theatre.

1576. The Theatre in Whitefriars was built about this year, and probably owes its erection to the same cause as that of Blackfriars.

In 1580 a theatre was erected at Newington Butts. It was chiefly used by the citizens of London, who flocked there in the time of summer. Many plays were presented there in 1594. The works of Christopher, or, as he was more commonly called, Kit Marlowe,—he, of the mighty line, appear to have been special favourites at this theatre.

In 1585, the "Rose" Theatre, situated on the

* Collier's *History of Ancient English Poetry and the Annals of the Stage*, vol. i., p. 340.

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Bankside, near to the foot of London bridge, was erected. The "Hope" Theatre was probably erected about the same time, and was also situated on the Bankside.

In 1588 the "Paris Garden" Theatre was erected. This was at first used for the baiting of bears; it, however, soon changed the character of its performances, for in 1592 dramatic representations were given within its walls.

In 1594, the "Globe" Theatre on the Bankside was erected. This theatre belonged to the "Blackfriars" company; the latter being their winter house, and the former their summer one. The chief pieces played at the "Globe" and "Blackfriars" Theatres were the works of Shakspere, all of whose plays were first produced at these two houses.

In 1595, the "Swan" Theatre was erected on the Bankside. In 1809, a print of this theatre was published as it appeared in 1614—it was taken from the Antwerp view in London.

In 1599, the "Fortune" Theatre was erected. It was projected by Phillip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, both being actors; the latter one being the founder of Dulwich College.

In 1603, the "Red Bull" Theatre was in the hands of the company who were playing under the name of the Queen. There seems to be no certainty about the date of its erection.

The "Blackfriars," "Cockpit," or "Phœnix,"

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and "Salisbury Court" Theatres were small ones, and they all three were built almost exactly alike for form and size. They each had a pit for the gentry, and the performances were given by candlelight. The "Globe," "Red Bull" and "Fortune" Theatres were much larger, and they were partly open to the weather, the performances always taking place in daylight.*

On and after the accession of James I. to the crown of England in 1603, matters in the dramatic world still flourished. The several companies of actors had each their own theatres in which they played: the King's servants, with whom Shakspere was associated, being at the "Globe" and "Black-

* Five of these theatres are mentioned by Randolph in his Muse's Looking Glass. It occurs in a dialogue between Mrs. Flowerdew and Bird, two puritans, who, though objecting to the the player's calling, did not object to make money by the players, serving the theatres with any of the wares they sold.

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning playhouses.
Bird. For charity; what is't?
Flow. That the *Globe*,
Wherein, quoth he, reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd; the *Phœnix* burnt to ashes;
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore; *Blackfryers*,
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of Reformation: lastly, he wish'd
The *Bull* might cross the Thames to the Bear Gardens,
And there be soundly baited.
Bird. A good prayer.
Flow. Indeed it sometimes pricks my conscience,
I come to sell them pins and looking-glasses.
Bird. I have their custom, too, for all their feathers;
'Tis fit that we which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels."

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friars"; Prince Henry's servants at the "Fortune" and the "Curtain"; while the children of the Queen's revels, played at the "Whitefriars." The "Rose," the "Hope" and the "Swan" were also occasionally used. In addition to the theatres, masques were frequently being played on marriage occasions and royal visits, no less a sum than £4,215 being paid for such entertainments during the first six years of James' reign out of the privy purse, besides large amounts from private sources. In 1610, Daniel's masque of Tethy's Festival, was produced at Whitehall at a cost of £1,636. This was followed by Ben Jonson's masque of Oberon, which cost £600 on its production.

On November 6th, 1612, Prince Henry, James' eldest son, died; but the gloom which his death spread over the court and country was soon dispersed by the splendour of the entertainments given at the following Shrovetide. George Chapman's *Memorable Mask* costing the society of Lincoln's Inn alone £1,086. 8*s*. 11*d*.

In 1613, at Christmastide still heavier expenses were incurred, Daniel's Pastoral Comedy, called Hymen's Triumph, costing the Queen upwards of £3,000. In May of this year the King's servants played at Hampton Court, Much Ado about Nothing and five other plays, for which they received £60. On June 29th, the "Globe" theatre was burnt down during the performance of a play called "All is True." It was soon rebuilt on a more extended scale, and was reopened in the year 1614.

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The apprentices of London were strong observers of the holidays of Shrovetide. On that day they used to sally forth and set themselves up as the correctors of public morals. Among other practices, now more rightly honoured in the breach than in the observance, they used to attack the houses of ill-fame, injuring their inmates and demolishing their dwellings. In their blind zeal, they connected with the immoralities of the age, dramatic representations, and in the year 1617, they made a fierce attack upon the "Cockpit" Theatre which was situated in Drury Lane. They attempted to pull it down, in which attempt they did not succeed, but they destroyed a large portion of the books and dresses, and did serious injury to the doors and windows of the building. The following ballad, quoted by Collier in his "Annals of the Stage," vol. i., pp. 402-4, gives a spirited and detailed account of the attack. It also gives the names of the leaders of this disgraceful riot.

A BALLADE IN PRAISE OF LONDON PRENTICES, AND WHAT THEY DID AT THE COCK-PITT PLAYHOUSE IN DRURY LANE.

"The Prentices of London long
Have famous beene in story,
But now they are exceeding all
Their Chronicles of glory:
Looke back, some say, to other day,
But I say, looke before ye,
And see the deed they now have done,
Tom Brent and Johnny Cory.

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Tom Brent said then to his merry men,
'Now whoop, my men, and hollow,
And to the Cockpitt let us goe,
I'll leade you like brave Rollow.'*
Then Johnny Cory answered straight,
In words much like Apollo:
'Lead, Tommy Brent, incontinent,
And we'll be sure to follow.'

Three score of these Prentices
All fit for workes of wunder
Rush'd down the plaine of Drury Lane,
Like lightning and like thunder;
And there each dore, with hundreds more,
And windows burst asunder;
And to the tire-howse broke they in,
Which some began to plunder.

'Now hold your handes, my merry men,'
Said Tom, 'for I assure ye,
Who so begin to steal shall win
Mee both for judge and jury;
And eke for executioner
Within this lane of Drury;
But tear and rend, I'll stand your friend,
And well upholde your fury.'

King Priam's robes were soon in rags,
And broke his gilded scepter;
False Cressid's hood, that was so good
When loving Troylus kept her.†
Besse Brydges' gowne, and Muli's crown,
Who would ful faine have lept her;‡
Had Theseus seene them use his queene
So ill, he had bewept her. §

* This is probably an allusion to Rollo, Duke of Normandy.

† This is probably an allusion to Shakspere's play; if so, it must have been acted surreptitiously.

‡ Bess Bridges and Mitle-sheg are characters in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West.*

§ This is either an allusion to Theseus in Shakspere's *Mid-*

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Books olde and young on heap they flung,
And burnt them in the blazes,
Tom Dekker, Haywood, Middleton
And other wand'ring crazyes;*
Poor Daye that daye not scapte awaye;
And what stil more amazes,
Immortal Cracke was burnt all blacke,
Which every bodie praises.

Now sing we laude with one accord
To these most *digni laude*,
Who thus intend to bring to end
All that is vile and bawdie.
All playes and whores, thrust out a'dores,
Seductive bothe and gawdie,
And praise wee these bold Prentices
Cum voce et cum corde."

In 1621, on the Sunday night preceding the 15th of December, the "Fortune" Theatre, in Golding Lane underwent the same fate as the "Globe" on the Bankside. The theatre was completely burnt to the ground and the whole of the stock of plays and dresses were consumed. The original theatre was square and built of wood; the new one, which was not opened till 1623, was built of brick and its shape was round.

In 1625, James the First was succeeded by his son Charles on the 27th of March. In June of the same year, Parliament passed an act prohibiting the performance of plays and interludes on Sundays.

summer Night's Dream, or else to Heywood's *Silver Age*, printed in 1613, in which the character of Theseus is introduced.

* An allusion to these authors strolling with their plays from one company to another, as they might procure purchasers.

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In 1627, so great was the popularity of the works of Shakspere among the playgoing public, that the King's players purchased the interference of the Master of the Revels to prevent the company at the "Red Bull" theatre from playing Shakspere's dramas.

In 1629, a new theatre was erected in Whitefriars, and was afterwards called the "Salisbury Court" Theatre. It was much larger than the one that formerly stood in Whitefriars. There is clear evidence, that in this year the King's players were allowed a certain amount of cloth and velvet for their use.* 1629 is also remarkable for being the year in which female performers first appeared upon the stage. The custom had long prevailed in France and Italy, and the attempt to introduce it on the English stage at this time, was not successful. On the 4th of

* The document was published by Malone from a MS. he discovered in the office of the Lord Chamberlain. It runs as follows :—

"These are to signify unto your Lordship, his Majesty's pleasure that you cause to be delivered unto his Majesty's players, whose names follow, *viz.*, John Hemmings, Joseph Taylor, Richard Robinson, John Shank, Robert Benfield, Richard Sharp, Eliard Swanson, Thomas Pollard, Antony Smith, Thomas Hobbes, William Pen, George Vernon, and James Horne, to each of them the several allowance of four yards of bastard scarlet for a cloake, and a quarter of a yard of crimson velvet for the capes, it being the usual allowance granted unto them by his Majesty every second year, and due at Easter last past. For the doing whereof these shall be your warrant. May 6th, 1629."

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November, a company of French comedians appeared at the "Blackfriars" Theatre, and the female characters were sustained by women. Reference is made to this fact in Prynne's *Histriomastex*, p. 414, by a note inserted in the margin. "Some French-women, or monsters rather, in Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the play-house in Blackfriars, an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than whorish attempt."* The French company, though unsuccessful in their first effort, made another attempt; this occurred about a fortnight after, and they chose another theatre for the purpose, *viz.*, the "Red Bull."

From 1629 large sums of money were expended by king Charles and his courtiers upon dramatic representations and upon masques. The Queen was also passionately fond of such amusements, and both she and her husband had separate companies playing at different theatres. In 1635, the King's company under Lowen and Taylor was playing at the "Globe" and "Blackfriars" theatres, and the Queen's company under Christopher Beeston was playing at the "Cockpit" theatre, in Drury Lane.

At Christmastide and Shrovetide in each year, masques and plays continued to be produced until the theatres were closed by the orders of both Houses of Parliament, in September, 1642. This

* Quoted in COLLIER'S *Annals of the Stage*, vol. ii, p. 22.

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ordinance did not succeed in stopping the acting of plays, and a further one for the better suppression was issued in October 1647. The stringent clauses which existed in this ordinance did not prevent this terrible offence against society and its morals being committed; so another ordinance was prepared, in which full power was given to the sheriffs and magistrates to destroy the interior parts of the theatres, so as to render them unfitting for such use in future. Power was also given, that all play-actors who were caught in the fact, were to be publicly whipped for the first offence, and for the second offence they were to be treated as incorrigible rogues and dealt with accordingly. Thus was the player's art and the genius of the dramatic poet sought to be trod under foot and for ever destroyed by these God-fearing men, who could see no good and acknowledge none out of Nazareth. They and their edicts have passed away, yet the drama still lives and flourishes, and will continue to flourish while English literature lives, for it is a part and parcel of the aspirations of a cultivated people,—it contains within itself the elements of indestructibility, it is founded on a knowledge of human nature, and its growth and development enhances the well-being of the human race.

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Dramatic Occurrences connected with Cambridge.

1510. In this year, on the feast of St. Margaret, the play of St. George was performed at Bassingbourn, in the County of Cambridge. Among the disbursements connected with this performance, 5*s.* 6*d.* is charged, as being paid to four minstrels, or waits, from Cambridge, for three days' services.

1557. On Sunday, the 23rd of May of this year, "my Lord of Norfolke's players, played in the hall and at the folkon."

1564. In this year,—the birth year of William Shakspere,—Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge. During her stay, she was entertained at King's College with a play "called Ezechias in English." It was written by Nicholas Udall, the author of Ralph Roister Doister,—the first English comedy that was produced.

1566. In this year the comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle was acted before the Queen at Christ College. It was written by Dr. Still, afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. It is the second

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oldest comedy in our dramatic literature. The second act opens with the following song, which is thought not to be written by the author of the comedy. It is the earliest drinking ballad of any merit in our language, possessing "a vein of ease and humour which we should not expect to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times." Mr. Dyce states, that the MS. from which he has printed the song, is certainly of an earlier date than the oldest known edition of the play. (1575.)*

"I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink,
With any that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;

* For the purpose of comparison, Mr. Dyce's version is here printed; the original style of spelling being preserved. No mention is made of the character Tyb, Gammer Gurton's maid, in the elder version, though it occurs in the one ascribed to Bishop Still. Mention is made of Kytt, but no such character is found in the comedy.

backe & syde goo bare goo bare
bothe hand & fote goo colde
but belly god sende the good ale inowghe
whether hyt be newe or old

but yf that I may have trwly
good ale my belly full

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But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I don't desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me, if I wold,

I shall looke lyke one by swete sainte Johnn
were shoron agaynste the woole
thowte I goo bare take you no care
I am nothing colde
I stuffe my skynne so full within
of joly good ale & olde

I cannot eate but lytyll meate
my stomacke ys not goode
but sure I thyncke that I cowd dryncke
with hym that werythe an hoode
dryncke is my lyfe althowghe my wyfe
some time do chyde & scolde
yet spare I not to plye the potte
of joly goode ale & olde
backe & syde, &c

I love noo roste but a browne toste
or a crabbe in the fyer
a lytyell breade shall do me steade
mooche breade I neuer desyer
nor froste nor snowe nor wynde I trow
canne hurte me yf hyt wolde
I am so wrapped within & lapped
with joly goode ale & old
backe & syde, &c

I care ryte nowghte I take no thowte
for clothes to kepe me warme
have I good dryncke I surely thyncke
nothynge canne do me harme

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I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

And Tib, my wife, that, as her life,
Loveth well good ale to seek,

for trwly than I fear noman
be he neuer so bolde
when I am armed and throwly warmed
with joly goode ale & old
backe & syde, &c

but nowe & than I curse & banne
they make ther ale so small
god geve them care and evill to faare
they stryve the malte and all.
sooche pevisshe pewe I tell yowe trwe
not for a c[r]ovne of golde
ther commethe one syppe within my lyppe
whether hyt be newe or olde
backe & syde, &c

goode ale & stronge makethe me amonge
full joconde & full lyte
that oft I slepe & take no kepe
from mornynge vntyll nyte
then starte I vppe & fle to the cuppe
the ryte waye on I holde
my thurste to staunche I fyll my paynche
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde, &c.

and kytte my wife that as her lyfe
loveth well goode ale to seke
full ofte drynkythe she that ye maye se
the tears ronne downe her cheke
then doth she troule to me the bolle

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Full oft drinks she, till you may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith "Sweetheart, I take my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

as a good malte wome sholde
& saye swete harte I have take my parte
of joly goode ale and olde
backe & syde, &c.

they that do dryncke tyll they nodde & wyncke
even as goode fellowes shulde do
they shall notte mysse to have the blysse
that goode ale hathe browghte them to
& all poor soules that skowre blacke bolles
& them hathe lustely trowlde
god save the lyves of them & ther wyves
wether they be yonge or olde
backe & syde, &c.

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1575. On the 30th of October of this year, the Privy Council wrote to the Vice-Chancellor of the University, mentioning that they had received information "of some attempts of light and decayed persons, who for lucre are minded and do seeke now adaies to devise, and set up in open places, shews of unlawful, hurtfull, pernicious and unhonest games," near to Cambridge, and they therefore commanded the Vice-Chancellor and all Justices of the Peace, whether by commission or charter, to prevent any such exhibitions either in the Town of Cambridge or within five miles around it.

1579. In this year at the Bachelors' Commencement, the tragedy of Richard III., written in Latin verse by Dr. Thomas Legge, Master of Caius College, was acted at St. John's College. Sir John Harrington, in his Apologie for Poetrie, speaks highly of the merit and powers of this play. It still exists in manuscript, a copy being in the University library and one in the library of Emmanuel College; this copy containing the names of the original actors in the play.

1580. In this year Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chancellor, stoutly recommended the Earl of Oxford's players to the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses, who, however, refused them permission to play. Their grounds of objections were of a triple nature: firstly, "that the seed, the cause, and fear of pestilence, is not yet vanished at this hot time of

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the year,"—Midsummer time; secondly, "the Commencement-time at hand, which requireth rather diligence in study than dissoluteness in plays;" and, thirdly, "that, of late, we denied that like to the right honourable the Lord Leicester, his servants."

1586. In this year a play called Richard III. was acted at Trinity College. It was written by Henry Lacey, one of the fellows, and is described as a childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play. It is extant in the Harleian collection.

1590. In this year a Latin play, Pedantius, ascribed to Matthew Wingfield, was acted at Trinity College. Of this play it is said,—"the characters are painted with a deal of spirit; more in the style of a broad farce than of genteel comedy. The play abounds with bad puns, and with allusions to particular University studies and customs, which will be, in part, payment for the labour and weariness, attendant on many of the scenes." * Alabaster's tragedy of Roxana was played too in this year at Trinity College. The writer before quoted, says,—this play "was acted several times in Trinity College Hall, and so admirably and so pathetically, that a gentlewoman present thereat, upon hearing the last words, 'sequar, sequar,' so hideously pronounced, fell distracted and never after recovered her senses." In this year also, a play called Lelia was acted at Queens' College.

* Retrospective Review, xii., pp. 17, 18.

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1592. In this year the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge and other Justices of the Peace, on the 1st day of September, did issue a warrant for the prevention of play-acting. They complained of "that certain persons lately repayred unto the University and Town of Cambridge, having in purpose, either there or in some other place there nere unto, by the shewing of certain interludes, Plaies or Tragedies, to procure the assemblie of her Majesty's subjects and people," and they directed that none should give harbour or allow the players, 'yardes, rooms or houses' at their peril. This did not prevent the performances being given; and on the 8th of the same month, the Vice-Chancellor again wrote to the Privy Council, reciting the letter of October, 1575. Ten days after, the Privy Council was again written to, and all demands made by the authorities were conceded. The Vice-Chancellor was to have full power in the Town of Cambridge, and for a circuit of five miles round it, to put down all interludes and plays. In December of this year, the authorities of the University received a command from London, to get up a comedy in English, for the amusement of the Queen. This seems a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Privy Council, who but three months prior had charged the University to prohibit the art of acting within their district. The University asked for the play to be in Latin, but neither an English nor a Latin comedy was performed.

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1593. In this year the University again applied for the inhibition against players to be renewed, but no notice was taken thereof by the Privy Council.

1594. In this year two comedies and a tragedy were performed at Trinity College. At Queens' College a comedy was also performed.

1595. In this year a comedy was acted at King's College, and created a great disturbance, owing to certain members of the University being excluded from the performance. The rioters were summoned before the Vice-Chancellor and discharged on their making good the damage done, amounting to fifty-eight shillings and fourpence.

1596. In this year on the 3rd day of January, a Latin comedy, entitled Sylvanus, was acted at Cambridge. In the same year, a play called Hispanus was also acted. It is not known in which College these plays were acted, nor are the names of the authors known. Manuscript copies were in the hands of the late Mr. Douce, the Shaksperean commentator.

1597. In this year the play of "Machiavellus was acted, probably at St. John's, as it was written by D. Wiburne, a fellow of the College; in which play there is a Jew, but very unlike Shylock. He is a shrewd intriguing fellow, of considerable humour, who to obtain possession of a girl, puts a number of tricks on the Machiavel of the piece, and generally outwits him." *

* Retrospective Review, xii., p. 23, quoted in Cooper's *Annals*, vol. ii., p. 585.

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Also, in this year, some young scholars of the University, who thought themselves wronged by some acts of the townsmen towards them, determined to have their revenge by means of a comedy which they wrote, in which the habits, gestures, language, oddities and vanities of the burgesses and corporation were shown up. The comedy was called Club Law, and was acted at Clare Hall. The Mayor and Corporation attended the performance by invitation, and soon found themselves placed in a painful and degraded position, by the abuse which the actors bestowed upon them, and by their habits and manners being burlesqued. The seats in the hall were so arranged that the Mayor and Corporation could not leave till the performance was over, so they were compelled to sit and see the whole of it. This offence against the authorities of the town was complained of, and the principal actors therein were reprimanded by the authorities of the University.

1602. In this year the Return from Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony, a satirical play in English, was acted at St. John's College, during the Christmastide.

1609. In this year the students of Trinity College made an attack upon some members of St. John's College, who came to witness the performance of some comedies in Trinity. Many of the members of St. John's College were severely injured; and a complaint was lodged in the

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Vice-Chancellor's Court against the stage-keepers by the Fellows and Students of St. John's. Sixty witnesses were examined in the case, but no decision is recorded.

1614. In the spring of this year, king James I. was at Cambridge several days. On the first two days he was entertained with two Latin plays, called Æmilia and Ignoramus; both these plays being acted in Trinity College Hall. On the following day, in the same place was represented Tompkin's Albumarar, a comedy. John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carlton, says, that it was "of Trinity College action and invention, but there was no great matter in it more than one good clown's part." Also in this year a comedy called The Piscatory, was acted before the University in King's College. The play of Melanthe, written by Mr. Brookes of Trinity College, was played before the King on March 10th.

1615. In this year was acted before the University, "Exchange Ware at the Second Hand; *viz.*, Band, Ruffe and Cuffe, lately out, and now newly darned up; or, a Dialogue."

1616. In this year an interlude, entitled "Work for Cutlers; or a merry Dialogue between Sword, Rapier and Dagger," was performed in the University. The author is unknown, and the work "may be classed among the very scarcest of the early English dramas."

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1627. In this year a Latin play called Paria, written by Thomas Vincent, was acted at Trinity College, on the 3rd day of March.

1631. In this year, the play of Zeno, written by one Lemon, was acted in the University. Also, in this year, the play of Pedantius was acted at Trinity College.

1637. In this year the play of Valetudinarian, was acted at Queens' College. Its author was one William Johnson, a fellow of that society.

1638. In this year on the 10th of February, was acted at Trinity College, the play of Naufraguim Joculare, written by Abraham Cowley.

1641. In this year the comedy of the Guardian, written by Abraham Cowley, was played before Prince Charles, on the 12th of March, in Trinity College Hall.

1701. In this year the Mayor and Corporation gave permission to a company of actors to play during Sturbridge fair. This act aroused the ire of the University authorities, for on the 4th of September the Senate passed a grace, enacting that "the privileges of the University should be defended and vindicated at the public charge." Sixty-two Masters of Arts were sworn in as proctors during the fair. Doggett, the actor, was sent to gaol by Dr. Bentley, the Vice-Chancellor; and the booth built to be used as a theatre was destroyed by the learned doctor's orders.*

* It would appear that the performance of plays at Sturbridge

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1748. In this year a company of players from the London theatres performed a pantomime, called Harlequin's Frolics; or, Jack Spaniard caught in a Trap, in Hussey's great theatrical booth, the upper end of Garlic row, in Sturbridge fair.

1762. In this year at Sturbridge fair there were several companies of comedians, Mrs. Barker's among the number, and this establishment was a very respectable one. It had for its clown one Lewey Owen, a "young man of good family, full of eccentric wit and grace, which continually excited broad grins." The celebrated Mrs. Inchbald was a performer at this fair. There was also a large theatrical booth, occupied by a respectable company of comedians from Norwich, under the management of Mr. Bailey, formerly a merchant of London.

1780. About this year the first permanent Theatre, near Cambridge, was erected on Sturbridge Fair green. It was built by Mr. Humfrey, and had for its first manager Mr. Griffiths, who was succeeded by Mr. Barritt, then by Mr. J. C. Hindes, and after him Mr. John Brunton, whose daughter ultimately became the Countess of Craven.

fair was soon after connived at, for in a poem, entitled "The Long Vacation, a Satyr addressed to all disconsolate Traders," are these lines (Lond. 1708):—

> "The actors, too, must take the pleasant air,
> To Oxford some, to Sturbridge some repair,
> And quite debauch the hopeful students there."*

* Quoted in Cooper's *Annals*, vol. iv., p. 46.

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1790. A brick and tile booth, formerly used by Mr. John Palmer,* of Drury Lane, when visiting Sturbridge fair with his troop of comedians, was this year converted into a theatre. It, however, stood but one or two years. In this year also a theatre was erected by Mr. Charles Day, opposite to Parker's piece, about the spot where the front gates of Downing College now stand. No performances were ever given in this building, owing to Mr. Day being unable to obtain a licence or permission. It received the name of "Charley Day's Folly," and stood for several years, until it was much damaged by a gale of wind, when it was pulled down.

1802. In this year a false alarm of fire was given at the Theatre, at Sturbridge Fair, on the 27th of September. Four persons—three girls and one boy—were trampled to death, and many other persons were injured. The manager, Mr. J. C. Hindes offered a reward of one hundred guineas for the discovery of the perpetrators of the crime; but the miscreants were never discovered.

1806. In this year the old theatre at Stur-

* Bannister being at Sturbridge with John Palmer, on the first night of performing, it rained very hard, and came in great quantities through the rafters into the theatre, which alarmed the manager, who was regaling himself at the inn with some metropolitan friends; he rushed into Bannister's dressing room, and inquired with much eagerness, how the house stood as to company; when Charles replied, "Zounds, Jack, don't be frightened, we have as good a house as you can wish; don't you see, man, that we *overflow* already."

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bridge Fair green was pulled down in consequence of its being considered unsafe.

1808. A new theatre was built by Mr. Charles Humfrey, in that part of Barnwell, which is situated in the parish of St. Benedict. It stood by the side of the Sun public-house. It was opened on the 19th of September, and its manager was Mr. Brunton, who was succeeded by Mr. Wilkin.

1815. A new theatre—the present one—was built by Mr. Wilkin, and opened on the 19th of September, owing to the one in the parish of St. Benedict falling into disuse. Mr. J. Smith was manager at the opening season, and became lessee in the season of 1827.

1833. In this year a small theatre was erected in Sparrow's Yard, Jesus Lane. It was used for amateur performances; and after a few years' dramatic service, it was converted into stables. The premises are now occupied by Mr. John Death.

1837. In this year Mr. G. Smith became lessee and manager of the theatre.

1846. In this year Mr. Davenport became lessee and manager of the theatre.

1849. For this year only, Mr. Joseph Clarance, comedian, now Mr. Clarance Holt, tragedian, was lessee and manager of the theatre.

1850. In this year Mr. E. Hooper became lessee and manager of the theatre.

1863. Mr. E. Hooper, lessee, Miss Helen Paget, manager, of the theatre.

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1864. Mr. E. Hooper, lessee, Mr. J. Coleman, manager, of the theatre.

1865. Mrs. Hooper, lessee, Mr. J. Coleman, manager of the theatre.

1866. Mrs. Hooper, lessee, Mr. A. Davis, manager, of the theatre.

1867. Mrs. Hooper, lessee, Mr. W. E. Mills, manager, of the theatre.

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A LIST OF THE

STAR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES,

WHO HAVE VISITED CAMBRIDGE.

THE system of having star-actors in Cambridge, appears not to have been introduced till the year 1828. The following list embraces the names of all those who have appeared, and the various parts they have sustained since the above-mentioned year, down to the close of the dramatic season of 1867.

The first of the class of star-actors that appeared, and one among the noblest of them all, was Mr. W. C. Macready, who was most worthily followed by Miss Foote, Mr. Tyrone Power, Miss Ellen Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the elder Vandenhoff, and Mr. Charles Kemble; the last two actors, in their particular department, have probably never been excelled. It falleth not within the province of this slight dramatic chronicle to compare the quality of the later stars with those of a former date. Comparisons

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at all times, they say, are odious, but they could never be more so, than in the present instance. Opinions differ as to the relative quality of actors, and therefore to seek to point out by comparison, the great difference which probably exists between those who now indulge in starring tours with those who preceded them, would awaken recollections that might not be favourable, and we must therefore solace ourselves with the thought that—

> "A substitute shines brightly as a king,
> Until a king be by."

1828. On Monday, September 15, Mr. W. C. Macready appeared for the first time in Cambridge as Virginius; on Tuesday, as Othello; on Wednesday, as William Tell; on Thursday, as Macbeth; on Friday, as Pierre, in Venice Preserved; and on Saturday, as William Tell.

1829. On Monday, Miss Foote appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Letitia Hardy, in The Belle's Stratagem, and Arinette, in The Little Jockey; on Tuesday, as Violante, in The Wonder, and Zephyrina, in The Lady and the Devil; on Wednesday, as Rosalind, in As You Like It, and Maria Darlington, in A Roland for an Oliver; on Thursday, as Lady Teazle, in the School for Scandal; on Friday, as Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing, and Moggy MacGilpin, in the Highland Reel; and on Saturday, as

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Donna Olivia, in A Bold Stroke for a Husband, and Arinette, in The Little Jockey.

1830. On Wednesday, September 15th, Mr. T. Power appeared for the first time as Dennis Brulgruddery, in John Bull, and Teddy, in Teddy the Tiler; on Thursday, as Larry, in More Blunders than One, and Dr. O'Toole, in The Irish Tutor and Teddy; on Friday, as Allessandro Massaroni, in The Brigand and Larry; on Saturday, as Captain Dennis O'More, in Etiquette Run Mad, and Dr. O'Toole; on Monday, as Larry O'Gig, in The Robber's Wife, and Captain Dennis O'More; and on Tuesday, as Paddy O'Raffarty, in An Irishman's Fortune, Teddy, and Alessandro Massaroni, in The Brigand. In this year Mr. Elton made his first appearance in Cambridge; being engaged as the leading actor for the season.

1831. On Saturday, September 17, Mr. T. Power appeared as Cornelius O'Dedimus, in Man and Wife and Paddy O'Raffarty, in an Irishman's Fortune; on Monday, as Colonel O'Dillon, in Married Lovers, and Pat Rooney, in The Omnibus; on Tuesday, as Captain Dennis O'More, in Etiquette Run Mad, and Teddy, in Teddy the Tiler; on Wednesday, as Dennis Brulgruddery and Dr. O'Toole, in The Irish Tutor; on Thursday, as Larry, in More Blunders than One, and Pat Rooney, in The Omnibus; and on Friday, as Major O'Flaherty, in The West Indian, and Looney Mactwolter, in The Review.

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1832. On Monday, September 17, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the celebrated singers, appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Hawthorn and Rosina, in Love in a Village; on Tuesday as Henry Bertram and Julia Mannering, in Guy Mannering; on Wednesday, as Malcolm and Zelinda, in The Slave; on Thursday as Francis Osbaldiston and Diana Vernon, in Rob Roy, and Tom Tug and Wilhelmina, in the Waterman; on Friday, as Count Belino and Countess Rosalvina, in The Devil's Bridge, and Steady and Gillian, in The Quaker; and on Saturday, Count Almaviva and Rosina, in The Barber of Seville, and Tom Tug and Wilhelmina, in The Waterman.

Mr. Gray, famous in old men, made his first appearance at Cambridge this year.

1833. On Monday, September 16, Mr. Sheridan Knowles and Miss Ellen Tree appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Julian San Pierre and Mariana, in The Wife; on Tuesday, as Master Walter and Julia, in The Hunchback and Maria Darlington, in A Roland for an Oliver; on Wednesday as William Tell and Emma, in William Tell; on Thursday, as Jaques and Rosalind, in As You Like It, and Mrs. Simpson, in Simpson and Co.; on Friday, as Julian St. Pierre and Mariana, in The Wife, and Christine, in The Youthful Queen; and on Saturday, as Master Walter and Julia, in The Hunchback. On Friday, September 27 (being under the patronage of the Garrick Club), Mr. Knowles sustained the part of Virginius.

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1834. On Monday, September 15, Mr. Vandenhoff appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Coriolanus; on Tuesday, as Hamlet; on Wednesday, as Octavian, in The Mountaineers, and Petruchio, in Katharine and Petruchio; on Thursday, as Lucius Junius Brutus, in Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin; on Friday, as Macbeth; and on Saturday, as Cato, and Young Wilding, in The Liar.

1835. On Monday, September 14, Mr. Charles Kemble appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Hamlet; on Tuesday as Benedick; on Wednesday as Mercutio, in Romeo and Juliet, and Colonel Freelove, in a A Day after the Wedding; on Thursday, as Octavian, in The Mountaineers and Petruchio, in Katharine and Petruchio; on Friday, as The Stranger; and on Saturday, as Charles Surface, in The School for Scandal, and King Charles, in Charles II.

1836. On Tuesday, September 13, Mr. William Farren appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Lord Ogleby, in Clandestine Marriage, and Uncle John, in a farce of that name; on Wednesday as Mr. Samuel Coddle, in Married Life, and Uncle Foozle, in that farce; on Thursday as Erasmus Bookworm, in The Scholar, Guy Goodluck, Esq., in John Jones, and Michel Perrin, in Secret Service; on Friday, as Beau Shatterly, in Married and Single, Phillipe Galliarde, in The Soldier of 102, and Nicholas Flam, in The Attor-

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ney at Law; and on Saturday, as Sir Peter Teazle, in The School for Scandal, Hectic, in Petticoat Government, and Uncle Foozle.

1837. On Wednesday, September 13, Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Hamlet; on Thursday, as Othello; on Friday, as Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Richard III.; on Saturday, as Rolla, in Pizarro; on Monday, as Romeo; on Tuesday, as Sir Edmund Mortimer, in The Iron Chest, and Martin Heywood, in The Rent Day; and on Wednesday, as Ion, in Ion, and William, in Black-eyed Susan. During this season Messrs. Elsegood and Partridge, with their celebrated dogs, Neptune and Carlo, appeared for four nights.

1838. On Monday, September 17, Mr. W. Farren appeared as Squire Broadlands, in The Country Squire, Admiral Kingston, in Naval Engagements, and Sir Paul Pagoda, in The Bengal Tiger; on Tuesday, as Sir Peter Teazle, in The School for Scandal; Griffenhoof, in Shocking Events and Uncle Foozle; on Wednesday, as Sir Anthony Absolute, in The Rivals, Sir Rose Bloomly, in You can't Marry your Grandmother, and Mr. Pringle, in Mr. and Mrs. Pringle; on Thursday, as Lord Ogleby, in Clandestine Marriage, Pierre Galliarde, in The Soldier of 102, and Oddbody, in Advice Gratis; on Friday, Michel Perrin, in Secret Service, Guy Goodluck, Esq., in John Jones, Admiral Kingston, in Naval Engage-

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ments, and Sir Paul Pagoda, in The Bengal Tiger; and on Saturday, as Squire Broadlands, in The Country Squire, Hectic, in Petticoat Government and Uncle John.

1839. In this year Mr. G. V. Brooke paid his second visit to Cambridge, continuing throughout the dramatic season, and during his engagement he sustained the following parts:—on Monday, September 16, he appeared as Claude Melnotte, in The Lady of Lyons; on Tuesday, as Othello; on Wednesday, as James Fitzjames, in The Lady of the Lake; on Thursday, as William, in Black-eyed Susan; on Friday, as Reuben Glenroy, in Town and Country; on Saturday, as Captain Wildlove, in The Lady and the Devil; on Tuesday, as Gambia, in The Slave; on Friday, as Octavian, in The Mountaineers; on Saturday, as Henry, in Speed the Plough; on Monday, as Romeo; on Wednesday, as Rob Roy; on Thursday, as Martin Heywood, in The Rent Day; on Friday, as Claude Melnotte; on Saturday, as Hamlet; on Monday, as Sir Thomas Clifford, in The Hunchback; on Tuesday, as Miles Bertram, in The Wreck Ashore; on Friday as Ion; and on Saturday, Ocobter 12, Orlando, in As You Like It, and Petruchio, in Katharine and Petruchio.

1840. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft and Mr. Shrivall appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, on Monday, September 14, as Henry Bertram, Guy Mannering and Julia Mannering, in Guy

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Mannering, and Maria and Frederick, in No; on Tuesday, as Count Belino and Countess Rosalvina, in The Devil's Bridge, and Macheath and Polly, in The Beggar's Opera; on Wednesday, as Count Rodolpho, Elvino and Amina, in La Somnambula, and Tom Tug, in The Waterman; on Thursday as Francis Osbaldiston and Diana Vernon, in Rob Roy, and Count Rodolpho, Elvino and Amina, in La Somnambula; on Friday, as Hawthorn, Young Meadows and Rosetta, in Love in a Village, and Count Rodolpho, Elvino and Amina; and on Saturday, as Hela, Donald and Eolia, in the second act of The Mountain Sylph, Macheath and Polly, in the first act of The Beggar's Opera, Count Rodolpho, Elvino and Amina, in third act of La Somnambula, and Fiorello, Figaro and Rosina, in the first act of The Barber of Seville.

In this year, also, Mr. F. Vining, on Monday, September 28, appeared as Rover, in Wild Oats, and Jack Bunce, in Chaos is come Again; on Tuesday, as Benedick; on Wednesday, as The Stranger and Jack Bunce; on Thursday, as Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal, and Charles Euston, in The Happiest Man Alive; on Friday, as Gossamer, in Laugh When you Can, and Colonel Freelove, in A Day after the Wedding; and on Saturday, as Reuben Glenroy, in Town or Country, and Lord Duke's Servant, in High Life Below Stairs.

Mr. H. Mellon made his first appearance in Cambridge during this season.

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1841. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Land, and Messrs. Roberts and Brough appeared on Monday, September 13, as Elvino, Mr. Wood, Count Rodolpho, Mr. Brough, Amina and Lisa, in La Somnambula, and Robin, Mr. Brough, and Margaretta, Miss Land, in No Song No Supper; on Tuesday, as Fra Diavolo, Lord Allcash, Beppo, Zerlina and Lady Allcash, in Fra Diavolo, and Captain Fitzroy, Mr. Brough, and Norah, Miss Land, in The Poor Soldier; on Wednesday, as Hawthorn, Mr. Wood, Eustace, Mr. Roberts, Rosetta and Lucinda, in Love in a Village, and Captain Belville, Mr. Brough, and Rosina, Miss Land, in Rosina; on Thursday, as Fra Diavolo, Lord Allcash, Beppo, Zerlina, and Lady Allcash and Steady, Mr. Wood, and Gillian, Mrs. Wood, in The Quaker; on Friday, as Elvino, Count Rodolpho, Amina and Lisa, in La Somnambula, and Tom Tug and Wilhelmina, in The Waterman; and on Saturday, as Figaro, Mr. Roberts, and Rosina, Miss Land, in The Barber of Seville, and Grindoff, Mr. Brough, Count Friburg, Mr. Roberts, in The Miller and his Men.

On Monday, September 20, Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared as Rob Roy; on Tuesday, as Hamlet; on Wednesday, as Claude Melnotte; and on Thursday, as The Chevalier Mauprat, in Richelieu.

On Wednesday, September 29th of this year, Monsieur Goufe, the celebrated man-monkey per-

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former, was engaged. For six nights during his engagement the legitimate went hand-in-hand with an imitation of the lower animals, the peculiar manner of the monkey tribe being well aped by the human performer.

1842. Miss F. Vining, afterwards Mrs. Charles Gill, was engaged for a limited number of nights, but she stayed the whole of the season, which commenced on Tuesday, September 13th, and terminated on October 15. Among the principal characters sustained by this lady, may be mentioned, Pauline Deschapelles, in the Lady of Lyons; Mariana, in The Wife; Juliet, Rosalind, Portia, Julia Faulkener, in The Way to Get Married; Lady Teazle, Adela, in Edric the Forester; Isabelle, in Isabelle, or Woman's Life; and Pamela Speedweasel, in The Bubbles of a Day. Miss Grant, the singer, and Mr. and Mrs. Power, dancers, were engaged for the season.

1843. On Monday, September 11, Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster appeared as Madeline, in St. Mary's Eve; Leila and Baron Ravenspurg, in The Woman Hater; and Mathilde de Merie, in The French Spy; on Tuesday, as Count St. Louis and Sir James Courtall, in Foreign Affairs, Louisson and Michel, in Louisson, and Madeline, in St. Mary's Eve; on Wednesday, as Marie Ducange and Prong, in Marie Ducange, Leila and Baron Ravenspurg and Mathilde de Merie; on Thursday, as Count St. Louis and Sir James

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Courtall, in Foreign Affairs, Mr. Dulcimer Pipes, in The Double-bedded Room, and Marie Ducange and Prong, in Marie Ducange; on Friday, as Theresa and Serjeant Austerlitz, in The Maid of Croissey, Suzanne and Brimsley Bounceley, in Suzanne, Mr. Dulcimer Pipes, and Leila and Baron Ravenspurg; and on Saturday, as Maurice and Frank, in The Child of the Wreck, Mr. Dulcimer Pipes, and Count St. Louis, and Sir James Courtall in Foreign Affairs. On Monday, October 9, Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster came down to play for Mr. G. Smith's benefit, appearing as Maurice and Frank, in The Child of the Wreck, Leila and Baron Ravenspurg, and Count St. Louis and Sir James Courtall.

Mrs. C. Gill was engaged for a few nights this season, sustaining the following parts: Mariana, in The Wife; Miss Hardcastle, in She Stoops to Conquer; Pauline Deschapelles, in The Lady of Lyons; Rosalind, in As You Like It; and Helen, in Sir Roger de Coverly.

1844. On Monday, September 16, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Beverley, in The Gamester; on Tuesday, as Hamlet and Ophelia; on Wednesday, as Claude Melnotte and Pauline Deschapelles; on Thursday, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; on Friday, as Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Colley Cibber hash of Richard III.; and on Saturday, as The Stranger and Mrs. Haller, and Duke Aranza and Juliana, in The Honeymoon.

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Mrs. C. Gill was engaged for a limited number of nights, appearing on October 1, as Letitia Hardy, in The Belle's Stratagem. The other parts sustained by this lady during her engagement, were, Miranda, in The Tempest; Julia, in The Hunchback; Emily, in Laugh when you Can; Clari, in The Maid of Milan; and Widow Cheerly, in The Soldier's Daughter.

1845. On Monday, September 22, Mr. W. C. Macready was announced for Hamlet, but, owing to ill-health, he was unable to appear. He was again announced for the same part on the following Wednesday, but he did not appear.

1846. On Monday, September 14, Mademoiselle Cerito, the celebrated dancer, and Monsieur St. Leon, appeared in their Terpsichorean entertainment. During the season, the leading business was sustained by Miss Davenport, the daughter of the manager.

1847. Miss Davenport throughout this season, again played the leading female characters.

1848. On Wednesday, January 26, Mrs. Butler, late Miss Fanny Kemble, appeared as Julia, in The Hunchback. In the summer of this year, Messrs. Nelson Lee and Johnson's company, played for a fortnight, in a booth on Butt Green, and were exceedingly well patronised.

1848. On Monday, September 11th, Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster appeared as Amy and Brassey Popjoy, in The Harvest Home, and Leila and Baron Ravenspurg, in the Woman

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Hater; on Tuesday, as The Mysterious Stranger and Crequet, in The Mysterious Stranger, and Helen de Montereau and Captain San Souci, in Flying Colours; on Wednesday, as Amy and Brassey Popjoy, in The Harvest Home, and Helen de Montereau and Captain San Souci, in Flying Colours; on Thursday, as Cynthia, in The Flowers of the Forest, and Leila and Baron Ravenspurg, in The Woman Hater; on Friday, as Miami and Master Grinnidge, in The Green Bushes, and Helen de Montereau and Captain San Souci; and on Saturday, as Lavater, in Lavater; Miami and Master Grinnidge, in second act only of The Green Bushes, and The Mysterious Stranger and Crequet, in The Mysterious Stranger. On Thursday, September 21st, Miss Helen Faucit appeared as Pauline Deschapelles. On Friday, September 29th, Mr. W. Farren appeared as Old Rapid, in in The Cure for the Heart-ache, and Larose in Past and Present; and on Saturday, as Sir Peter Teazle and Grandfather Whitehead. On Monday, October 9, a new play, written by W. P. Isaacson, Esq., of Newmarket, called Alice, or The Rye House Plot, was produced.

1849. No stars of any magnitude visited the theatre this season, Mr. Joseph Clarance, the manager, being content with his stock company, led by Mr. H. Phillips.

1850. On Monday, September 9, Mr. Ira Aldridge, the coloured tragedian, appeared for the

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first time in Cambridge, as Othello, and Mungo, in The Padlock; on Tuesday, as Gambia, in The Slave, and Ginger Blue, in The Virginian Mummy; on Wednesday, as Mungo, and Karfa, in Obi, or Three-fingered Jack; on Thursday, the same pieces were repeated; on Friday, as Zanga, in Revenge; and Ginger Blue; on Monday, as Othello; on Tuesday, as Bertram; and Friday, in Robinson Crusoe; on Wednesday, as Antoine, in The Savage of the Rocks, and Friday; on Thursday, as Shylock and Antoine; on Friday, as Gambia and Friday; and on Saturday, as Alessandro Massaroni, in The Brigand, Ginger Blue, and Orson, in Valentine and Orson. The Boleno family were also engaged during this season.

1851. Circus business first introduced by the lessee and manager, Mr. Hooper, by the engagement of Herr Deulin and his troop of performing dogs and monkeys, who appeared on Monday, September 8, and the five following nights. On Monday, September 15, Mrs. C. Gill appeared as Juliet, in Romeo and Juliet, on Tuesday, as Pauline Deschapelles, and Katharine Kloper, in The Pas de Fascination; on Wednesday, as Julia, in The Hunchback; on Thursday, as Pauline Deschapelles; on Friday, as Rosalind, in As You Like It, and Juliana, in The Honeymoon, and on Saturday, as Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger, and Mary, in Mary the Maid of the Inn.

1852. In this year, the lessee, Mr. Hooper,

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reduced the prices of admission to the theatre to what they now are, *viz.*, dress circle 3*s.*, upper boxes 2*s.*, pit 1*s.*, and gallery 6*d.* The leading business during this season was played by Mr. John Coleman, being his first appearance in Cambridge.

1853. The Lyceum company played for twelve nights, commencing August 15th. The company was composed of Messrs. F. Matthews, F. Robinson, Morgan, Rivers, Williams, Templeton, and R. Roxby, and Mrs. F. Matthews, and the Misses M. Oliver, Martindale, Stephens and Wadham. During this season, Mr. Eliot Galer was engaged for a few nights, as was also Mrs. C. Gill.

On Tuesday October 4, Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared as Othello. He was supported by Mr. C. Pitt, as Iago, Mr. Pauncefort, as Cassio, Mr. Tilbury, as Brabantio, Mr. J. Howard, as Roderigo, Mrs. Hooper, as Emilia, and Miss Rosa Bennett, as Desdemona. On Saturday, October 9, Mr. H. Widdicomb was announced as Brutus Hairbrain, in the farce of The Middle Temple, but he did not appear.

1854. The theatre was opened for a short summer season, commencing June 12th. On Monday, Mr. Wright appeared as Paul Pry and Mr. Bobtail, in My Precious Betsy; on Tuesday, as Mr. Brassey Popjoy, in The Harvest Home, and Simmons, in The Spitalfields Weaver; on Wednesday, as Mr. Brassey Popjoy, and John Downey,

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in Seeing Wright; on Thursday, as Paul Pry and Billy Downey, in The Unfinished Gentleman; on Friday, as Billy Lackaday, in Sweethearts and Wives, Simmons, in The Spitalfields Weaver, and Mr. Honeybun, in Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell; and on Saturday, as Mr. Felix Fluffy, in Mother and Child are Doing Well, Mr. Bobtail and John Downey. During this season, Mr. G. V. Brooke was engaged for three nights. On Thursday, October 12, he appeared as Hamlet; on Friday, as Claude Melnotte; and on Saturday, as Sir Giles Overreach, in A New Way to pay Old Debts.

1855. Mr. Charles Pitt was engaged for the first three weeks of this season, playing a round of Shaksperean and other characters, embracing Romeo, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III., Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Charles De Moor, Ingomar, Louis XI., Julian, St. Pierre, Claude Melnotte, &c. Miss Edith Heraud was also engaged for a limited number of nights, sustaining the following parts: Olympia, in Wife or no Wife; Pauline Deschapelles; Mariana, in The Wife; Portia; Parthenia, in Ingomar; Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger; and Katharine, in Katharine and Petruchio.

On Wednesday, September 19th, Mr. Charles Matthews appeared as Mr. Affable Hawk, in The Game of Speculation, and Captain Patter, in Patter *v.* Clatter; on Thursday, as Sir Charles

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Coldstream, in Used Up, and Sam Naggins, in Aggravating Sam; on Friday, as Harry Jasper, in A Bachelor of Arts, and Twiggleton, in A Curious Case; and on Saturday, as Plumper, in Cool as a Cucumber, Citizen Sangfroid, in Delicate Ground, and Captain Patter.

On Monday, October 1st, Mr. Wright and Mr. Paul Bedford appeared, as Paul Pry, in Paul Pry, and Mr. Bobtail and Mr. Wagtail, in My Precious Betsy; on Tuesday, as Blaze, and Mr. Bonassus, in Victorine, and John Downey, and Mr. Christopher Violet, in Seeing Wright; on Wednesday, as Mr. Brassey Popjoy, and Peeps, in The Harvest Home, and Mr. Felix Fluffy and Lieutenant O'Scupple, in Mother and Child are doing Well; on Thursday, as Marmaduke Magog and Captain Grampus, in The Wreck Ashore, and Mr. Bobtail and Mr. Wagtail; on Friday, as Fergusson Trotter, Esq., and Bob Smithers, in The Model Farm, Chesterfield Honeybun, and Slasher and Crasher, in Slasher and Crasher; and on Saturday, as Fergusson Trotter, Esq., and Bob Smithers, and Brassey Popjoy and Peeps.

1856. On Monday, September 10, Mrs. Emma Waller, the Australian actress, and her husband, Mr. D. W. Waller, appeared as Julia and Master Walter, in The Hunchback; on Tuesday, as Pauline Deschapelles and Claude Melnotte, in The Lady of Lyons; and on Wednesday, as Lady Gay Spanker, in London Assurance, Kate O'Brien and Charles Paragon, in Perfection.

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1857. During this season no stars of any magnitude illuminated our theatrical world, the manager, Mr. E. Hooper, being content with his stock company, led by Mr. Watkins Young. On Friday, October 9th, the leading lady, Mrs. Mayland, appeared as Hamlet.

1858. On Monday, the 6th of June, the theatre was opened for one week by the London Opera Company, composed of the following artistes:—Messrs. Eliot Galer, J. Manley, H. Corri, J. Bowler, F. Hall, O. Summers and May, and the Misses F. and H. Mortimer, Thirlwall, F. Reeves, and F. Raymond. On Monday, August 2nd, the theatre was opened for two weeks by a dramatic musical company. Miss Rebecca Isaacs was the principal singer engaged. On Monday, September 6th, Mr. J. Coleman, that "bright particular star," and Miss Edith Aitken, were engaged for twelve nights, appearing in Catharine Howard, Hamlet, Macbeth, The Wife, Violet, The School for Scandal, and The Bride of Lammermoor. On Monday, September 20th, Sir William Don appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Mr. Dove, in Married Life, and Small, in Whitebait at Greenwich; on Tuesday, as Tom Ripstone, in The Evil Genius, and Cousin Joe, in The Rough Diamond; on Wednesday, as Mr. Aminidab Sleek, in The Serious Family, and Bob Tickle, in An Alarming Sacrifice; on Thursday, as Sir Charles Coldstream, in Used Up, and Box, in Box and Cox; and on

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Saturday, as Toby Twinkle, in All that Glitters is not Gold, Box and Cousin Joe.

1859. On Thursday, June 9th, the theatre was opened by an Opera company for three nights only. On Monday, June 13th, the Sadler Wells company opened for six nights. The two principal artists among this company, were Mr. F. Robinson and Miss Eburne. On the opening of the theatre for the regular season, Mr. J. Coleman and Miss Kate Saville were engaged for twelve nights. They appeared in Romeo and Juliet, The Lady of Lyons, Belphegor, Grimaldi, Catharine Howard, and Ingomar. On Monday, September 19th, Mr. Ira Aldridge appeared as Othello; on Tuesday, as Gambia, in The Slave, and Mungo, in The Padlock; on Wednesday, as Shylock, and Ginger Blue, in The Virginian Mummy; on Thursday, as Othello, and Jeronymo, in Stage Mad; on Friday, as King Lear and Ginger Blue; and on Saturday, as Macbeth and Mungo.

1860. On Monday, August 20th, Mr. Proctor, an American tragedian appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, as Othello; on Tuesday, as Richelieu; on Wednesday, as Ingomar; on Thursday, as Macbeth; on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, as Nick of the Woods; on Tuesday and Wednesday, as Jack Cade; on Thursday, as Nick of the Woods; on Friday, as Damon, in Damon and Pythias, and Earl Desmond, in The Avenger; and on Saturday, as Earl Desmond. On Monday,

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September 3rd, Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, as Hester Grazebrook, in The Unequal Match; on Tuesday, as Julia, in The Hunchback; Wednesday, as Hester Grazebrook. She was announced for Pauline Deschapelles on the Thursday evening, but meeting with an accident, she was unable to play the part. On Friday, she appeared as Miss Vandeleur, in Does he Love Me, and Peg Woffington, in Masks and Faces; and on Saturday she gave various readings from Tennyson, &c. On Monday, September 10th, Miss Julia Daly, an American actress, appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, as Pamelia, in Our Female American Cousin; on Tuesday, as the same; on Wednesday, as Biddy, in The Irish Girl in America, and Caroline Morton, in Our Gal; on Thursday, the same; on Friday, as Betty Saunders, in The Fool of the Family, and Letty Duster and other parts, in In and Out of Place; and on Saturday, as Kate O'Brien, in Perfection, and Betty Saunders. On Monday, September 17, Mr. Charles Dillon appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, as Belphegor; on Tuesday, as Macbeth; on Thursday, as Belphegor, and D'Artagnan, in The Three Musqueteers; and on Friday, as Othello. On Monday, September 24th, Miss Edith Aitken appeared, as Juliet; on Wednesday, as Miss Hardcastle, in She Stoops to Conquer; on Thursday, as Pauline Deschapelles; on Friday, as Mrs.

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Charles Torrens, in The Serious Family; and on Saturday, as Mrs. Haller, in The Stranger. On Monday, October 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared, as Sir Walter Amyott and Lady Eveline Amyott, in The Wife's Secret; on Wednesday, as Louis XI., and Marthe, in Louis XI.; on Friday, as Hamlet and The Queen; and on Saturday, as Benedick and Beatrice.

In this year, a farce, called A Volunteer in Difficulties, written by Mr. E. H. Palmer, was first produced.

1861. The London Royal English Opera Company appeared at the theatre for six nights, commencing on Monday, July 8th, and closing on Saturday the 13th. The Company was composed of Messrs. Eliot Galer, E. Rosenthal, J. Manley, J. Tempest, and O. Summers, and Miss F. Reeves, Miss F. Ternan, Miss Bronte and Miss Angel.

The regular season commenced on Monday, August 26th, Mr. Coleman being engaged for the first twelve nights. He appeared as Ethelwold, in Catharine Howard, three times; as Macbeth; Fabian, in The Corsican Brothers, twice; Gaston, in The Man with the Iron Mask, twice; Ruy Blas, three times; Claude Melnotte; Evelyn, in Money, and D'Artagnan, in The Three Musqueteers. On Monday, September 16th, the drama of Colleen Bawn was produced, and played ten nights in succession, and twice more as an afterpiece. Mr.

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C. H. Stephenson, from the Adelphi theatre, appeared, as Myles na Coppaleen on the first six nights, and Mr. G. Smythson, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, sustaining the same part the next six times.

1862. On Monday, August 25th, Mr. Dominick Murray and Miss Josephine Fiddes appeared, for the first time in Cambridge, as Rory O'More and Kathleen, in Rory O'More; on Tuesday and Wednesday, the same; on Thursday, as Lanty O'Leary and Ellen O'Hara, in The Wanderer's Return; on Friday, as Bokes and Bellona St. Mars, in The Creole, and Paddy Murphy, in The Happy Man; on Saturday, as Rory O'More and Kathleen; on Monday, as Mr. Fairlie, Laurie Fairlie and Ann Catherwick, in The Woman in White; on Tuesday, as Captain Murphy Maguire and Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine, in The Serious Family; on Wednesday, Bokes and Bellona St. Mars; on Thursday, as Mr. Fairlie, Laurie Fairlie and Anne Catherwick; on Friday, as Lanty O'Leary and Ellen O'Hara; and on Saturday, as Handy Andy, Rodomont O'Rowdegan, and Mrs. Smylie, in Nine Points of the Law, and Tom and Fanny, in The Eton Boy. On Monday, September 8th, Mr. G. V. Brooke appeared as Othello; on Tuesday, as Sir Giles Overreach; on Wednesday, as Shylock; on Thursday, as Duke Aranza, in The Honeymoon, and O'Callaghan, in His Last Legs; on Friday, as Master Walter, in

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The Hunchback; and on Saturday, as Sir Bernard Harleigh, in Dreams of Delusion, and Terence O'Grady, in The Irish Post. On Monday, September 15th, Miss Helen Western, an American actress, appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Cynthia, in The Flowers of the Forest; on Tuesday, as Mathilde de Merie, in The French Spy, and Miss Fanny Leatherlungs, in Jenny Lind at Last; on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, as Jenny Fastlove, in The Fast Men. On Monday, September 22nd, Mr. John Brougham appeared as Dr. Savage, in Playing with Fire; on Tuesday, the same; on Wednesday, as Sir Patrick Plenipo, in The Irish Ambassador, and Tom Moore, in The Irish Lion; on Thursday, as Mickey Magra, in Love and Murder; on Friday, as Wilkins Micawber, in David Copperfield; and on Saturday, as Dr. Savage. On Monday, September 29th, Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared as Hester Grazebrook, in The Unequal Match; on Tuesday, as Constance, in The Love Chase; on Wednesday, as Hester Grazebrook; on Thursday, as Mrs. Bloomly, in A Charming Woman; on Friday, as Peg Woffington, in Masks and Faces, and The Dowager Countess of Tresilian, in The Dowager; and on Saturday, Constance, in The Love Chase.

1863. On Monday, July 20th, Mr. Charles Matthews appeared as Mr. Affable Hawk, in The Game of Speculation, and Captain Patter, in Patter *v.* Clatter; on Tuesday, as Sir Charles Cold-

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stream, in Used Up, and Plumper, in Cool as a Cucumber; and on Wednesday, as Harry Jasper, in A Bachelor of Arts, and Jones Robinson Brownsmith, in Little Toddlekins. On Monday, July 27th, Madame Celeste appeared as Miami, in The Green Bushes; on Tuesday, as Genevieve, in A Sister's Sacrifice; on Wednesday, as The Mysterious Stranger, and four other parts in The Mysterious Stranger; on Thursday, as Miami; on Friday, as Marie, in The Last Hope, and The Mysterious Stranger; and on Saturday, as Cynthia, in The Flowers of the Forest. On Monday, August 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. G. Owen appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Stephen Hargreaves and Aurora Floyd, in Aurora Floyd; on Tuesday, the same; on Wednesday, the same; on Thursday, as Othello and Desdemona; on Friday, as Richard, Duke of Gloster, and Queen Elizabeth, in Richard III.; on Monday, as Hamlet and Ophelia; on Tuesday, as Richelieu and Julie; on Wednesday, as Shylock and Portia; on Thursday, as Lear and Cordelia; on Friday, as Triplet and Peg Woffington, in Masks and Faces, and Maurice and Lucille, in The Lady of St. Tropez; and on Saturday, as Romeo and Juliet.

1864. The theatre was opened for one week by Mr. Rosenthal's English Opera and Burlesque Company, commencing July 11th, and terminating on the 16th. The principal artistes were Miss Marian Taylor, and Miss Adele Alessandri and

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Messrs. Swift, Manley, Lewins, and Rosenthal. The theatre during the regular season, being under the management of Mr. J. Coleman. No stars, excepting that gentleman, appeared.

1865. On Tuesday and Wednesday, August 29th and 30th, Messrs. H. and C. Webb appeared as the Two Dromios, in The Comedy of Errors, and Mr. H. Webb, as Joe Spurrit, in The Post Boy; on Thursday, as Old Joe and Young Joe, and Joe Spurrit; on Friday and Saturday, as Roderick Praiseworthy and Copias Sharke, in A Bird in the Hand, and The Two Dromios; on Monday and Tuesday, as Dubosc and Joseph, in The Courier of Lyons, and The Two Dromios; on Wednesday, Mr. H. Webb appeared as Mr. Covey, in Every Cloud has its Silver Lining, and Mr. Aminidab Sleek, in The Serious Family; on Thursday they appeared as Stout and Graves, in Money, and Roderick Praiseworthy and Copias Sharke; on Friday, as Goldfinch and Old Dornton, in The Road to Ruin, and the Two Dromios; and on Saturday, Mr. H. Webb, as Old Daddy Jean, in The Ragpicker of Paris; and they both appeared as Dubosc and Joseph. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, September 11, 12, and 13th, Mr. S. Calhaem appeared as Turko, in Turko the Terrible; on Thursday, as Jacky, in Its Never too Late to Mend, and Cousin Joe, in The Rough Diamond; on Friday, as Sampson

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Burr, in The Porter's Knot, and Mr. Dabster, in The Eton Boy; and on Saturday, as Turko. During the latter part of this season, Miss Lydia Thompson was engaged, as was also the Boleno Marsh Ballet Company.

1866. On Monday, September 3rd, Miss Avonia Jones, appeared for the first time in Cambridge, as Lady Isabelle Carlyle, in East Lynn; on Tuesday, the same; on Wednesday and Thursday, as Leah; on Friday, as Medea; and on Saturday, as Leah. On Monday, September 24th, Mr. G. F. Warde appeared as Sir Adam Avenel, in The King's Advocate; on Tuesday, as Edgar, in The Last of his Race; on Wednesday, as Sir Adam Avenel; on Thursday, as The Stranger; and on Saturday, as Edgar.

1867. The theatre was opened for a short summer season, commencing July 1st, and terminating July 20th, by Mr. L. Smythe. Mr. H. Thompson, the low comedian, was engaged for a limited number of nights. After the retirement of Mr. Smythe, the Grand English Opera Company, under the management of Mr. E. Rosenthal, appeared for eight nights. Miss Blanche Cole was the prima donna, and Miss Adele Alessandri was the principal contralto. On Friday, August 16th, the regular season commenced, under the management of Mr. W. E. Mills. Mr. J. F. Cathcart appeared as Evelyn, in Money; on

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Saturday, as Hamlet; on Monday, as Robert Brierley, in The Ticket of Leave Man; on Tuesday, as Shylock; on Wednesday, as Othello; on Thursday, as Evelyn; on Friday, as Richelieu; on Saturday, as Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Colley Cibber's Version of Richard III.; on Monday, as Macbeth; on Tuesday, as Shylock; on Wednesday, as Othello; and on Thursday, as Claude Melnotte, in The Lady of Lyons. On Friday, August 30th, Mr. and Miss Rachael Sanger appeared as Isidore Farne and Marton, in The Pride of the Market, and Jacob Twig and William, in the burlesque of Black-eyed Susan, and Joe Capsire, in Found in a Four-wheeler; on Saturday, as Kinchin and Starlight Bess, in The Flowers of the Forest, and Jacob Twig and William and Joe Capsire; on Monday, as Jasper Pidgeon and Margaret, in Meg's Diversion, Jacob and William, and Joe Capsire; on Tuesday, as Jasper Pidgeon and Margaret, Jacob Twig and William, and Tom Chaff, in My Man Tom and My Sister Kate; on Wednesday, as Guillot and Josephine, in The Child of the Regiment, and Miss Sanger, as Carlo, in Asmodeus; on Thursday, as Mr. Henry Dove and Mrs. Frederick Younghusband, in Married Life, and Sam and Kate O'Brien, in The Lady of Munster; on Friday, as Bob Acres and Lydia Languish, in The Rivals, and Jago and Ernani, in the burlesque of Ernani;

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on Saturday, as Myles-na-Copalleen and Eily O'Connor, in The Colleen Bawn, and Jago and Ernani; on Monday, as Dougal and Diana Vernon, in Rob Roy, Isidore Farne and Marton; on Tuesday, as Wild Murtoch and Nelly O'Neil, in Green Bushes, and Jago and Ernani; on Wednesday, as Dogberry and Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing, and Myles-na-Copalleen and Nelly O'Neil; and on Thursday, as Grimaldi and Violet, in Violet, and Guillot and Josephine, in The Child of the Regiment.

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AMATEUR DRAMATIC MEMORANDA.

THE following Memoranda embraces the dates of the appearances of Amateurs with the regular company in Cambridge, the parts they played, the dates of benefit performances given by the Amateurs, and also the names of the different dramatic societies, with the dates of their formation and dissolution.

1830. On October 5th, the part of Pierre, in Venice Preserved, was sustained by an Amateur of Cambridge, Mr. James Reynolds.

In this year the Shakspere Club was established. In 1834, it ceased to be.

1831. On October 4th, Mr. James Reynolds appeared as Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice.

On October 13th, the part of Othello was sustained by an Amateur of Cambridge.

1832. On October 4th, the whole of the male characters in the following pieces were sustained by the Members of the Shakspere Club, *viz.*, The Rent Day, The Spectre Bridegroom, and The Miller's Maid.

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On October 9th, Mr. John Brown appeared as Sir Giles Overreach, in A Way to pay Old Debts.

On October 10th, Mr. Stafford Smith appeared as Shylock, it being his first appearance on any stage.

1833. In this year the Garrick Club was established. In 1842, it ceased to be.

On October 3rd, Mr. Stafford Smith appeared as Othello, and Mr. James Reynolds as Iago.

1834. In this year the Dramatic Society was established. In 1837, it ceased to be.

On Wednesday, January 8th, and Friday, the 10th, the Members of the Garrick Club gave two performances at the theatre, for the benefit of Addenbrooke's Hospital.

On September 30th, a gentleman of the County, Mr. Isaacson, appeared as Othello.

1835. On Tuesday, September 22nd, the Members of the Cambridge Garrick Club gave a performance at Newmarket, for the benefit of Mr. Robson, comedian.

1836. On August 2nd, Mr. W. C. Macready appeared as Virginius, the rest of the characters being sustained by Members of the Garrick Club. On the same evening, Mr. Tilbury appeared as Hooker, in My Fellow Clerk.

On October 7th, Mr. John Brown appeared as Sheva, in The Jew.

1837. On September 29th, an Amateur of Cambridge, the Hon. Mr. Bertie, appeared as Nicholas Flam, in The Attorney-at-Law.

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1838. In this year the Shakspere Society was established. In 1839, it ceased to be.

On October 11th, Mr. James Reynolds appeared as Sir John De Comyn, in Robert the Bruce, an historical play, written by Mr. Warwicker, of Cambridge.

On Thursday, November 8th, a performance was given by the Amateurs of the town for the benefit of Mr. James Martin, on his retirement from the stage.

1839. On Tuesday, July 9th, a performance was given by the Amateurs of the town for the benefit of the Building Fund of the Victoria Benefit Societies' Asylum.

On October 3rd, Mr. William Rust appeared as Cæsar, in the farce of In the Wrong Box.

1840. On Thursday, April 9th, a performance was given by the Amateurs of the town for the benefit of Mr. Lee.

On October 8th, Mr. Stafford Smith appeared as Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Richard III.

In this year the Sheridan Society was established. This society only gave two performances at the large room of the Hoop Hotel, on Thursday and Friday, December 17th and 18th, and then quietly gave up the ghost.

1841. On October 5th, Mr. Abington appeared as Pierre, in Venice Preserved, and on October 12, as Shakspere, in Shakspere's Vision.

1842. On Monday and Tuesday, January 17

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and 18, the Members of the Garrick Club gave two performances for the benefit of the distressed Printers.

On Tuesday, May 20th, the Members of the Garrick Club gave a performance for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Barry, prior to their departure for India.

1844. On October 8th, a brother of the Scientific Lodge of Freemasons, Mr. W. Edwards, appeared as Sir Thomas Clifford, in The Hunchback, and Flexible, in Love, Law and Physic.

1846. In this year the Dramatic Reading Society was established. In 1852, it ceased to be.

1855. In this year the Amateur Theatrical Society was established. This society still exists, receiving a large share of public patronage, and may justly be said to be in a flourishing condition. For the dates of the benefit performances given by this Society, see pages 12 to 28.

1860. In this year the Sheridan Dramatic Society was established. This society, like its predecessor in 1840, gave but two performances at the theatre, on Thursday and Friday, March 21st and 22nd, and then, without parade, consigned itself to the tomb of the Capulets.

1862. On Wednesday and Thursday, December 3rd and 4th, two performances were given by the Amateurs of the town, in aid of the fund for the distressed Operatives in Lancashire.

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ST. IVES

AMATEUR ELOCUTION SOCIETY.

THIS Society gave its first dramatic performance, in the Institution hall, on Thursday, November 16th, 1865. Prior to this performance it had given several entertainments; those entertainments consisting of readings from the poets and dramatists, interspersed with music, and songs of a sentimental and comic character. The society was assisted on this occasion by the St. Ives Coloured Troupe of Amateurs, who gave their various negro melodies with much force and expression. The pieces presented, were the farce of "How Stout you are Getting," and the interlude of "Hunting a Turtle." Miss Kate Rivers, from the Theatre Royal, Princess, was engaged for this performance.

1866. On Thursday, October 25th, a performance was given in the Corn Exchange. The

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pieces presented being Morton's farce of "Done on Both Sides," the burletta of "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock," and the burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso." Miss Ella Staunton, from the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and Miss Lottie Staunton, were engaged for this performance.

The following address, written by Mr. H. T. Hall, was delivered by Mr. J. Brown:—

Once more before you on the mimic stage,
Again I come! Since last I did appear,
Misfortune hath paid a mournful visit here.
Your renown'd market now no longer proud,
Has not of beasts its once accustom'd crowd;
These, through disease and direful pestilence,*
Are sent to other places far from hence.
No stalled ox, nor ripe fatten'd steer,
Doth greet the wistful eye; nor can you hear
Their gentle lowing, which at break of day,
Was by the summer wind swift borne away.
No prime fed Hereford can ye ken,
Nor short-horn'd Durham belik'd by men;
No hardy Scot, nor little Welsh so true,
Sought for by butchers, who still dress in blue.
Do not despair—good times will come again!
And busy trade within your mart shall reign.
This do I wish. Allow me now to say,

* Owing to the prevalence of the Cattle Plague, the weekly market for Cattle, upon which the town of St. Ives so much depends, was closed by an order of the Privy Council.

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We'll try this night to drive dull care away;
Momus shall commence his reign of mirth,
And "Done on Both Sides" prove his premier birth.
Then shall appear the noted "Railway King,"
Who of his ups and downs will gladly sing.
Still to amuse, we'll not your feelings shock,
By our "Phenomenon in a Smock Frock";
Upon his jokes we hope you'll fondly sup,
Rich cream they are—coming from a "Buttercup."
In kingly state we'll make a royal show,
And close our efforts—a la "Furioso."
If we should win your favours and applause,
We'll say it is your kindness—that's the cause.
We'll try our best to banish ev'ry frown.
For this you'll take the word of old Joe Brown,
Who once resided in your famous town. [*Bell rings.*
My prompter calls, I can no longer stay,
Still do I linger—I have nought to say;
I'll make my exit—then begins the play.

1867. On Thursday, February 28th, a performance was given in the Corn Exchange, in aid of the funds of the County Hospital. The pieces presented were Buckstone's comic drama of "The Maid with the Milking Pail," a new and original serio-comico dramo, by Mr. H. T. Hall, entitled, "The Latest Edition of the Rye House Plot," and the farce of "The Model Husband." Miss Ella Staunton was engaged for this per-

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formance. The sum of £2. 12s. 6d. was paid to the funds of the County Hospital.

The following address, written by Mr. H. T. Hall, was delivered by Mr. J. Brown:—

Again I pay a visit to your town,
With the will and purpose of a real Brown,
To awaken in your sympathetic minds,
The fact, your Infirmary lags behind,
For want of funds: lacking precious gold,
By which man's honour has been bought and sold;
That all-conquering king so dear to ye,
Dwellers of this Isle in the silver sea.
Can you a holier object have in view,
Than help the sad, afflicted, needy few,
Who, oft by accident of flood and field,
To misery an unwilling homage yield!
To cheer the cheerless and to help the weak,
To aid the sick; on their behalf I speak:
To lull their pains, to fight with grim disease,
To soothe their sorows and to give them ease;
And when our human skill hath done its best,
To smoothe their passage to their long last rest.
What can be nobler? what better can ye do?
Than assist the ailing and help the true!
That thus you feel, your presence here doth prove,
Your breasts still throbbing with true human love.
Still from your eyes flow sympathetic tears,

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Still beat your hearts with many anxious fears;
Still ye desire to help all ways you can
The cause of poor, helpless, suffering man!
Thus are our intents double here to-night,
To help the infirm, and to give delight
To patrons kind, who, eager are to show,
That with true feeling they are all a-glow.
Against no one do we intend to rail,
Our cause is good; we see no cause to fail;
We're strong in "The Maid with the Milking Pail."
We trust her efforts will be lik'd by you,
Creamy her words and comely to your view;
No milk thrice-skimmed, no real sky-blue:—
Feeling sure she will prove a safe, good thing,
Giving notes for gold when you hear her sing.
Next we will turn to the historic page,
To point a lesson to the present age;
No king we'll slay, either by sword or shot,
In our edition of "The Rye-house Plot."
Then to dear woman a moral will be read,
Pointing out the path she should always tread;
The course she should pursue—and well 'tis plann'd,
She'll take the hint from our "Model Husband."
Thus do we hope your kind applause to gain,
To dispel the blues, and to ease your pain—
If any you possess. If we do succeed,
We shall be truly satisfied indeed.

On Thursday, October 20th, a performance was given on behalf of the fund of the Widows and

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Orphans, in connexion with the Manchester Order of Odd Fellows. The pieces presented, were the popular vaudeville of "The Swiss Cottage," the farce of "Timothy to the Rescue," and Buckstone's comic drama of "Good for Nothing." Miss Ella Staunton was engaged for this performance.

The following address, written by Mr. H. T. Hall, was delivered by Mr. J. Brown:—

Without tuck of trumpet, or beat of drum
Heralding my coming! Behold! I come,
To give you joy; for glad I am to learn,
That trade with you has ta'en a better turn.
Once more your streets are throng'd by busy men,
Once more good store of bullocks can ye ken
From Yorkshire's wolds, or Lincoln's famous fen.
Such sights are cheering, pleasant to the eye,
They tell of wealth and trade's activity:
They bestow a charm, give zest unto your lives,
And show how prosperous is old St. Ives.
Can man perform a more heroic deed,
Than clothe the naked and the hungry feed?
Or help the widow with her scanty store;
And orphans lone, when parents are no more?
Do not such deeds shed lustre o'er our name—
Add to worth, and dignify our fame;
Give honour to the soil that gave us birth,
And make us feel proud of our native earth?
Now to begin—this night it is our plan,

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To waft you away to a far-off land;
Of wit and humour is compos'd the pottage,
We'll serve while enacting "The Swiss Cottage."
Bid care begone, and let your feeling tarry,
While we are showing "Why don't She Marry,"
Thus runs the line, although our rhyme be slack,
"Oh, vive l'amour! cigars and cogniac."
If sad you are from lack of mirth and fun,
"Timothy to the Rescue" will quickly come;
By his funny ways and funnier lines,
He'll prove a tickler in these ticklish times.
Though last not least, a moral we will show,
There are none so bad, be they e'er so low;
But what of goodness there still lurks a grain,
Which kindness will kindle into a flame.
In lusty youth, in manhood's joyous prime,
All! All! are good for something in their time;
Not "Good for Nothing," that remark's not true,
For goodness only can man's life renew.
The choicest flowers once were growing wild,
They have been train'd, so must you train a child;
Dame Nature we must help whene'er we can,
For good for something is every man.
I must cut short this moralizing theme
And quit your presence for the shifting scene;
To take once more unto the mimic trade,
As Momus ply—though he's a funny blade:—
Still will I try the best that I can do,
To show my lasting gratitude to you,
My generous patrons. Good bye! adieu!

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A DRAMATIC LETTER.

My dear "Mary Turner,"

"The Constant Couple" have just returned from "The Conquest of China," bringing with them "The Connaught Wife," who, with "The Connoissieur" joined "The Conspirators," to "The Disappointment" of "The Discontented Colonel," who, thanks to "The Lucky Discovery," they proved to be "The Betrayer of his Country."

On an "April Day," "The Artful Husband" and "The Artful Wife" went to "Arthur's Show," at "The Country Wake." Here with "The Country Lasses," and "The Half-pay Officers," they spent "A Merry Time," being shewn some of "The Merry Pranks" by "The Merry Cobler" of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton."

"Tom Tyler and his Wife" dined at "The Ordinary" in "St. James' Park," where they were joined by "The Lady of Pleasure," who introduced them to "The Knot of Fools" and "The Roving Girl," by whom they were shewn

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"The Rival Modes," by which "The Rival Lovers" in "Love's Labyrinth" accomplished "Lover's Luck," and won for themselves "The Rival Queens" of "Xerxes," "The Young King" of "Richmond Hill."

In "A Suit of Tweeds," "The Demon Doctor," on "The Wedding Eve" went in pursuit of "The Man o' Airlie," who had carried off "Our Domestics," to the great grief of "The Old Folks," who having a touch of "Human Nature" and being "Kind to a Fault," were anxious that "The Marriage Certificate" should not be "Lost in London."

"The Garret Angel" having made "A Change of Name" through a "Slice of Luck," and being "Ready and Willing," embarked with "The Foundling of Fortune" in search of "Broken Pearls." "At the Last Moment" when at "The Antipodes," yielding to "A Woman's Whim," they discovered "A Mine of Wealth" by the aid of "The Boy Detective." This adventure proved a "Mesmeric Mystery," for in "Sunshine and Shadow" they met with "Reverses," until nearly "Hunted to Death" they found themselves "Alone in the Pirate's Lair." From this dilemma they were extricated by "A Sister's Lover" who had tracked them by "Footmarks in the Snow," and by the help of "Lion Limb," transferred them to "Islington," gave them "The Orphan's Legacy," which they received from "Captain Gerald" while "Up for the Cattle Show."

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It is "Highly Improbable" that "Mr. Honeydove's Troubles" have been caused by the "Tricks of the Turf;" they have rather been produced by "The Coquette," who led him "A Wild Goose" chase, which resulted in "The Double Marriage" with "The Bride of the Wave," who afterwards eloped with "The Whiskey Demon," by whom she was betrayed into "King Death's Trap," where, "Six Months Ago," she atoned for "The Sin of a Life."

I have been terribly annoyed by "That Rascal Jack," who has been exploring "The Great City" in search of "False Hands and Faithful Hearts;" but, owing to a lack of "Tide and Time," he went "Under the Earth" and succeeded in "Bamboozling" "The Nymph of the Lurleyberg." "His Second Adventure" proved the truth of the saying "Never Taste Wine at the Docks," for in company with "The Liar," he got drinking with "The Doge of Venice," who showed him the best way to "The French Exhibition," where he soon verified the old proverb that "Man is not perfect, nor Woman either," for he ran away with "Dora," "The Forester's Daughter," who left the home of "My Aunt," "The Grey Lady of Fernlea," thus showing "How She Loves Him." Trusting she will prove "A Wife Well Won,"

I remain, my dear "Mary Turner,"

Your's fraternally,

"CABMAN, No. 931."

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INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY IN THE PROFESSION.

IT has been often said, that actors and actresses rarely live long, and such statement is generally accepted to be true; it is not, however, so closely allied to truth as it is generally supposed to be. There are some very remarkable instances of longevity to be found among the members of the theatrical profession, and those instances are not

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

There are, probably, more temptations in the way of the profession than any other class of the community; their society is more frequently sought after than that of any other class of persons, and this generates a freedom of living which is not generally found in any other calling, and which, as a rule, is not conducive to longevity. There is also a more constant strain upon their mental faculties and upon their physical powers, than almost any other calling; yet, in spite of these opposing circumstances, a long life,

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that great desideratum, can, by due care and attention, be attained. The annexed list furnishes some brilliant examples of longevity attained by actors and actresses, and the list could easily be increased. The names of those only who have reached the age of 62 years are enumerated in the list, which contains upwards of a hundred quotations.

Name.	Date of Birth.	Of Death.	Age.
Mr. C. Macklin	1690	1797	107
„ R. Yates	1693	1796	103
„ A. Pope	1736	1835	99
Mrs. Garrick	1724	1822	98
Mr. J. Richardson	1740	1836	96
„ J. Austin*	1730	1821	91
„ Danton	1763	1851	88
„ Dominic Corri	1737	1825	88
„ T. Robertson	1778	1855	87
Mrs. Harlowe	1775	1852	87
Mr. C. Farley	1782	1859	87
„ Colley Cibber	1671	1757	86
„ John Moody	1728	1813	85
„ Powell	1752	1836	84
Mrs. Sparkes	1754	1837	83
„ Bracegirdle	1665	1741	83
„ T. Hollingsworth	1732	1814	82
„ J. Ashbury	1638	1720	82
„ J. Brunton	1750	1832	82
Mrs. Taylor	1753	1834	81
Mr. C. Kemble	1775	1856	81

*This actor was a crony of Garrick's. The author of The Rosciad, in one line has immortalised his name:

"Austin would always rustle in French silks."

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Name.	Date of Birth.	Of Death.	Age.
Mr. Carter	1769	1850	81
„ J. Rich	1681	1761	80
„ J. Braham	1777	1856	79
„ Elkanah Settle	1645	1724	79
„ T. Young	1777	1856	79
„ J. S. Knowles	1783	1862	79
„ Jack Johnstone	1750	1828	78
„ T. P. Cooke	1786	1864	78
„ C. Knyvett	1744	1812	78
Mr. Reenhold	1737	1815	78
„ A. Murphy	1727	1805	78
„ P. Egan	1722	1849	77
„ J. Bannister	1759	1836	77
„ J. Fawcett	1769	1845	76
Mrs. Siddons	1755	1831	76
Mr. W. S. Macready	1753	1829	76
„ F. J. Guinn	1745	1821	76
Mrs. Sims	1748	1823	75
Mr. T. Sheridan	1713	1788	75
„ J. Munden	1757	1832	75
„ T. King	1730	1805	75
„ T. Hull	1727	1803	75
„ Bensley	1742	1817	75
„ T. Betterton	1635	1710	75
„ T. Davis	1710	1785	75
„ Beard	1716	1791	75
„ Bartley	1782	1856	74
„ R. Wroughton	1748	1822	74
Mrs. Abington	1741	1815	74
„ Catharine Clive	1711	1785	74
„ Glover	1782	1856	74
Mr. Fisher	1759	1832	73
„ J. Quin	1693	1715	73
Mrs. Hartley	1751	1824	73
„ J. Aikin	1731	1803	72

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Name.	Date of Birth.	Of Death.	Age.
Mrs. P. Astley	1742	1814	72
„ J. P. Harley	1786	1858	72
Mr. J. Lunlair	1785	1857	72
„ J. Wallack	1792	1864	72
Madame Mara	1750	1822	72
Mr. W. R. Beverley	1774	1845	71
„ Vandenhoff	1790	1861	71
„ John Winston	1773	1843	70
„ F. Harland	1782	1852	70
„ Edward Alleyn	1556	1626	70
„ J. F. Saville	1783	1853	70
Mrs. Mountain	1771	1841	70
„ Barry	1732	1801	69
Madame Catalini	1780	1849	69
Mr. C. Incledon	1759	1828	69
„ F. J. Liston	1777	1846	69
„ Wrench	1775	1843	68
„ T. Bromley	1773	1841	68
„ Gattie	1776	1844	68
„ O. Smith	1787	1855	68
Mrs. Farren	1789	1857	68
„ Anne Crawford	1733	1801	68
Mr. Widdicomb	1787	1854	67
„ Spranger Barry	1710	1777	67
„ T. Cooke	1781	1848	67
„ Murray	1754	1811	67
„ J. P. Kemble	1757	1823	66
Mrs. H. Siddons	1778	1844	66
„ Egerton	1781	1847	66
„ F. Gentlemen	1718	1784	66
Mr. C. Dibdin	1748	1814	66
„ T. Holcroft	1744	1809	65
Mrs. Inchbald	1757	1821	64
Mr. C. Dibdin, jun.	1768	1832	64
„ G. S. Carey	1743	1807	64

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Name.	Date of Birth.	Of Death.	Age.
Mr. S. Kemble	1758	1822	64
„ T. Griffiths	1680	1743	63
„ C. Kean	1805	1868	63
„ T. W. Lewis	1748	1811	63
„ D. Garrick	1716	1779	63
„ Cummins	1764	1826	62
„ T. Ellar	1780	1842	62
„ W. Elliot	1785	1847	62

Among living examples, the following may be enumerated:—Miss Kelly, Mr. J. Cooper and Mr. F. Vining, born in 1790; Mr. W. C. Macready and Mr. R. Keeley, in 1793; Mr. J. Vining, in 1794; Mrs. W. West, in 1795; Mr. B. Webster, Mr. P. Bedford, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee, in 1798; Mr. G. Bennett and Mr. Compton, in 1800; Mr. J. Buckstone and Mr. C. Matthews, in 1802; Mr. J. Dale and Mr. Dillon, in 1803; Mrs. C. Kean and Mr. F. Webster, in 1805; and Mr. A. Yonge and Mr. S. Phelps, in 1806.

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CRITICISM

APPLIED TO

SHAKSPERE.

A SERIES OF ESSAYS

PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY IN THE

Surplice.

BY CHARLES BADHAM, ESQ., M.A.

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CRITICISM

APPLIED TO SHAKSPERE.

It was a very characteristic objection which a celebrated German commentator made a few years ago to the labours of an English scholar in the same field, that his mode of dealing with the text of his author was altogether arbitrary, and founded on no fixed principles. Another and greater Englishman had already met the objection by anticipation. "These general rules," says Bentley, "of a so-called Art of Criticism will not enable us to judge of single passages." By which he no doubt intended to warn all young scholars against the pedantry of affecting principles in a matter where common sense was the only sure guide and authority, and against wasting their time in conning the Ars Critica of Le Clerc, a man whose only mission, as the phrase is, seems to have been this, to teach the world to distinguish between learning and pedantry, by affording an example of the latter in its utmost perfection, with as little of the former as ever a commentator began business with. Bentley's example, on the contrary, taught the reader to look his author in the face, not arrogantly, but with the confidence that sympathy engenders, to connect with a thorough knowledge of the language in general an intelligent observation of his style, and a firm conviction that he was incapable of talking nonsense or contradicting himself. Your arrogant critic is often more averse from meddling with the received text because he feels no scruple or shame in throwing the blame of the obscurity, or awkwardness of the passage, on the author; but the true critic, with pious severity, lays bare the sore, and endeavours to remove it. We often hear of verbal criticism and conjectural criticism, as if they were kinds belonging to some more comprehensive science. These superfluous epithets are always mischievous. In poetry or rhetoric they tarnish the most vivid description, or dilute the raciest conceit; and in common speech they are no less injurious to the ideas with which they are associated; for what-

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ever does not ornament, encumbers and degrades. Let a man be continually seen attended by some nondescript retainer, too shabby to be his friend, and too independent-looking to be his servant, and we shall soon conclude that he is in the hands, either of a keeper, or a bailiff, or a policeman. Just such disreputable companions are unmeaning epithets, they lower the character of the noun which they accompany, and thus criticism itself has suffered from this juxta-position with such words as verbal and conjectural, which, in pretending to explain and limit its nature, have led to the supposition that there is some higher criticism than that of Aristarchus, Henri de Valois, Casaubon, Bentley, Tyrrwhitt, and Porson. Criticism, if there be any virtue in experience, has always succeeded best when it has professed no principles, but has wrought as the creative powers of which it is the satellite always work, following the guidance of a native and genuine sense of what is fitting and beautiful; or, if the critic professes any axiom it is this,—that the great writers with whom he has to do were men endued with the same nice sense of propriety, and the same knowledge of their language, only in a much greater degree than he himself can aspire to. His unfailing ally is common sense, and common sense thus exercised is taste. Now this latter is not so much a single faculty of the mind as the due proportion of them all; it is the health of the intellect, and the exercise necessary for its maintenance is criticism, which almost seems to have been intended to counteract the excess of dialectic subtilties. Thus, after the time of Aristotle, when the spirit of minute analysis bade fair to destroy the Greek language prematurely, excellent service was done by the grammarians of Alexandria, Pergamus, and Byzantium, in arresting the headlong innovations which would have turned that wonderful idiom from a healthy field of living verbs and substantives, into an *hortus siccus* of abstractions; and for the want of such a counteracting force, or in spite of it, at a later age we see that the Latin language, the faster it decayed, became so much the richer in technical barbarisms.

How much then is it to be regretted that our own age and country should neglect this excellent pursuit, so that what little we care to have of its results is taken at second-hand, from a nation of all others least adapted to its cultivation, from a nation whose craving after self-consciousness has reached so morbid an intensity that they would almost reduce common-sense itself into postulates, and embody the niceties of taste in metaphysical canons. If this complaint should seem to any reader unfounded or ill-timed, it will not be ne-

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cessary to take him into the regions of antiquity to convince him of its justice. We might indeed show him how every Greek and Latin author is now handled in our Universities; how the most perverse ingenuity in defending and explaining what is hopeless, is preferred to the simple expedient of an "obelus," or a confession of the real state of the text. We might bid him compare the large amount of admitted corruptions in metrical works, with the comparatively few passages in prose writers, where our modern commentators make a reluctant admission that their manuscripts have played them false; and then we might ask him whether metre was not more likely to help the copyists in preserving the purity of the text, and whether consequently the present disproportion must not be accounted for by the greater proficiency of scholars in prosody than in grammar, in syllables and feet than in words and meanings. But without stepping out of his own language, any man of common sense may see to what an ebb the heritage which the great Bentley bequeathed to our nation has dwindled. If the idolatry of MSS. moved his spleen, what would he have said to this modern Manicheeism, this worship of the Printer's-devil, rather than the author's work, which the last editions of Shakspere leave where they found it, save in one instance, where an attempt is evidently made to restore the folio in all its purity of unmixed blunder and unmitigated absurdity. The more excellently useful a person has been in diffusing knowledge amongst his poorer fellow-citizens, the more is it to be lamented that he should misuse the influence which he has most justly acquired by propagating this superstition, which prefers printed errors to self-evident corrections, the nonsense of past times to the plain meaning of all times. It is at all events a consolation that in this retrograde movement we have been far outstripped by Tieck, of which fact let a single proof suffice. In Timon of Athens, the poet gives as a reason why he cannot make birth-day odes to order,—

> Our poesy is a gum which oozes
> From whence 'tis nourished.

This in the folio had been printed thus:—

> Our poesy is as a gown which uses
> From whence 'tis nourished.

This Tieck prefers! and explains!! It is unnecessary to give the reasons of his preference, or the mode of his explanation to any English reader, only let us not hear any more of that insufferable pretence, that the Germans first taught us to appreciate our own Shakspere.

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It is not our intention to review the labours of others, but to prove our own point—the negligence of modern criticism, as illustrated by the present state of the Shakesperian text; and, in order to this, let us take a single play, and bring forward such passages as may at once serve to show how deep the corruption has sometimes been, without exciting any or perhaps a very slight attention, and may furnish hints to the student how he should deal with his edition in future, be it a modern or an ancient one; he will then no longer allow himself to be charmed out of his reasonable demand for an explanation by such formulas, as this seems to have meant, in the time of Shakspere, or this must be understood to mean, or this *only* means, or any other periphrasis for this means nothing; still less, when he sees what obvious errors of the printer, not merely errors of the *press*, are still found in passages hitherto unsuspected, will he allow Shakspere to be charged with obscurity, affectation, ignorance of grammar, and what not? Let us take Coriolanus, a noble play, and one to which the present circumstances of the country lend an additional interest. But here we must use the economy of the old Fathers, and bring forward our passages not according to their occurrence in the play, but according to their aptitude for making good our cause. Take, then, in the first instance, Siciniu's instruction to the Ædiles to prepare the people for supporting him in his measures against Coriolanus:—

Act III. Scene III.

Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, " It shall be so,"
I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say " Fine," cry " Fine,"—if " Death," cry " Death,"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And pow'r i' th' *truth* o' th' cause.

Now, what is the meaning of " in the truth of the cause? " In this place it would mean because their cause is true, and assuredly that is not to be the ground of their determination; but on the contrary Sicinius wishes to hound them on to his cry of the *right* and *strength* of the Commons; the obvious correction is, " Insisting on the old prerogative And pow'r i' th' *teeth* o' th' cause." Johnson, as we afterwards found, had so far anticipated this, that he saw the meaning required by the context, for he reads " *o'er* the truth o' th' cause," which, however, neither signifies what he wishes to express by it, nor suits the metre. (Act II. Scene II.)—The tribunes being present at a meeting of the senate, in which Coriolanus is spoken of as deserving of the consulship,

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and being requested to use their influence with the people to that effect, answer thus—

Sicinius. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of *your* assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather
We shall be blessed to do if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

"Bless'd" is surely a very ill-chosen word; it is also to be remarked, that it is not spelt "blest," which would be the modern form. No reasonable person will refuse to read

Which the rather,
We shall be *biass'd* to, if he remember, &c.

In Act III. Scene I., Coriolanus says—

Where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable *slightness*; purpose so barred, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose.

The sense and metre in this passage alike indicate that it is corrupt; for to what does senatorial wisdom have recourse when its wiser purposes are barred their execution by popular ignorance? not to slightness,—though slightness will certainly be the quality of whatever fabric they rear, but *sleights*, *i.e.* shifts, tricks, expedients.

Give way the while
To unstable *sleights*; purpose so barred, it follows, &c.

We have spoken of the metre as betraying the unsoundness of the passage; perhaps to some this will seem an insufficient proof; but here the same answer will hold good as in the case of a forced and affected expression, the same fountain does not send forth sweet and bitter waters; and Shakspere, who transcends all others in the sweetness of his versification, could never have produced such lines as we see here and there throughout his plays. It is true that, in many instances, the want of rhythm is only apparent, as when a word is spelt in its uncontracted form, where Shakspere intended it to be abbreviated; besides, the more obvious instances of prepositions with the article or with a pronoun, as "o' th'" for "of the," "b' you," "wi' you," for "by you," "with you," we may remark that "and" is occasionally absorbed by the

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following word. In like manner we must often read "toge'r" for "together," "whe'r," for "whether," as in Act III. Sc. II.

> Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
> I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me—

Whe'r occurs so printed in Act I. Sc. I. of Julius Cæsar, and must be so read in Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. VII.—

> Carry his honours even, whe'r 'twas pride.

It would also seem that in Act I. Sc. I. in the line

> Yet are they passing cowardly, but I beseech you,

we should read *cow'rdly* and *b'seech you;* for further on we have this line—

> That you do speak to th' people; I do beseech you;

and again—

> Nothing is done to purpose; therefore beseech you;

where the same abbreviation is necessary: and in another place we read—

> Not cowardly in retire, believe me, sirs;

and again—

> And cowardly nobles gave way to your clusters, who
> Did hoot him out of th' city;

where we may also remark that *nobles* is not to be pronounced more as a dissyllable than we can help; so we have *people* in the line above quoted, and *subtle* elsewhere: on the other hand, *fire* is sometimes a dissyllable, as in this line—

> They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know.

So "hours" has two times in the prologue to Henry VIII.—"desire," we believe, three; and perhaps the same remark will justify the verse which we now read in Act IV. Sc. V.—

> To fright them 'ere destroy; but come in.

It is much to be regretted that in many places a word has been taken from the end of the line to which it belongs, and added to the beginning of the next, thereby destroying the metre of both. The instances of this are very numerous, especially in those editions which profess to follow the old folio as an infallible guide: we will adduce two examples of this; the first is in Act IV. Sc. VII.—

> Whether Nature
> Not to be other than one thing, not moving
> From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace, &c.;

where the words *not* and *from* should be the last syllables of the two first lines; the next we will, for the sake of brevity, present as it ought to be divided:—

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Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing, when steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let them be made
A coverture for th' wars, no more, I say!
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile wretch which without note
Here's many else have done, you shout me forth, &c.;

and so indeed it is arranged in the Variorum Edition, but Mr. Knight, in this instance, as in many others, *Οὗτον πάρεστιν ὄξος ἡράσθη λαβεῖν*. It is above all things necessary to have a just notion of the varieties of metre which Shakspere allows himself, in order to discern the faulty and corrupt lines from the correct and genuine. The conclusion of a scene or of a train of reflections with a half-line, expressive of pause, is graceful and appropriate; but a fragmentary line in the midst of a sentence is very suspicious; for instance—

All the regions
Do smilingly revolt and who resist,
Are mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools, &c.

We may here remark, by the way, that in the first half line, "All the regions" the sense seems to require all the *region cities*, as in Hamlet—

I would have fatted all the region-kites
With this slave's offal;

but we leave this as indeed all our conjectures to the judgment of the competent reader; but the most essential help in understanding the occasional varieties of the metre, is to be derived from a clear perception of the difference between the intentional Alexandrine and those false appearances of it, which result from interpolation or a false division of the verses. The true Alexandrine is of two kinds, one of which has an unaccented final syllable more than the other. Both of them, if the last foot were cut off, would be harmonious lines of the ordinary length. Of the first kind is the line—

Who thrives and who declines, side factions, and (*give out*);

of the second—

The cockle of rebellion, insolence (*sedition*).

One of the most difficult passages to reconcile with any notions of metre, is in Act III. Sc. II.—

Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitancy might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

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Enter *Volumnia.*

Pat. *You do the nobler.*
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve *me further*, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, &c.

And presently, turning round to Volumnia, he says—

" I talk of you.

Before we endeavour to explain or restore the metre of the Patrician's words and of the first line of Coriolanus's answer, let us look at the passage. What a strange jumble is here! —"You do the nobler!" Can any critic produce a passage from Shakspere to justify such an expression as this? or if he could shall we believe that the Patrician is intended to encourage him in his contumacy? If so, why does Coriolanus bring in the mention of his mother, and justify himself, as he is here made to do, by her example? And then what a gross contradiction to the general economy of the play, that Coriolanus, whose respect for his mother is stronger than his ambition or his revenge,—who is to him the single object of his deepest passion, family pride,—should talk *at her*, and then turn round to tell her so; and a pretty character he gives of her. She, a high-born lady, calls the plebeians by the vilest names; as if the coarseness which political animosity barely excuses in a man, was becoming in a Roman matron. And then observe how the ingenious editors distort the plain meaning of words. "I muse" is I think, but here, forsooth, it *must mean* I wonder. The truth is, Volumnia does not enter until the words "I talk of you," as the very words declare; for had she been on the scene that information would have been superfluous. But Volumnia's name was there, no doubt, and the nearest approximation to the original passage, which we have to offer, is this:—

Yet will I still
Be thus to them.
Pat. You do the noble *lady*
Volumnia wrong in this.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve *my father*, who was wont, &c.

That the text has occasionally suffered from omission is less surprising than that it should be injured by interpolation; yet the metre plainly shows this to be the case in Act III. Sc. III.—

Men. Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves in th' holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

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Why *holy* churchyard? The printer having holy yard (campo santo, Gottes Acker) before him, and not understanding its propriety, supposed that church had been accidentally omitted, and intruded it into the text. It would be an endless task to enumerate the lines where the omission or intrusion of letters or monosyllables has dislocated the verse; let the few following suffice—

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voi*ces* (voice), they know the corn.

and again—

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's pow'r to thunder; his heart's his mouth.

Read—"Or Jove for 's thunder; 's heart is in his mouth." "The Consul, Coriolanus; he consul!" insert *a*. And soon after, where Menenius advises the tribunes to "proceed by process,"

Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brutus (relenting through fear) replies—

If 'twere so,
And he would prove obedient.
Sic. What do you prate?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

The words in *italics* we have supplied by conjecture, as necessary both for the sense and the metre. In the line—

Meet on the market-place, we'll *attend* you there,

read "tend," as in Hamlet—

The time invites you, go, your servants *tend*.

Having by this time, as we trust, convinced the reader of the probability that awkward or absurd expressions and inharmonious lines may be justly charged on the printers, where they have hitherto been laid at the author's door, we will proceed with a little more regularity to notice the smaller blemishes of the text, that the reader may be emboldened, by this example, to do the same for himself. Act I. Sc. I.—

Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it; who deserves greatness, &c.

Read, "That justice did," omitting *it; i. e.*, that which justice did in punishing the criminal. In the same Act and Scene it is plain that the line, "Our musty superfluity; see, our best elders," is miserably out of metre, and the expression our *best elders*, is utterly unworthy of Shakespere, but we have no satisfactory emendation to offer, and must leave the task of finding the true reading to some more sagacious

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critic. On the line "Being moved he will not spare to gird the Gods," Johnson's note is, "To sneer, to gibe." So Falstaff uses the *noun*, when he says, "every man has a gird at me." The substance of this note has been given by Mr. Knight, who would have done better not to have taken upon himself the responsibility of the blunder by suppressing the name of his informant. The *noun* is *not* used by Falstaff, but the *verb;* and that passage is enough to show us, did not the nature of the word sufficiently disclose it, that the true reading is, "Being moved, he will not spare to gird *at* th' Gods." Act I. Scene II. at the end—

Sen. But, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O doubt not that;
I speak from very certainties; nay more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already, &c.

The word "very" is an interpolation of Sir Thomas Hanmer's, *metri causâ;* this critic deserves praise for his zeal on behalf of the Shaksperian prosody, but his corrections too often remind one of that sovereign specific in Greek metres, the particle γέ. In this passage the antithesis of the sentence absolutely requires us to read, "I speak from certainties; nay more, I hear," &c. Let the reader observe that, without those words, Aufidius announces a piece of *certain* intelligence which he had no business to reserve till the end of the scene, seeing that, like the Irishman's first reason which superseded the necessity of all the others, this news would have saved the senators a world of discussion. Act I. Sc. IV. —It does not appear from the context that Lartius has given up all hope of Coriolanus' escape from Corioli; at all events, "thou art *left* Marcius," is a very strange expression. It would not be very far from Shakspere's own text if we read "thou *price-less* Marcius!" In the next scene we must read *drachma* not *drachm*, and perhaps *ranks* for *Romans*, and in the Sixth Scene, "Less *for* his person," not "*Lesser* his person." In the Ninth Scene, where we now read—

Cor. I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To th' fairness of my power,

the word "fairness" may be justified by ingenious critics, but can never be admired by tasteful ones; the natural expression from which it was corrupted should be restored thus:—

To th' *farness* of my power.

In the Second Act, any ingenious person who would give us

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an emendation of the following passage would be deserving of great praise :—

> Alone he enter'd
> The mortal gate o' th' city which he painted
> With shunless destiny.

Is *kicked* the true reading, in "Our spoils he kick'd at;" or shall we substitute, *keck'd* at? We now come to a very corrupt passage indeed, as the absurd explanations of it by Theobald and Singer abundantly prove.

> *Cor.* Think upon me! hang 'em!
> I wish they would forget me like the virtues
> Which our divines lose by them.

Any one who can seriously maintain that there is a meaning in this passage as it now stands, has much false ingenuity to unlearn. The following passage in North's Plutarch (Life of Romulus, p. 26, ed. 1579) may perhaps afford us some clue. "Moreover other birdes are allwayes (as a man would saye) before our eyes, and doe daylie shewe themselves unto us: where the vulter is a very rare byrde and hardely to be seene, and men doe not easily finde their ayeries. Which hath geven some occasion to holde a false opinion that the vulters are passagers, &c. The prognosticators also thincke that such things which are not ordinarie and but seldome seene, be not natural but miraculously sent by the gods to prognosticate something." Now we have no doubt that Coriolanus here wishes that his dealings with the people were as transitory and rare as the visits of vultures are to the gaze of the soothsayers. He never wishes to encounter them more, not even to hear their praises. But then how is this passage to be moulded according to this view? Shall we read,—

> I wish they would forget me like the vultures
> Which our diviners lease by;

or, Which our divines lose sight of? Let the judicious determine, or rather let them propose some more satisfactory way of introducing this word thus strangely corrupted into *virtues*. Act II. Sc. III., read, *Doff* to them most counterfeitly, for *be off*. In the following speech of Coriolanus,—

> Why in this wolvish gown should I stand here,
> To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
> Their needless vouches,

the punctuation destroys the sense; for of what force is that clause, "which do appear?" Shakspere undoubtedly wrote, Which do appear their needless vouches, *i. e.*, which present or offer their needless attestations of my merits. So the word appear is used in Act IV. Sc. II., "You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appeared

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by your tongue." Not "rendered apparent," as it has been explained by Mr. Knight, but "represented." His voice which was *unchanged*, represented and stood surety for his favour or face, which by age and loss of beard was hard to recognise. But we must spare the reader's patience, and will, therefore, confine ourselves for the present to two or three remaining passages of acknowledged or evident corruptness, foremost among which stands the speech of Volumnia—

> I prythee now my son,
> Go to them with *this* bonnet in thy hand
> And thus far having stretched it, *here be with them.*
> Thy knee bussing the stones, for in such business
> Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
> Which often—thus—correcting thy stout heart,
> Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
> That will not hold the handling.

That there is a screw loose in the words "which often thus" is, we suppose, if not admitted at all events not strenuously denied by any commentator. But the most surprising thing is, that none of them, as far as we are aware, has taken any offence at the monstrous comparison,—As humble as a mulberry,—*πεπαλτερος μόρων* is a very different expression, for *πέπων* is naturally opposed to *ὠμὸς*, as in Latin you have *mitis* and *crudus*. Neither is the expression, "here be with them," more intelligible, though it is not unlikely that careless readers have often satisfied themselves with the interpretation, "here stoop as low as they." And then observe how revolting to the ear is that unmusical line, "Thy knee bussing the stones, for in such bus'ness," where to get any harmony at all we must transpose the tonic accent, as it is called, from the former to the latter syllable of the word bussing, and so make the trochee into an iambus. We propose to read the whole passage thus:—

> I prythee now, my son,
> Go to them with *thy* bonnet in thy hand
> And thus far having stretch'd it, with thy knee
> Bussing the stones; for in such business
> Action is eloquence, and the' eyes of the' ignorant
> *(a perfectly harmonious alexandrine.)*
> More learned than the ears; *vailing* thy head
> Now humble—thus;—correcting thy stout heart
> Which soften as the ripest mulberry, &c.

It is to be remarked that, except in the parenthesis, the sense and construction of the sentence are kept suspended by participles until the word "say" which renders our removal of the phrase "here be with them" still more probable; perhaps Shakspere had written "here bends," describing the action

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of Volumnia. Vailing is to be understood as in the passage, "Then vail your impotence," where all the editions we have seen absurdly retain "ignorance." Nothing can be more easy or simple than the transposition of the initial words, "Now humble," and "Which often." In the introduction of the letter "s" we find that Warburton has anticipated us, but, as he did not perceive the necessity of the transposition, his emendation is worse than useless, as it makes Volumnia recommend her son to soften his head, or perhaps his hand (for that is another reading), instead of his heart.

There is another speech of Volumnia immediately preceding this one, which calls for a few slight alterations.

> Because that now it lies on you to speak
> To th' people not by your own instruction
> Nor by the matter which your *own* heart prompts you ;
> But with such words that are but roted *on*
> Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
> Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

The necessity of inserting "own" is obvious; and as "roted" means "ruled like a copy" "in" must give way to "on." But there is a deeper corruption in the next line, for what coherency is there in this sentence: "You need use only such words as you get by rote," *although* they are spurious? Why, their not being truly and legitimately his is the very plea by which she would make it appear that he may use them without loss of dignity. Did the language of submission come from his bosom, were it genuine, then his use of it might seem to him a degradation. Another suspicious circumstance is the accent of bastards, for though very bold instances of this inversion of ordinary prosody may be produced, as bosóme from Spenser, Monárch from "All's Well that Ends Well," &c. they are not likely to occur in unimpassioned dialogue, where old-fashioned quaintness is out of place. Add to this that the expression "bastards and syllables of no allowance," borders closely on an absurdity, for though the comparison of feigned words to bastards is just; and bastard-words would be a proper expression; yet to say that words *are bastards*, is a great misuse of language, and altogether unworthy of Shakspere. In the same manner, to say that words are syllables, is nonsense; but for a person endeavouring to lighten their force and value to say that they are *but* syllables, is just and appropriate. Read, therefore,

> But with such words that are but roted on
> Your tongue, and nought but bastard-syllables
> Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

And in confirmation of this conjecture be it observed that

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nothing is more easy than for an unskilful decipherer to misread *though* for *nought*. But we will not abuse the reader's patience; let him attend to but two more passages, and he shall be dismissed for the present.

In Act V. Scene II., we have the following speech, which we arrange according to the Variorum Edition.

> *Men.* Well, and say that Marcius
> Return me as Cominius is returned
> Unheard; what then?
> But as a discontented friend grief-shot
> With his unkindness; say't be so.
> *Sic.* Yet your good will, &c.

In the first place it is very strange that the commentators have not discovered that "say't be so" should be given to Sicinius. By the commentators* we mean those of the last century who have pointed out several other speeches in this play which the printer had assigned to the wrong person. But how shall we hope to persuade Mr. Knight of the truth of this remark, who seriously defends the folio for attributing to Menenius a speech in which Coriolanus is compared to a gangrened limb. There are several reasons for doubting the soundness of the passage quoted above. The half-line by itself would excite no suspicion, for there is a natural pause after the words, "what then?" When, however, we find the next line beginning with "*but*," a conjunction which has nothing whatever to do with the preceding clause, we cannot help suspecting that there is an hiatus to be supplied with some such words as these, "*not as a joyful herald, But* as a discontented friend," &c. If this be thought too bold, *But* must be at once discarded; and we are the more inclined to adopt this alternative because it will also enable us to change the expression of discontented friend, which is somewhat unusual in the sense of a friend who has had his request denied, and to get rid of the alexandrine in the following line. We propose therefore to read,

> As a *discountenanc'd* friend grief-shot with his
> Unkindness;
> *Sic.* Say't be so; yet your good will, &c.

In the last scene of the Second Act, we read:—

> You common cry of curs! whose breath I *hate*
> As reek of th' rotten fens! whose loves I *prize*,
> As the dead carcases of unburied men
> That do infect my air! I banish you!

He does not hate their breaths, any more than a man can

* Since writing the above we have found that Sir T. Hanmer's edition has anticipated us in this remark.

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THE

FOOTSTEPS OF SHAKSPERE;

OR A

RAMBLE WITH THE EARLY DRAMATISTS,

CONTAINING

MUCH NEW AND INTERESTING INFORMATION

RESPECTING

SHAKSPERE, LYLY, MARLOWE, GREEN,

AND OTHERS.

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"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

Shakspere, unconsciously describing himself.

"In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds, an equilibrium between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour, not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous intellectual activity, and a proportional aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakspere places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."

Coleridge, unconsciously describing himself.

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TO

THE GHOST OF APOLLO,

WHOSE SONS, POETICAL OR MEDICAL,

ARE MOST CANTANKEROUS FELLOWS,

A MOST SWEET DISCORD.

Not being acquainted with any parties critically conversant with Elizabethan literature, I am urged by a sense of duty, like Nelson, or rather with the devotion of a Curtius, to publish these discoveries, be they true or imaginary; I have no theories to defend, and can readily subscribe to the words of the Reverend Mr. Halpin:—

"If I have anywhere used the unbecoming language of absolute certainty, or assumed the unauthorized tone of dictation to others,—I would plead, in bar of judgment, the difficulty of conveying the result of one's own conviction, [and without conviction, such an essay were an impertinence not to be excused] without either appearing over-confident, or employing *such a multiplicity of words and forms of deprecation* as would eventually amount to a worse abuse of the Liberty of the Press. That I think I have arrived at a true solution, my appearance in print is sufficient evidence."
—*Oberon's Vision; Shakspere Society.*

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I would also gladly join the reverend gentleman in the following request, "I shall be deeply obliged to any one who will *kindly* set me right;" but, oh! what a fond idea, how precious green!—nothing can slake the rabid thirst for revenge, nothing can mollify the wounded prejudices of a Shaksperian critic;—oh, my prophetic soul! I see myself rushing, like Cassandra, into the house of destruction, into a den of murderers, like France's England, a hotbed of assassins;—

> Woe's me, woe's me; Apollo, oh, Apollo!
> Save me from their knives and tomahawks;
> Save me from these critical savages.
> Oh, Apollo!
> God "of physicke and of poesie,"
> Give *me*—thy blessing.

that hath saved thy life, says Marlowe;* and so say all my critics, kindness and forgiveness beaming in their celestial visages; or as a pilgrim at a higher shrine than Apollo's hath sung:—

> "But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And *critic's* power doth then show likest God's,
> When mercy seasons justice."

* *Vide Annotation*, page 27.

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THE

FOOTSTEPS OF SHAKSPERE.

On reading in January, 1859, a paragraph in a newspaper, that Lord Campbell was about publishing some remarks on Shakspere's Legal Acquirements, it struck me, as an interesting occupation for a leisure hour, to examine into the subject beforehand, and see how far my own opinions might coincide with those of the learned Judge. As it is believed by some, though disputed by others, that Shakspere, before going to London, was for several years a lawyer's clerk at Stratford, it may be presumed, if such were the case, his legal phraseology and imagery would be most abundant in his earlier plays; and I cannot give the result of my investigation more concisely and distinctly, than by commenting on a few extracts from his Lordship's book:—

"The great difficulty is to discover, or to conjecture, with reasonable probability, how Shakspere was employed from about 1579, when he most likely left school, till about 1586, when he is supposed to have gone to London."

"Of Shakspere's actual occupations during these im-

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portant years, when his character was formed, there is not a *scintilla* of contemporary proof."

"An attorney's clerk,"—"first suggested by Chalmers and since countenanced by Malone, yourself, &c.," "but impugned by nearly an equal number of biographers and critics of almost equal authority."

"We should only have to recollect the maxim, that the vessel long retains the flavour with which it has been once imbued."

"In *Two Gentlemen of Verona, Pericles of Tyre,* and *Titus Andronicus,* &c. in fourteen of the thirty-seven dramas generally attributed to Shakspere,—I find nothing that fairly bears upon this controversy."

It may here be remarked, that *no "flavour" in the first three plays* ought to be considered, according to Lord Campbell's own showing, strong presumptive evidence, Shakspere could not have been a lawyer's clerk at Stratford.

But let us see what law phrases and allusions are to be found in these plays:—

Thaliard. "For if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one."—
Pericles, act i., scene 3.

2nd. Fish. "Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out."—*Pericles,* act ii., scene 1.

Prot. "That they are out by lease."—
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v., scene 2.

Tit. "I did my lord, yet let me be their bail to answer their suspicion."—*Titus Andronicus,* act ii., scene 4.

If there be any more law-phrases in these three plays, they are so few and trivial as to have escaped observation.

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We will now proceed to another extract from his Lordship's book:—

"*Hamlet.* In this tragedy various expressions and allusions crop out, showing the substratum of law in the author's mind,"

"Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, *should it be sold in fee.*"

and,

"Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week."

"this passage has been quoted by Judges on the bench as an authority upon the press-gang, and upon the debated question whether shipwrights as well as *common sea-men* are liable to be pressed into the service of the royal navy."

"The discussion as to whether Ophelia was entitled to Christian burial, proves that Shakspere had read and studied Plowden's Report of the celebrated case of Hales *v.* Petit, tried in the reign of Philip and Mary, and that he intended to ridicule the counsel who argued, and the Judges who decided it. Upon an inquisition before the Coroner, a verdict of *felo de se* was returned. Under this finding, his body was to be buried in a cross-road, with a stake thrust through it, and all his goods were forfeited to the crown."

"Hamlet's own speech, &c., abounds with lawyer-like thoughts and words."

The having "studied Plowden's Report and the ridiculing of the counsel and of the Judges" no more proves Shakspere to have been a lawyer's clerk, than that a novelist, who ridicules the contradictory evidence of medical men in a case of poisoning, must necessarily have been an apothecary's apprentice. I shall here

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give Hamlet's speech according to the first edition, 1603, as being more suitable to the present inquiry:—

Ham. Look you, there's another Horatio,
Why mai't not be the skull of some lawyer?
Methinks he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shovel, now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conveiance of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pittiful transformance!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lorde, and of calves-skinnes too.
Ham. I faith they prove themselves sheepe and calves
That deale with them, or put their trust in them."

It may here be objected, this speech proves too much for the advocates of the attorney's office; the writer must have been a practised lawyer, or else, student-like, he picked the various terms and phrases out of a book, and so concocted the speech. As there is scarcely an atom of law in the three preceding plays, it is contrary to all probability Shakspere should have "*bottled up*" *his law for three whole years,* and then suddenly burst out, like Minerva from Jupiter's head, a full-blown lawyer.

Let us examine the chronology of the first six plays; *Pericles, Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Titus Andronicus,* are acknowledged to be the first three. Hamlet was certainly in existence in 1589, and most probably written in '88; in act fifth, scene first, Hamlet says, "By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken

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note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe;" and again, "For O, for O, the hobby horse is forgot." Now in *Love's Labour's Lost* is the following passage:—

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth. By my penny of observation.
Arm. But O,—but O.—
Moth. — the hobby horse is forgot.

Act iii., scene 1.

It is therefore evident, these two plays were intimately connected together in the poet's mind, and must have been produced about the same time. That the comedy followed the tragedy, may be inferred from its containing an allusion to Bank's dancing horse, exhibited in London in 1589.

As the *Comedy of Errors* contains an allusion to the civil contests in France, which followed upon the assassination of Henry III, in August, 1589, it was most probably written after *Love's Labour's Lost*. In this latter play we find there is a sprinkling of law, but in the *Comedy of Errors* the poet luxuriates, riots in legal jokes and quibbles, like a whale off Wick gambolling amongst the herrings, "very like a whale."

As all the other plays, the *Poems* as well as the *Sonnets*,* were written at a later period, it is unnecessary to refer to them. We may therefore sum up:—there is not in the first three plays a *scintilla* of evidence, that Shakspere had been a lawyer's clerk; in the fourth and

* I have proved *clearly and concisely*, that the *Sonnets* extend over the period from 1591 to 1596, *vide The Sonnets of Shakspere, re-arranged.* London, J. Russell Smith, 1859.

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fifth, *Hamlet* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, there is sufficient to justify the supposition; but in the last, the *Comedy of Errors*, he rejoices in "the professional jokes of the attorney's office in great abundance." Such circumstantial evidence forces upon us the conviction, Shakspere commenced the study of the law after he went to London, and probably only a few months previous to the composition of *Hamlet;* and it may be added, not only Hamlet's speech, but all the knowledge he displayed of the law in these three plays, leads to the inference that he first took to the study thereof, not merely from his love of universal knowledge, but also "professionally," as it furnished not only instructive matter, but food in abundance for jokes and quibbles to please the million.

Having now made a searching examination into the first six plays, we are better enabled to judge what value should be set on a certain celebrated Epistle; *vide* Lord Campbell's book, p. 26:—

"An Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities, by Thomas Nash," prefixed to the first edition of Robert Greene's Menaphon, in 1589. The alleged libel on Shakspere is in the words following:—

"I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions that run thro' every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of Noverint, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca,

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read by candle light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreat him fair, in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets; I should say handfuls of tragical speeches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum*—what is that will always last? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry; and Seneca, let blood, line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage."

Presuming that this epistle is a personal attack on Shakspere, we know, the great "endeavour of art" in such writings is so to word the article, that it shall read at the first glance complimentary, and yet be full of spiteful and offensive allusions; the writer also shows still greater skill, if he can season it with a few lies, having an air of truth. This epistle is a masterpiece of the kind; for one set of critics contend it does not refer to Shakspere personally; that Nash alludes only to playwrights, who busy themselves with the endeavour of art in adopting sentences from Seneca so as to *rival whole Hamlets* in tragical speeches;—evidently complimentary. But others consider Shakspere is the party alluded to, and hence arose the supposition he had been a lawyer's clerk.

Nash may have been misled by Hamlet's apparently intimate knowledge of the law; and yet as the public might naturally suppose the author had been brought up to the law, the assertion may have been an intentional falsehood; but it was a master-stroke to insinuate the tragical speeches were purloined from an English Seneca; and the sneer about not being able to "Latinize his neck-verse if it should be needful" must have had a

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telling effect upon the Gentlemen Students of the two Universities.

As this epistle is thus evidently written with the most cunning malevolence, we are no more justified in believing, on its authority, Shakspere had been a lawyer's clerk, than that the tragical speeches are purloined from Seneca, and that he could not, at this time, 1589, Latinize his neck-verse. It is gratifying to find these views corroborated by the concluding remarks of the learned Judge;—"But, my dear Mr. Payne Collier,—still I must warn you, that I myself remain rather sceptical; their statement that he had belonged to the profession of the law may be as false as that he was a plagiarist from Seneca. Nash and Robert Greene may have invented it or repeated it on some groundless rumour."

I have no doubt that Nash is Guildenstern or Rosencrantz, and Greene the other; for we cannot suppose the latter would have allowed Nash to prefix such an epistle to *Menaphon*, unless he also had had a quarrel with Shakspere. This epistle is the retort courteous to our gentle Willy; it is highly interesting to see the infant Hercules in the very struggles of his contest with the two serpents, "whom I will trust, as I will adders fanged;" the one on this occasion, hissed, gnashed, and showed his fangs; the other in 1592, spat his venom out and died;—it is worthy of note, that in neither instance is there a word against Shakspere's private character.

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There is every reason to believe, that Shakspere, on going to London, was extremely deficient in a knowledge of Latin. Jonson says, "he had small Latin and less Greek"; and it is very remarkable, in the first two plays the classical allusions are few and trivial, the ordinary stock of a school boy; in *Pericles*, Jove, Juno, Diana, Cynthia, Neptune; Lucina and Æsculapius have the flavour of the doctor's shop; in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the Hellespont, Elysium, Hero's tower and bold Leander, Phaëton, and Orpheus;

"Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight,"

perhaps denotes, he had already commenced his studies. But *Titus Andronicus* is a Roman play, and in all probability selected for the special purpose of showing off his classical acquirements; and it should be noticed, this classical ornamentation is taken entirely from the *Æneid* and *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. There is also such a marked distinction in this play from the others in style, that Hallam says, "it is not Shakspere's in any sense"; but that does not at all follow; there is a similar difference between the Venus and Adonis and the Lucrece, altho' only one year elapsed between them. It may be reasonably conjectured, that *Titus Andronicus* is a more laboured production; that our poet having produced the best comedy, made an ambitious effort to surpass his rivals in the higher and sublimer regions of tragedy; that a young and comparatively uneducated poet should in his twenty-third year mistake the blood and murder, the horrors of the barbarian school for the true sublime, is not to be wondered at; especially when we reflect,

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that for two centuries the master-pieces of the human intellect have been regarded, not only by foreigners but by his own countrymen, as the productions of a wild and irregular genius, deficient in judgment and taste. But now it is advanced, that Plato and Socrates had prefigured in their minds the plays of Shakspere as the highest form of the drama, and truest to nature :—

"It is truly singular," says Coleridge, "that Plato, genuine prophet and anticipator as he was of the Protestant Christian Era, should have given in his *Dialogue of the Banquet*, a justification of our Shakspere; for he relates that, when all the other guests had either dispersed or fallen asleep, Socrates only, together with Aristophanes and Agathon, remained awake; and that, while he continued to drink with them out of a large goblet, he compelled them, tho' most reluctantly, to admit that it was the business of one and the same genius to excel in tragic and comic poetry, or that the tragic poet ought, at the same time, to contain within himself the powers of comedy," *Remains*, vol. xi., p. 12; and further on he writes, p. 63, "I own I am proud that I was the first in time who publicly demonstrated to the full extent of the position, that the supposed irregularity and extravagancies of Shakspere were the mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan;—the judgment of Shakspere is commensurate with his genius."

It may then be taken for granted, that Skakspere on going to London and being thrown into the society of University men, felt conscious, perhaps galled and

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ashamed, of his deficiencies in classical literature; that he spent some time in a diligent application to those studies, and acquired the power of reading the Latin authors with facility. Latin composition, verses, and discourses, he probably regarded as sheer pedantry, dilettantism, a lamentable waste of useful time; as Biron says:—

> "Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save base authority from others' books;"

in *Hamlet* he says, Seneca is heavy and Plautus light, and gives in the character of Laertes a sly rap at the University man, who could only express his grief for his sister's loss by calling on Pelion and Olympus to fall upon him; his classical knowledge, or at least the display thereof, culminates in *Love's Labour's Lost*; although it again bursts forth in the first part of *Henry VI*, probably in consequence of Nash's spiteful epistle.

It has been said, that in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we see "the germ of other plays, or rather, the germ of some other of his most admired characters," so it may be said, that in *Titus Andronicus* we see the classical allusions of future works;—apart from the beautiful passages quoted by Mr. Knight in his valuable *Notice on the Authenticity of Titus Andronicus*, the following extracts may be adduced as not only additional evidence that Shakspere was the author, but that he also wrote the play, *Dido and Æneas*, referred to in Hamlet:—

> "To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
> How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?"

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"And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow."

"So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood."

"As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet."

"As Tarquin erst
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece bed."
"Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love."

The following lines are also Shaksperian :—

"Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right."
"Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament."

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

"What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose."

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd."

"Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them."

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The last two extracts may be compared with the following:—

"How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st, &c.,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand."

Sonnet 130.

Suf. "She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore to be won."—

Henry VI., act v., scene 3.

Glo. "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?"—

Richard III.

What was Shakspere's occupation before going to London?

"Of Shakspere's actual occupations during these important years, when *his character was formed,* there is not a *scintilla* of contemporary proof." "Nay, notwithstanding the admonition to be found in his works, 'Throw physic to the dogs,' it has been *gravely* suggested, that he must have been initiated in medicine, from the minute inventory of the contents of the apothecary's shop in *Romeo and Juliet.*"—*Shakspere's Legal Acquirements.*

The gravity of the Bench relaxes into a smile, but it is not safe for a man living in a glass house to throw stones;—what says young Hamlet?—

"I' faith they prove themselves sheepe and calves
That deale with them, or put their trust in them."

When I first entered upon the inquiry, "Had Shakspere

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been a lawyer's clerk?" I commenced with *Romeo and Juliet* under the impression it was one of his earlier plays; and I cannot express my surprise, as the further I proceeded, the more strong became my conviction, he must, at some period or other, have studied medicine; for the whole play breathes of it—is instinct with the spirit thereof. But as it was written in 1591, it can be of no value as evidence, whether he studied medicine before or after settling in London. Let us, then, examine the first six plays with reference to this point, but in the reverse order, beginning with the last, and ending with "Shakspere's own muse his Pericles first bore."

In the *Comedy of Errors* there is but little physic, just sufficient to show the author was conversant with the subject. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, physic predominates over law. Armado's letter to the king is adduced by Lord Campbell as being "drawn up in the true lawyer-like tautological dialect;—no ordinary man could have hit it off so exactly without having *engrossed* in an attorney's office;" but the commencement of the letter hits off the medical language of the period just as accurately; "So it is beseiged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of the health-giving air, and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk." The first scene in the second act is full of medical jokes:—

Moth. "A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in the shin.

Cost. No salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Moth. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Thou wer't immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

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Cost. True, true; and now you will give me my purgation, and let me loose."

In act fourth, scene sccond, we read:—*Hol.* "This is a gift that I have; simple, simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motives, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion." It may be said, "no ordinary man could have hit it off so exactly without having" *dissected* in a school of medicine. Rosaline's advice to Biron is a medical lecture, and he replies, "I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital." It is very evident, that in this play, physic predominates over law. It should also be here mentioned, that the language of Armado is not very different from that of Andrew Borde, the physician, who, according to Hearne, gave rise to the name of Merry Andrew, the fool of the mountebank stage. His *Breviary of Health*, first printed in 1547, begins thus: "Egregious doctours and maysters of the eximious and archane science of physicke, of your urbanitie exasperate not your selve."—*Pictorial Shakspere.*

Hamlet is, like *Romeo and Juliet*, undeniably a medical production, and could only have been written by one who had studied the philosophy of medicine, particularly psychology; and whilst "the various expressions and allusions, which crop out, show the substratum of *physic* in the author's mind," and give to the play life and nature, the legal allusions and expressions are merely so many weeds, and the whole crop might be weeded out without injury, if not with benefit.

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Ophelia's song is further evidence of Shakspere's professional studies, as it is not uncommon in virtuous young women for insanity to take an erotic form. "The pregnant hinges of the knee" has been quoted by an eminent anatomist as proof, Shakspere must have *dissected;* and Hamlet's challenge:—

> "Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
> I'll do't."

has a strong flavour of the doctor's shop, the one being a nauseously bitter draught, and the other, most likely, an equally filthy electuary.*

In *Titus Andronicus* it may be said, both law and physic are at a discount.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* "various expressions and allusions crop out, showing the substratum of physic in the author's mind." Who but a medical student could have put into Julia's pretty lips:—

> "And here is writ—love-wounded Proteus;—
> Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
> Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
> And thus I *search* it with a *sovereign* kiss."

and Speed's jocularity is worthy of Guy's Hospital or the Edinburgh Infirmary:—

> *Speed.* "Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would; but you are so without

* Had Hamlet said, "Woul't drink up Esil? eat a *Pharaoh*," there never would have been a doubt on the subject, since the mummy was certainly used medicinally:—

> *Gasp.* "Your followers
> Have swallow'd you like mummia, and, being sick
> With such unnatural and horrid physic,
> Vomit you up i' the kennel."—Webster's *White Devil.*

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these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady."

Pericles:—the whole play is redolent of physic, of the apothecary's shop; not only Cerimon, but Pericles, Helicanus, Dionizza, and Marina, talk physic. As the three last acts are entirely medical, I must refer the reader to the play itself; the following extracts can answer for themselves:—

Cer. "I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
[Together with my practice] made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegatives, in metals, stones:
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the Fool and Death."—

Act iii., scene 2.

"Trivial as the sketch may be called of this good physician, it is a portrait; we see him, and we know him, though observed only under one phase. Here, in the recovery of the Queen from her trance, we have a most natural description of the physician's skill being suddenly called into action; his swift orders mingled with his reasoning on cases, his haste to apply the reme-

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dies, the broken sentences, his reproof to a loitering servant, the keeping the gentlemen back to 'give her air;' the whole, as if by magic, making the reader an absolute spectator of the scene."

"Compared to all that precedes it, or to anything else, the first scene of the fifth act is wonderfully grand, beautiful, and refined in art. Every one ought to know it; but it is too long for me to quote. The recall from a state of stupefaction caused by grief, and the prolonged, yet natural recognition of Marina, interwoven with a thousand delicate hues of poetry, lead us on in admiration, till we think nothing can be added to the effect. Still the crown of all is to come, in the poetical conclusion, true to nature while it rests on our imagination. Pericles, instantly after his sudden rush of joy, his overwrought excitement, fancies he listens to the 'music of the spheres!'—he wonders that others do not hear these 'rarest sounds;'—then he sinks on his couch to rest, and still insisting that there is 'most heavenly music,' falls into a sleep, while Marina, like an angel, watches at his side!"—*Ch. Armitage Brown*, p. 242.

To the great knowledge of medicine displayed in this production, as further proof of his early studies, may be added the following passage:—"He is bound by the indenture of his oath;" evidently the apprentice rejoices in the pleasure of soon being out of his indentures.

We may then sum up;—the first play is essentially medical, and could only have been written by one who had studied medicine; take away the scenes connected with Cerimon, Marina, and the stupor of Pericles, and the play dwindles to an idle story, a copy of juvenile

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verses in imitation of old Gower. In the second and fifth, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, physic predominates over law;—whilst *Hamlet* could only have been written by one who had studied the philosophy of medicine. Thus, in four out of the first five plays, the doctor stands prominently forward; but the whole force and strength of the argument lies in the first two plays; there can be but one verdict,—*Pericles*, the play I was so fond of as a boy, settles the question, —Shakspere must have been "*during those important years, when his character was formed,*" an Apothecary's Apprentice; nor am I acquainted with any position in life more suitable for, and so completely in harmony with, the actual growth and development of his peculiarly practical and universal mind.

This conviction is powerfully corroborated by the following extract from Coleridge:—"For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits; and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situation in which those employments had placed him; or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditation. Just as Ben Jonson, who applied himself to the drama after having served in Flanders, fills his earliest plays with true or pretended soldiers, the wrongs and neglects of the former, and the absurd boasts and knavery of their counterfeits. So Lessing's first comedies are placed in the

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Universities, and consist of events and characters conceivable in an academic life."—*Literary Remains*, vol. ii.

It should here be mentioned, that *All's Well that Ends Well* was written in the spring of 1587, and was corrected and augmented probably about 1599. In one of the most highly finished scenes we find the following legal phraseology:—

> *Par.* "Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually."—Act iv., scene 3.

Even if this passage had been in the original sketch, it would have been no evidence of Shakspere having been a lawyer's clerk; since it is preceded by three plays, in which there are only trifling allusions to the law; but as the comedy is founded upon the story of a young lady, the daughter of a physician, curing the King of France with a celebrated prescription of her father's, it does serve as corroborative evidence to the two preceding plays, abounding in medical allusions.

Thus, after a close and searching examination of these plays, we light on the interesting fact, that Shakspere in his youth had been, not a lawyer's clerk, but an apothecary's apprentice. How mysterious are the ways of Providence; how far beyond the ken of common minds! What possible situation in life could Fortune's dearest spite have dropped him into, so suitable for the growth and development of his bodily and mental powers? Active exercise and mental culture; a neophyte in the temple of nature, soon to be her great High Priest! At first, as a lesson in humility, he

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sweeps the shop and dusts the bottles; then gains a practical knowledge of chemical compounds, and studies botany, not lazily in a botanic garden, but practically, rambling through the fields and woods, collecting medicinal plants, thus sucking the milk of knowledge direct from the breasts of nature. Then doctoring the stable-boys at the Hall or Castle, he becomes knowing in horse-flesh, hounds, and hawks; tea's with the housekeeper, wine's with the butler, so learns heraldry and chaffing with the maids;—then called up at night to a labour, he hurries to the patient in town or country; the baby's squalls appeased, and the mother comfortable, pleased and thankful that all is well, he homewards takes his way, musing now on earthly, now on heavenly things; now gazing at the glorious morning star, an orb ne'er seen nor dreamt of by the lawyer's clerk; if seen, mistaken for the moon; if dreamt of, 'tis the chancellor's wig.

As the proper study of mankind is man, and Shakspere *did* man as effectually as any tourist does the Rhine or Switzerland; what could he learn of man in a lawyer's office, save the meanness and selfishness of his character; whilst in the same worldly-minded creature, stretched on the bed of sickness, oft the nobler feelings of our nature are displayed, as well as in the kindly offices of that ministering angel, woman; thus, like a beautiful rose-bud, daily absorbing fresh juices and odours, healthily grew and expanded Shakspere's mind in the doctor's shop.

At what time he quitted medicine for the stage is uncertain; but he certainly did not do so, as ill-natured

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people said, from a love of idleness and pleasure, but in obedience to an internal impulse—an urgent, imperative law of nature; not but that he also acted with perfect freewill; for being well aware, that success in the medical trade does not depend on professional skill and abilities, nor on kindness and attention, but on other arts unnecessary here to mention, he wisely cut the doctor's shop and took to the theatre, just as a duckling, though nursed by a hen, instinctively takes to the water; and thus, fate and freewill acting harmoniously together, England for once had the right man in the right place.

Thus the two great difficulties; his hurried marriage, and his going to London without his wife, are satisfactorily cleared up by the fact of his having been an apothecary's apprentice. The hurried marriage (about which, says the Rev. G. Gilfillan, a deal of nonsense has been uttered, arising from a confusion of marriage with the then common practice of previous betrothal), may be easily explained on the supposition, Shakspere got leave of absence for a few days, as his master could not dispense with his services for a longer period. It may also be reasonably conjectured, that Shakspere, as soon as he was out of his indentures in April, 1585, instead of going to London to walk the hospitals and study for the Hall, went immediately under an engagement to the Blackfriars Theatre, being related to one of the performers, Thomas Greene, his fellow-townsman. Mrs. William certainly could not have accompanied him on this first trip, as she had been confined of twins only a few weeks previously.

Our poet has with a grateful feeling, that does him

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honour, portrayed his good and learned master under the character of Cerimon in *Pericles*, and again as Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet;* but the half-starved Apothecary at Mantua is, I am sorry to say, doctorlike, a malicious description of the opposition-shop at Stratford. This account is confirmed by the following extract from Mr. Knight's *Biography*, p. 183, in which he gives, though unintentionally, a most accurate description of that nearly extinct animal, the ancient apothecary:—"The kind old man, going forth from his cell in the evening twilight to fill his osier basket with weeds and flowers, and moralising on the properties of plants, which at once yield poison and medicine, has all the truth of individual portraiture; and the young Shakspere *may have known* some kindly old man, full of axiomatic wisdom, and sufficiently confident in his own management, like the well-meaning Friar Lawrence."

Joseph Warton also makes a very striking observation on the passage, "I do remember an apothecary," which is well parried by Mr. Knight in his illustration, but, as usual, the truth lies *in medio.* Warton objects that Romeo, to remember these terms, must *think;* but the fact is, the items came naturally, uncalled for, into his mind; for was he not an apothecary's apprentice? thus the speech is highly appropriate and characteristic; but the critics, not being aware of this fact, are quite at sea on this occasion as on several others. "I appeal to those," says Warton, "who know anything of the human heart, whether Romeo, in this distressed situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly

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shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is, indeed, very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion as Romeo is represented to be." "What, then," replies Mr. Knight, "had he leisure to do? Had he leisure to run off into declamations against fate, &c. From the moment he had said, 'Well, Juliet, I will lie with you to-night. Let's see for means,' the apothecary's shop became to him the object of the most intense interest."—Delightful treat to see a well-fought battle between romanticist and classicist!

The tradition of the Royal College of Surgeons, that Shakspere had been a barber-surgeon, and stuck up his pole next door to the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, is scarcely tenable; nor can it be traced to an earlier period than about the middle of the last century. Nor can Shakspere's fondness for amputations, or rather decapitations, verbal as well as corporal, be adduced as evidence of his surgical skill; other playwrights did the same, and even more freely; they merely followed the example of her Majesty's gracious government in those happy days. Nor could he have been the pupil of a physician, nor of an incumbent licensed by the bishop to practise medicine, since in either case he would certainly have been advised and encouraged to become a proficient in classical literature. The question is thus reduced to its narrowest compass; Shakspere must have been "*during those important years when his character was formed,*"

AN APOTHECARY'S APPRENTICE,

THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

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I take this opportunity of proposing the following explanation of a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which has much perplexed the commentators:—

Val. "And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*
Pro. Look to the boy."—

Act v., scene 4.

"I give thee" means I *forgive* thee, and should have been printed "I 'give thee;" Valentine says to his penitent friend, I forgive you not only my banishment, &c., but since

"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth,"

therefore, to prove the sincerity of my love and forgiveness in the strongest form possible, I forgive all you have done against Silvia, a far more unpardonable offence than any personal injury to myself. Valentine, who had just overheard Silvia's declaration of her passionate love for himself, and her detestation of his friend, could never have dreamt of giving his sweetheart to Proteus, nor was she one to submit to be given away so easily, she hath-a-way of her own; and shortly afterwards Valentine says:—

"Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee."

No sooner has Valentine forgiven his friend, than Julia, exclaiming, "O me, unhappy!" *pretends* to faint; and then, by giving to Proteus his own ring, the sly baggage

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brings about an *eclaircissement* at a most auspicious moment, when her lover was in a soft and repentant mood; for is not Julia, though a warm-hearted girl, a cunning gipsy too? Does she not tell fibs in saying, she "neglected to deliver a ring to madam Silvia?"—

Jul. "Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring."—
Act iv., scene 4.

Did she not, also, in the first act, favour us with an insight into her character by refusing the love-letter, and then playing tricks to get a peep at it?—

"How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!"

This play, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* is of singular value in assisting us to gain a knowledge of Shakspere's heart as well as of his mind; not because it contains the "germ of other plays," but inasmuch as it contains a passage foreshadowing a page in the history of his own life; when, a few years after, his own friend and mistress happily behave false to him; he again, for is not Valentine, Shakspere, forgives his friend:—

"Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds."

Valentine's expression, "I 'give thee," reminds us of a passage in the *Jew of Malta,* act i.:—

Abig. "Father, forgive me—"

in the *note* we read,

forgive me—] Old ed.: "give *me*—"

it does not follow, that *give* is here a misprint for *for-*

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give; most probably Abigail, agonised at her father's violent language, was about exclaiming:—

"Give *me* thy blessing,"

as Barabas had just said:—

"I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils and their damned heresy!"

assuredly the old edition gives the correct reading; one touch of nature in Marlowe.

Ghost. "I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this."—
Hamlet, act i., scene 5.

"The fat weed" is undoubtedly the *henbane*, a narcotic; the whole plant is covered with unctuous fetid hairs. It is found in great abundance in Oxfordshire, and is here poetically and appropriately located on Lethe's bank. "The fat weed that roots itself in ease" is a most graphic description of the plant, and as it is the reading of the quartos, *rots* must consequently be regarded as a misprint in the folio.

Cymbeline. The speeches of the spirits and of Jupiter, in the vision of Posthumus, are not only universally acknowledged to be an interpolation of the players, but they are also directly opposed to the conception of the

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poet, who intended the dream to be a dumb show, like the vision of Katharine in *Henry VIII.* This is proved by the speech of Posthumus at the end, and by a speech at the opening of the play:—

1 *Gent.* "I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, &c.;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand."

Thus, the audience would readily recognise the spirits, and when Jupiter throws his thunderbolt, the book or label is supposed to fall on the bosom of Posthumus; Jupiter re-ascends, and the ghosts vanish. The vision consequently, is an integral part; but it is to be hoped future editors will expunge the fustian from this beautiful drama.

Fer. "This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise."—
Tempest, act iv., scene 1.

Charmingly, or by *magic*, is contra-indicated by the subsequent question and answer; if Ferdinand knew it was all magic, the question and answer are unnecessary,

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mere tautology; *charming lays*, sanctioned by Gifford, Johnson, and others, is far preferable, and in all probability the true reading. Ferdinand is charmed not only by the splendour of the scene, but also by the song, and by the beautiful verses of Iris and Ceres, which were probably performed in recitative music.

The last passage is evidently corrupt; the masque has just been enacted, "a contract of true love to celebrate," and Ferdinand naturally and gallantly exclaims:—

> "A wonder'd father, and so rare a wife,
> Make this place paradise."

Wonder'd; wonderful, able to do wonders.

Ari. "Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow."—
Tempest, act v., scene 1.

Ariel, during the mid-day heat, or his custom of an afternoon, takes his siesta in a cowslip's bell; sleeps there at night; and, like other fashionables in Milan and Naples, promenades after sunset.

The usual reading, "*after summer*," is a misprint, caused by the repetition of the word *merrily*. No naturalist could possibly have committed such a blunder as, "on a bat's back I do fly after summer," though he

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might have written on a *swift's* back; but then he could scarcely have added "merrily," for it would be no joke to sit a swallow:—

> "The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship."—*Timon*, act iii., scene 6.

Ariel is nearly related to Puck; he evidently loves a bit of mischief, and enjoys the fun of leading Caliban and his companions into "the filthy mantled pool;" and his riding on a bat's back after sunset is a specimen of his humour, an image as full of playfulness as a kitten or a puppy-dog running after its tail.

"Flying after summer" may be a very fine idea, but it destroys the illusion of the scene, the domesticity of the isle; and is besides, inconsistent with the simplicity of Ariel's character, who is thinking only of his present happiness. In this pretty song about *cowslips and blossoms*, Ariel is describing the *merry* month of May, and perhaps the early part of June, in the neighbourhood of London or around Stratford; consequently, if he flies after anything, it must be after the spring, and not after the summer; in the middle of May, cowslip wine is made, and by the end of June how fares it with the blossom that hangs on the bough of the lime-tree?

As the *Tempest* was first printed in the folio of 1623, the error remained unnoticed till Theobald proposed *sunset*, and Mr. Hunter in his *Illustrations*, appears inclined to adopt it; even the prefix *Cer.* to the Song in the Masque was wanting, till Theobald made that important correction.

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On looking over some of Mr. Staunton's annotations, I find he has anticipated me in the words *cumber'd* for *number'd* in *Cymbeline*, and *sheaf* for *cheff* or *chiefe* in *Hamlet*:—

"Of a most select and generous sheaf in that."

I had previously marked the passage in *Every Man out of his Humour*, but his extract from the *Magnetic Lady* is conclusive:—

"That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best sheaf."—

Act iii., scene 4.

Perhaps he may not object to the following remark as corroborative of his discovery: *cheff* in French has the meaning of "fag-end of a piece of cloth," and *chiffe* is a "paltry cloth or rag." The origin and meaning of the word *sheaf* may probably be found in an old French dictionary.

But as there are spots in the sun, Mr. Staunton, I presume, has committed an oversight in his reading of "it lifted up *his* head," instead of *its* head; *Hamlet*, act first, scene second. In the quarto of 1603, to which he refers, we read:—

"And lifted up his head to motion,
Like as *he* would speak."

Pem. "If what in rest you have, in right you hold,"—

King John, act iv., scene 2.

This passage has caused much discussion; may not *in right* be a misprint for *unright?*

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Brut. "For if thou path, thy native semblance on,"—
Julius Cæsar, act ii., scene 1.

Another contested passage; may not *path* be a misprint for *pass?*

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."—
Twelfth Night, act i., scene 1.

"So the early text," says Mr. Staunton, "but Pope changed *sound* to *south*, and the alteration has been approved, perhaps too readily, by nearly every editor since his time." Mr. Knight, I think, adopts the same reading, and has given other reasons than those adduced by Mr. Staunton, why *south* could not have been the word used by Shakspere. Both editors, I believe, are correct in rejecting *south*; but I never heard of a *sound* "stealing and giving odour;" the image is too incongruous, although a sound breathing is unobjectionable. *Sound* is merely a misprint for *wind*, and the "sweet wind" is the Zephyr,* which "is said to produce flowers and fruits by the sweetness of its breath." How the poor ignorant Shakspere would have been belaboured by the classical Popes, Johnsons, and Farmers, had the misprint in the early text been *south*, for then they might have discovered, "the breath of Auster is pernicious to flowers."

* "Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes."—*Milton.*

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Since writing the above, I find Rowe changed *sound* into *wind*, meaning, it must be presumed, the south wind; but the following lines appear to settle the question:—

Bel. " O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head."
Sooth. I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west."—
Cymbeline, act iv., scene 2.

Mr. Halliwell in his edition of *Marston*, appears to have misapprehended the following passage:—

Ant. "The first thing he spake was,—Mellida!
And then he swooned.
Mel. Aye me!
Ant. Why sigh you, fair?
Ros. Nothing but little humours; good sweet, on.—
Antonio and Mellida, p. 16.

In a note, the editor observes,—"*Ros.* This prefix should obviously be *Mel.*;" but that it is the lively Rosaline, and not the gentle Mellida, who pertly replies to Antonio dressed as an Amazon, may be judged from the last line in the scene:—

Ros. " Sweet Lady, nay *good sweet*, now by my troth weele
be bedfellows."

" O thou allbearing earth;"—" O chaune thy breast."
Act iii., p. 31.

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instead of "*O chaune,*" Mr. Dilke reads,—"*Open thy breast.*" But *chaune* is merely a misprint for *cleave*;—and "wound the earth that it may *cleave* in twain," says Tamburlaine.

On entering upon this inquiry I commenced, as already stated, with *Romeo and Juliet;* I then read *Hamlet,* being the next play in the same volume of the *Pictorial Shakspere;* and not having seen either of the plays for more than twenty years, I was forcibly struck, however paradoxical it may sound, with the similarity of character in *Romeo and Hamlet;* that is, as far as the elements are concerned. Romeo is gentleness with resolution, a keen wit, a little more impulsive, but then he is younger, under a southern sky, and his disease is love; whilst Hamlet's simulated madness necessitates an increased watchfulness over his impulses.

In two plays so dissimilar and representing two so dissimilar phases of the mind, parallel passages are not likely to occur; but we may compare Hamlet's state of mind after the interview with his father's spirit, and Romeo's on hearing of the death of Juliet:—

Hor. "These are but wild and hurling words, my lord,
Ham. It is an honest ghost.
You hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground so fast."—*Hamlet,* act i., scene 5.
Bal. "Your looks are pale and wild.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceived.

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Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry."—*Romeo and Juliet*, act v.

The cast of thought in these passages is evidently similar; the difference lies in time and circumstance; both Romeo and Hamlet give vent to their overwrought feelings in bitter jests. The behaviour of Hamlet to Laertes, is throughout identical with Romeo's behaviour to Tybalt and Paris. "The wit of Romeo," says Mr. Knight, "is the unaccustomed play of the intellect, when the passions have come to the clenching point,—but it is under control;" "the courage of Romeo is reflective and forbearing;" assuredly Hamlet's courage is also reflective and forbearing; and his wit is certainly under control.

The resemblance is much stronger, and the divergence far less in the first sketch, than in the perfect Hamlet. "Mr. Hallam, speaking of *Romeo and Juliet* as an early production of our poet, points out as a proof of this, 'the want of that thoughtful philosophy, which, when once it had germinated in Shakspere's mind, never ceased to display itself.' *Hamlet*, as it now stands, is full of this thoughtful philosophy. But the original sketch, as given in the quarto of 1603, exhibits few traces of it in the form of didactic observations. The whole dramatic conduct of the action is indeed demonstrative of a philosophical conception of incidents and characters: but in the form to which Mr. Hallam refers, 'the thoughtful philosophy' is almost entirely wanting in that sketch."—*Pictorial Shakspere.*

That Hamlet is Shakspere himself ought only to be

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mentioned, to be granted;—the philosophical soliloquies, the reflections in the churchyard, are acknowledged to be his own meditations; the wit is essentially that of the hero of the *Mermaid*; the remarks about the play are acknowledged to be his; the advice to the players evidently his own opinions, in fact himself speaking; and the quarrel with his friends has been before alluded to;—take away then the witty sallies, the philosophy, the scenes with the players and his friends, and what remains of *Hamlet* but the scene with the ghost and the soliloquy about his mother, which is the very passage that forced on me the conviction, Hamlet is Shakspere himself, and not, strickly speaking, a poetical conception, for the soliloquy is in tone and feeling identical with various sonnets.

With regard to the passage, "for the play, I remember, pleased not the million," Mr. Knight observes, "the introduction of these lines, we think, cannot be accounted for upon any other supposition, but that they were written by Shakspere himself; and he is so thoroughly in earnest in his criticism upon the play, and his complaint of its want of success is so apparently sincere, that it is impossible to imagine, that the passage had reference to something non-existent." And I may add, the passage about "his two school-fellows" at the end of the third act, grated so harshly on my feelings, that I felt Shakspere must have had a quarrel with two of his friends.

Further, I may remark, that Hamlet and Shakspere are of the same age. Hamlet is usualy spoken of as being a very young man; but it seems highly impro-

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bable, imcompatible with the character, that a man so well acquainted, so versed in the ways of the world, should only "*have just crossed the threshold of manhood*;" and under the persuasion, that in its composition Shakspere had drawn his materials from the burning fiery lava of his own feelings, the genuine potheen of life, instead of having his muse inspired by the cold mountain dew of Parnassus or by the watery springs of Helicon; under this impression, I have examined and compared certain dates in the play, in reference to Shakspere's own age and that of his parents.

John Shakspere is supposed to have been born about 1530, and he married Mary Arden, in December, 1557. consequently when the play was written in 1588, it could be justly said of them:—

> "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
> Neptune's salt-wash and Tellus' orbed ground;
> And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
> About the world have times twelve thirties been;
> Since love our hearts, and *Hymen did our hands*,
> Unite commutual in most sacred bands."

and the clown says, "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years;" the coincidence in the years is at least curious. Again the clown says, he has been a grave-maker ever since "the very day that young Hamlet was born;" the clown refers to his appointment, of course he was not the grave-maker when a boy;— and again he says, "Here's a scull now: this scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years." "Alas, poor Yorick!" says Hamlet, "I knew him, Horatio." Now the grave-digger could scarcely have called him young

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Hamlet, had he been thirty years of age; altho' he might have been called young, longer than usual, in contradistinction to old Hamlet, his father. Shakspere appears, like De Quincey, to have remembered some old servant or friend of the family when he was only eighteen or twenty months old.

The deliberate and precise alteration of the various dates in the amended copy, clearly and decisively points out Shakspere's intention.

Consequently there can be no doubt, the buried Majesty of Denmark was in the poet's mind his own father; and the Queen? of all his female creations the most poetical,—of all, the most practical, high-spirited, and affectionate, dotingly fond of her son, and as much doted upon by the living as by her former husband;—who can this wonderful woman be? Who else but his own mother, Mary Arden, the poetical and practical mother of the poetical and practical son.

One problem, which it is supposed Shakspere has undertaken to solve in this play, is, that the madness, under which Hamlet appears to be labouring, is in reality assumed; essentially a medico-psychological study; has he succeeded in carrying out this idea? Apparently not; for tho' it is in a measure spoken of as a disputed point, yet, commentators and critics of the highest authority assert, he is not perfectly sane. "Mr. Kean's conception of the part was good, the melancholy abstraction, the vacillation, the derangement of a noble mind o'erthrown, partly affected and partly real, were finely delineated."—*Life of Charles Kean*, p. 260.

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This question is not to be settled by eloquent periods and ornate descriptions, but by an analysis or anatomical dissection of the play: for we have to deal with a young doctor, who had intimately studied the divine architecture of man, whatever may have been his knowledge of the "Architecture of the Heavens," at that time a disputed point.

The play opens with a scene proving the reality of the ghost. In the second scene Hamlet makes his appearance quibbling; from which it may be inferred, he is not only witty, but naturally of a cheerful disposition. In his reply to his mother, like a tender and affectionate son, he avoids wounding her feelings; but in the first copy we read:—

"Him have I lost, I must *of course* forego,"

a line clearly showing his grief depended not on the loss of his father; but as such an observation might raise in his mother's mind a suspicion her marriage was the cause, the poet in the amended copy judiciously omitted the line and put in its stead:—

"But I have that within which passeth show."

No sooner is Hamlet left alone, than he gives vent to his feelings in a speech of the most exquisite sensibility and pathos, concluding with:—

"O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!"

Yet the critics and commentators, apparently resolved in the very beginning to make him a weak-minded man,

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unanimously attribute his melancholy to the death of his father, although in the whole speech there is not the slightest expression of regret for his loss; the real cause being the deep wound to his moral and religious feelings, that his mother, whom he so dearly loved, that such a radiant angel should have *sinned,* married her deceased husband's brother. No doubt Hamlet has a natural regret for the loss of his father; but he would rather, he himself had died, than his mother should have committed such a fearful sin, an incestuous marriage:—

> "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
> Ere I had seen that day, Horatio."

This scene reminds us of the first scene in *All's Well that End's Well,* written in the preceding year, 1587; in each instance there is a mystification, which is cleared up to the audience by a soliloquy.

The King and Queen and all the Court suppose, Hamlet's grief proceeds from the loss of his father; nor does he, because he dare not undeceive them:—

> "But break, my heart! for I must hold my tongue."

It is comfortable to have an authority on one's side; Professor Richardson in his *Philosophical Analysis of Shakspere's Remarkable Characters,* thus writes,—"the death of his father was a natural evil, and as such he endures it. The impropriety of Gertrude's behaviour, her ingratitude to the memory of her former husband, and the depravity she discovers in the choice of a successor, afflict his soul, and cast him into utter agony. Here then is the principle and spring of all his actions."

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In the third scene we have another insight into Hamlet's character, which has apparently been quite overlooked by the critics:—

Laer. "Farewell. [*exit* Laertes.
Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath *very oft of late*
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With all the vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.
This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, *from this time* forth,
Have you to slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord."—Act i., scene 3.

Here it is evident, Hamlet has, like Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well*, "very oft of late" *forgotten his father* and is making hot love to Ophelia;—we may then sum up,—in the audience chamber Hamlet makes his appearance quibbling, consequently he cannot be in a very melancholy mood, but in his address to his mother and in the soliloquy, he shows us the exquisite sensibility of his nature, and how deeply distressed and outraged

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have been his moral and religious sentiments, by his mother's marriage;—he receives his friends graciously; and common report says, he gives much of his time to Ophelia. I trust then, it has been clearly proved, Hamlet is not at the opening of the play the profoundly melancholy character he is generally represented.

Throughout the interview with the ghost, Hamlet's intellect remains clear and unaffected; he never loses his presence of mind; the frenzied excitement he felt at first, gradually softens down during the spirit's narrative, giving place to a desire of revenge. By the fading away of the ghost, the strain on his nerves and intellect is somewhat relieved, and he recovers still further *by the act of writing* in his tables; so that on the arrival of his friends he seeks to turn off their inquiries and give relief to his still agitated feelings by jesting; and it is possible, this excitement of the feelings, with intellectual power to control them, may have suggested the idea of feigning himself mad.

Before proceeding any further, we must examine into the duration or period of time occupied by the play; for there is no immediate connexion marked between the first and second acts; but as the second act opens with Polonius sending money and notes to his son, a considerable period must have elapsed since Laertes departed, and since Hamlet saw the ghost.

The first act occupied two nights and the intervening day. In the second act, scene first, Polonius has just dismissed Reynaldo, when the gentle Ophelia hurries in with her hand on her heart, "Oh, my lord, I have been so affrighted," and tells him about Hamlet's strange

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visitation; Polonius then goes to the castle, "come go we to the king," to whom he immediately announces:—

> "The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
> Are joyfully returned;"—Act ii., scene 2.

on leaving the royal presence, or rather *exeunt* king and attendants, he has an amusing conversation with Hamlet, to whom he presents Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. We have then the scene with the players, in which Hamlet says, "we'll have 't tomorrow night;" the act terminates with the soliloquy "the spirit that I have seen may be the devil, the play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

We thus see the second act occupies exactly one day.

On the following day in the evening, the play is performed; thus the whole of the third act, and the first three scenes of the fourth act occupy one day and a night; and to Hamlet's remark, "my father died within these two hours," Ophelia replies, "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord;" and as the first act occurred two months after the death of the king, "But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two," consequently *two months must have elapsed between the first and second acts.*

The fourth scene in the fourth act occurs at daybreak, and the three remaining scenes occupy at least several weeks, as Fortinbras and the English ambassadors appear in the last act.

The fifth act occupies half a day or a few hours only, as the king on leaving the churchyard says to Laertes, "we'll put the matter to the present push."

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We may now return and examine Hamlet's conduct in act second, scene first. For two long months had Hamlet submitted to have his letters refused, and access to his Ophelia denied; what! what! I hear voices around me exclaiming, Hamlet constantly breaking his vow! impossible! it is, however, ye impalpable beings! perfectly true, down in black and white, on the word of Ophelia. Polonius laid his commands on her at the very hour Horatio was telling Hamlet about the ghost; we may be certain, he neither visited nor wrote to her that evening; consequently it must have been during these two months, after he had vowed his vow, "unmixed with baser matter," that Ophelia "did repel his letters and denied his access." But when has Shakspere ever made love "baser matter," "seconds;" love is the creative principle of nature, and the poet of nature has always made lovely woman the *primum mobile;* Silvia, Juliet, &c., all quit father and mother and make runaway matches, and are by the moral poet of nature punished or rewarded according to their deserts.

The truth then must be faced; Hamlet is undeniably in an ecstasy of love, as Polonius calls it; and no doubt the interview was followed by beneficial effects on both sides; his anxiety would be relieved by the sight of her; and Ophelia? less palpitation of the heart, less sighing over her "sewing in her chamber;" she now would have undoubted evidence, that his *affection* depended on her love, was caused by her unkindness. And I have noticed it these thirty years, young ladies do not break their hearts, though their cruelty may drive their lovers to distraction; they seem, sweet enchantresses, to have an

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implicit reliance on certain charms in their possession to cure the disease; was such Shakspere's opinion? how was Ophelia affected on this occasion, and also the Queen?—

Pol. "How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it."—Act ii., scene 1.

Queen. "And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may."
Act. iii., scene 1.

O, sweet, innocent, and gentle Ophelia! the faith of the sisterhood is strong within thee. On the supposition that *only a few days elapse* between the first and second acts, this scene has generally been regarded as a simulated ecstasy on the part of Hamlet, to deceive the king and his courtiers; but the lapse of two months, with the rejection of his letters and visits, incontestably settles the question. This view of his passionate love is confirmed by his own self-accusing conscience in the Queen's bedchamber:—

Ham. "Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, let's go by
The important acting of your dread command?"

On the following morning, Hamlet having been summoned to the presence of the king, meets Ophelia; at this interview Ophelia, discovering he is more seriously

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affected than she had previously imagined, becomes herself deeply agitated and distressed; and soon after, hearing of her father's lamentable death and her lover's banishment, her brother being still in Paris, no wonder the young lady breaks her heart and becomes deranged.

On the same evening, after this meeting with Ophelia, the play is performed, at which the king is proved guilty;—soon afterwards, Hamlet, just on the point of departure to visit the queen, thus expresses his burning desire for vengeance:—

> "Now could I drink hot blood,
> And do such bitter business as the day
> Would quake to look on."

On the way to his mother he suddenly comes on the king at his prayers; notwithstanding the privacy and secrecy of the opportunity, by a desperate effort of his will he controls the almost irresistible impulse to kill him; strange to say, this scene is regarded as a proof of his irresolution; and though Johnson accused him of being influenced by motives inhuman and fiendish, it is now universally agreed, the reasons assigned by Hamlet are not his real motives, but mere excuses, a self-deception, to avoid the shedding of blood, marks of irresolution and procrastination. The critics in accusing him on this occasion of weakness and irresolution, are certainly consistent with their previous opinion in attributing his deep grief to the death of his father, though he never uttered a single regret for him, nor said a word about him except that he was "an excellent king," and compared with his brother, "Hyperion to a satyr."

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Hamlet, like his critics, is consistent with himself; the very next night, being at sea, he writes out a new commission:—

Ham. "An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary, &c.,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers *put to sudden death,*
Not shriving time allowed."

It would seem, these erroneous impressions about Hamlet's character, have arisen from a misapprehension or inattention to the doctrines of his religion;—a heart full of tenderness and noble feelings, a keen and ready wit, quick in action as thought or lightning, with a will strong to control the most sudden and violent impulse, an intellect godlike, but *subordinate to his religious belief.* Had he killed the king at his prayers, his soul at the moment pure and free from sin, what would have been *the inevitable consequence?* Scarcely could he have sheathed his sword, 'ere his father's ghost appears, furious, "poor fool! weak, rash, and imbecile fool! you swore to *revenge* my murder; your uncle is in heaven and I'm in hell;" *exit* the perturbed spirit; Hamlet, now really mad, rushes after his father to the regions below;—finale, an awful smell of brimstone.

His father's spirit had told him something about the other world:—

Ghost. "I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away."

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Shakspere is not answerable for the religion in the play, which is the Roman Catholic; and probably purgatory was still in his day the popular belief amongst the lower classes. "Purgatory, a place in which souls are supposed by the Papists to be purged by fire from carnal impurities, before they are received into heaven." —*Johnson.*

Hamlet therefore naturally wishes his father's murderer to undergo the penalty of his crime, *a limited period* of punishment, and not an eternal damnation. The following passage has evidently been misunderstood as well by Johnson as by the Coleridges and Lambs:—

Ham. "Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell, whereto it goes."

"*hell*" here does not mean the place of eternal punishment; but purgatory, or the place of departed spirits; *vide Johnson*:—

"the place of separate souls whether good or bad.

and in *Tamburlaine*, Cosroe exclaims:—

"My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart."

and in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, his Supplication to the Devil, we read, p. 66,—"Hell is a place where the souls of intemperate men, and ill livers of all sorts, are detained and imprisoned till the general resurrection."

The last words of the ghost were, "remember me;" that is, not his mere murder, but *his suffering the tortures of purgatory*; Claudius must therefore undergo the same penalties: but the critics can not or will not

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perceive the difference between temporal and eternal punishment; they will persist in judging Hamlet by protestant doctrines and not as a papist. Shakspere avoids the abusive language of the early reformers, and generally portrays his friars as good and estimable men; but he never hesitates to point out at the same time the evil tendencies of the doctrines of the Church of Rome; and his intention on the present occasion evidently is, to show the injurious action of a belief in purgatory; how much it tends to nourish an unforgiving spirit; just as in the *Lucrece* he shows the injurious effects of the priestly power of absolution; when Tarquin has his hand on the chamber-door, he starts, frightened at the thought of his *intended* crime, but is *instantly re-assured*:

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution;
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution."—

Stanza 51.

Hamlet's revenge must consequently be regarded as essentially papistical, and perfectly natural under the circumstances.

On quitting the king he proceeds to his mother's chamber; after a few words, hearing a noise behind the arras, quick as lightning, he draws his sword, "a rat, dead for a ducat, dead;" unfortunately, instead of the king, it was that "wretched, rash, intruding fool," Polonius. To his affrighted exclamation on the sudden entrance of the ghost, his mother sighs forth, "Alas he's mad;" of course she listens patiently, like a sensible woman, not understanding a word about it, to his learned dissertation on insanity; nods yes, yes, to everything he

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says, and departs promising him, "I have no life to breathe what thou hast said to me;" and goes, like an innocent and affectionate wife straight to her jolly old king and tells him all, "poor dear boy! alas, he's mad." The queen never had, and even now, she has not the slightest suspicion the king had killed his brother; nor had Hamlet the slightest suspicion of such a deed, till Horatio told him about the ghost:—

Ham. "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play."

and on the spirit telling him of his murder, he exclaims in astonishment, "Murther?"

As the ghost, on this occasion, in the queen's bedchamber, is pleased to remark:—

"Do not forget; this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,"

the commentators have eagerly seized upon this unlucky observation, as undoubted proof, on the word of a ghost, of Hamlet's irresolution and unfixedness of purpose; but they have merely dropped on a mare's nest! every child in the kingdom knows, a ghost knows nothing except just what concerns himself; and this ghost, as Shakspere intended, betrays the most astonishing ignorance; for he says, "I am come to whet thy almost blunted purpose;" and yet Hamlet has jnst slain Polonius; the ghost knew from his cold midnight walks, and from not seeing his fraternal murderer by the fireside below, that Hamlet had not yet revenged his murder; he therefore naturally supposed his son had been remiss in the undertaking. But the fact is, Hamlet, being a moral and religious man, and fearing lest the

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spirit might have been an evil spirit tempting him to sin, would not put his uncle to death, till he had clearer evidence of his guilt; which was proved only an hour or two ago, and from that moment his blood had been boiling at fever-heat to execute his father's dread command; with a desperate effort he had *luckily* checked the violent impulse to kill the king at his prayers, and then, with thought rapid as lightning, and with a will as quick and decisive, he passed his sword through the arras, thinking the king was there; assuredly Hamlet needed no fresh stimulus; evidently the ghost was at fault; the old gentleman had neglected applying at the telegraph office before leaving home to take his midnight walk.

Hamlet, shortly after his mother's departure, *as may be easily guessed,* was arrested by his two dear friends and taken before the king; who immediately ordered him to sea; on the road to the vessel he soliloquizes:—

> "Now whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event, &c."

This speech has again been adduced as proof of his irresolution and procrastination; but surely it is nothing else than the natural depression following over-excitement; he has not had a wink of sleep for at least twenty-four hours, and during the last twelve his mind has been constantly on the stretch in a state of violent excitement; now that all hope of revenge is over for the present, a depression follows, a hopeless sinking at the heart, though he struggles against it and upbraids himself for not having done, *what he never had an opportunity of doing;*

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he now blames himself for ever having doubted the spirit was his father's; but a few hours' sleep on board the vessel restored life and energy to his exhausted frame.

We next meet with Hamlet in the church-yard; as the funeral procession approaches, he notices:—

"The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark."

He then overhears Laertes say:—

"I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."

Let us remember, that Hamlet has not heard anything of Ophelia since last he saw her in the palace, we may then judge, what an intensity of passion and self-control must be concentrated in these words, "What, the fair Ophelia!* On Laertes leaping into the grave and giving way to the violence of his feelings, is it wonderful or surprising, that Hamlet's pent-up feelings should burst out beyond all control, and sweep him away in the torrent? and yet, what? he leaps into the grave, is assaulted by Laertes, and this so-called madman says:—

"I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: Away thy hand."

The very language of one exerting the highest mastery

* Romeo's exclamation, on hearing of the death of Juliet, "Is it even so?" is identical with Hamlet's; each has the same powerful will to suppress any sudden emotion.

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over himself; they are separated, and Hamlet makes a passionate speech, which is neither a real aberration nor a simulated frenzy, but merely the speech of a man in a towering passion, ending, "Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou;" the queen echoes the cry, "this is mere madness;" and then Hamlet makes a most characteristic speech; the first half, the quiet observation of a man who has completely recovered from his passion; the second half, simulated madness on purpose to carry on the deception about his lunacy:—

Ham. "Hear you, sir;
What is the reason you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

That the king and queen should attribute Hamlet's conduct to insanity is natural enough; but if either be mad, Laertes is the one; there has been time enough for his grief to settle down, and yet he leaps into the grave, calling frantically out:—

"Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus."

But in defence of his sanity, it must be remembered, this speech is undoubtedly a satirical stroke of the poet against the affectation of "the young gentlemen of the two Universities," and of his poetical rivals, Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, who could only express the violence of their love and grief by such bombastic raving; and to which Hamlet replies:—

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"And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!"

not a very irrational reply for a man in a passion.

After returning from the funeral, Horatio says:—

"It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one."

It is folly guessing and scheming what Hamlet would or might have done; it is clear he intended acting quickly and decisively; but events were hurrying on with fearful rapidity beyond the control of the actors; for scarcely had he told Horatio, how cleverly he had paid off Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, when Lord Osric comes with a message from the king requesting him to play at foils with Laertes; he accepts the chalenge; and to Horatio's remark, "you will lose this wager, my lord," he replies, "I do not think so; but thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter." How could he feel otherwise than ill at heart? it is not more than an hour or two, since he first heard of Ophelia's death, saw her buried with maimed rites, and quarrelled with her brother, whom he had "ever loved;" he cannot, like Romeo, say, "I'll lie with her to-night;" he must fulfil the dread command of his father's spirit; and when executed, what is the world to him? Ophelia dead! Ophelia whom he loved more than forty thousand brothers, and for whose love he wept over the dead body of Polonius, "he weeps for what is done." In this state of depression, and the heart

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ill at ease, the mind naturally anticipates coming evils, and is more inclined to trust to chance or fate, than rely on its own energies; but Hamlet rises superior to this feeling, and is, throughout, thoroughly master of himself; in the scene with the frivolous courtier he is "most acute, playful, but always the gentleman;" and, as he quibbled at his first appearance, he again in this last scene, notwithstanding his being so ill at heart, shows the witty and poetical side of his nature:—

Ham. "I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star, i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."

And on hearing the weapon was poisoned, he instantly stabs the king, "now venom do thy work," and makes the horror-stricken wretch drink of the poisoned bowl; he acts with the same rapid thought and decisive will, as when he pierced the arras with his sword, "a rat, dead for a ducat, dead;" and thus the king dies at the culminating point of his iniquitous career.

"The catastrophe," says Johnson, "is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl." Let us examine and analyse this scene of horrors.—The Queen fallen from her original loveliness and purity, and become addicted to drink, dies of the bowl poisoned by him, who first poisoned her mind, corrupted her affections from her husband, and induced her to form an incestuous marriage; she dies first, mercifully. The king dies at the moment, his cup of guilt is full to the brim; his beloved Gertrude dying

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by his guilty means, and he not daring to put forth a hand to save her. Laertes was guilty in the first instance of casting suspicion on Hamlet's honour and love, and now like a base knight he fights with a poisoned foil, and justly falls by the hand of Hamlet. The only innocent person is Hamlet, but tragic propriety compels his death; he has however the consolation of having revenged his father's murder; nor could he have died more appropriately than by Laertes' hand, whose father he had killed, though accidentally; and of whose sister's insanity and death he was the unhappy, though innocent cause. We thus see, what a botch Johnson with his bowl and dagger would have made of the retributive justice, so clearly shown in this last scene.

Putting Hamlet himself aside, it becomes a curious question, What was Shakspere's intention in writing this fifth act? it is a satire throughout; the scene with Osric is acknowledged to be a satire, so is the scene with the clowns; and by like reasoning, the burial scene is a satire on the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Church; the bombast of Laertes is in the same category; and when Hamlet leaps into the grave, calling out, "I am Hamlet the Dane," had not Laertes acted naturally, and violently assaulted him, what a fine opportunity for the poet to have given us a poetical duet in alternate chaunts to the praise of Ophelia; particularly as Hamlet, overpowered by his love, forgets on this occasion his pretended lunacy—forgets the ghost and

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the dread command, "remember me;" but was not Hamlet's excited harangue also intended for satire, especially in ridicule of *Tamburlaine's* rhodomontade when Zenocrate dies:—

> "*What, is she dead?* Tchelles, draw thy sword
> And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,"

the exclamation, "What, the fair Ophelia," appears to be the link connecting the two scenes together:—

> "Nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
> I'll rant as well as thou;"

it should be remembered, *Tamburlaine* at this time was a popular drama; nor is it credible Shakspere would have placed Hamlet in such a false position, as the hero of a disgraceful row at Ophelia's grave, without some definite object, readily understood by the audience; the poet has therefore given us in its prosaic truthfulness to nature, a scene both local and universal in its application, a satire against Elizabethan bombast and the sentimental prettinesses of the classical school.

Thus while these various scenes of buffoonery for the million, and of Night Thoughts for a Young, are woven together into an harmonious whole, Hamlet throughout, except at the duel, may be regarded as the mere puppet of the poet, a mouthpiece for the expression of his own sentiments; hence the supposition, which the soliloquy in act first, scene second, gave rise to, is most forcibly and wonderfully confirmed, and becomes a conviction in this fifth and final act,—that Hamlet is Shakspere himself.

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Here follow a few remarks on some of the much vexed passages:—

King. "But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin and less than kind." [*aside.*
Act i., scene 2.

"*less than kind*" is usually explained by "I am little of the same *nature* with you;" this explanation, however, conveys an unfavourable impression, as a vain and conceited remark, and uncalled for, especially as an *aside;* as if Hamlet had said, "I am not such a vile fellow as you;" whereas, the straightforward meaning, "Altho' I am now more nearly related to you, my feelings are less than kind," shows to the audience the exact state of his sentiments at the moment. The quibble may then, perhaps, be thus explained, "A little more than kin and less than *natural,*" that is, "Altho' I am now, in a sense, your son, I have not the natural feelings of a son towards you."

King. "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun."—
Act. i., scene 2.

"*too much i' the sun*" is usually explained as meaning, "deprived of the charities of kindred." Mr. Staunton's annotation is, "By this Hamlet may mean, 'I am too much in the way,' a mote in the royal eye; but his reply is purposely enigmatical."

The observation, "less than kind," was an *aside;* but

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"too much i' the sun," is a direct and open reply to his majesty; it must therefore bear a courteous and even complimentary signification; as if Hamlet had said, "Not so, my lord, I am too much in your Majesty's favour; you are too gracious for me to feel myself under a cloud." To be in disgrace at Court is to be under a cloud; to be in favour is to be basking in the sunshine of the royal presence, one of the commonest images in the language. This explanation is confirmed by the concluding words of the scene, and by the following extract:—"The Queene seemade troubled to-daye, says Harrington. Hatton came out from her presence with ill countenance, and pulled me aside by the girdle, and saide, in secret waie, If you have any suite to daie, I praye you put it aside. *The sunne doth not shine.*"—Drake's *Shakspere*, vol. ii., p. 150.

This harsh explanation, "deprived of the charities of kindred," reminds us of "the swaggering upspring reels," which does not mean "*the upstart king*," but a dance, a kind of hop; and thus through these erroneous interpretations, there is attributed to Hamlet a worse feeling towards his uncle at the present moment, than the context justifies.

Ham. [*reads*] "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?"—Act ii., scene 2.

This passage has caused much ingenious speculation; but the simplest and easiest explanation is, not unfre-

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quently, nearer the truth than a more erudite or far-fetched meaning. Instead of finishing the sentence, Hamlet carries on his joke of pretending not to know Polonius, and asks, "Have you a daughter?" On this occasion we must remember, the conversation is a *tête-à-tête*, and that two months have passed away since Hamlet saw the ghost; time has weakened the impression, he suspects it to have been an illusion, though at intervals the idea rises vividly in his mind, it may have been his father's spirit; in the meantime absence has added strength to his love, by dwelling on the image of Ophelia; and it is hardly two hours ago since he was made supremely happy by a stolen interview with her:—his asking, "Have you a daughter?" is therefore a direct allusion to his visit that morning, and to the strict seclusion in which she had been kept during the last two months, not allowed to walk out, lest Hamlet should meet her. He therefore says, "Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive,—[*before marriage*] friend, look to 't." This mocking or jesting should be compared with Polonius' speech to Ophelia, to which it is the retort courteous.—

> *Pol.* Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
> Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
> Do not believe his vows,
> Mere implorators of unholy suits,
> Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
> The better to beguile."—
>
> Act i., scene 3.

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"Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia."—

Act iii., scene 1.

With regard to the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," Mr. Hunter in his *Illustrations* has drawn attention to the fact, that in the first sketch the king says, "See where he comes poring upon a book," and he adds, "It is thus manifest the poet's intention was, that these should be meditations of Hamlet on something which he found written in a book which he holds in his hand, and are not to be regarded as from the beginning thoughts springing up in his own mind."

Before analysing his conduct to Ophelia, we must first carefully examine into all the circumstances respecting the exact position of each party. Ophelia has for two months steadily obeyed her father's injunctions in denying herself to Hamlet: but yesterday he rushed into her presence in an ecstasy of love, and to-day there is a decided change in her favour; the king and queen are consenting parties to her love; as gentleness and submission are two leading traits in her character, she readily agrees to practise what she must regard as a very innocent bit of deception on her lover; she looks forward then to the interview, a little anxious, perhaps, but with feminine faith in her charms. But a great change has come over Hamlet since yesterday morning; this evening will be decided the guilt or innocence of the king; he is therefore absorbed with his vow; love must yield to his father's dread command; on his way to the presence of the king he revolves in his mind a philosophical problem on life and death; he is therefore in a grave and serious mood.

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Notwithstanding the deep affection he bore Ophelia, and the serious mood he was in, Shakspere will make him act inexorably according to the laws of his feigned madness; and happily his disease is a melancholy and not a lunacy. All his observations, therefore, are uttered in harmony with his feelings, in a kind, though sad and regretful tone. This view of the question is supported by the remark of the king, "There's something in his soul, o'er which his melancholy *sits on brood*," words quite incompatible with the supposition he spoke mockingly, dancing and grinning about the lobby like a lunatic.

He first addresses her in words most sweet and sad:—

"Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remembered."
"I humbly thank you, well, well, well!"
"No, no! I never gave you ought."

On her again offering to return his gifts, he then suspects she is playing a part; his "ha! ha!" is simply the exclamation on this suspicion arising in his mind, and he asks, "Are you honest?" merely meaning, "Are you acting honestly, of your own accord, in offering to restore these gifts?" the question is most natural; he had not spoken to her for full two months; she prevaricates of necessity, and says questionly, "My lord!" he is then satisfied she is playing a part, and he quibbles on the word honest, and asks, "Are you fair?" but at the same time everything is done in the kindest and gentlest manner; "Get thee to a nunnery; go thy ways, and quickly too," was the best advice he could give; for this very evening his fate will be decided; "blood and de-

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struction shall be so in use," that her father, the king's confidential minister, had better "let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house." This allusion to her father, which Hamlet certainly could not avoid, as the king and Polonius were listening behind the arras, is the first sentence, and perhaps the only one, that really grated on her feelings; but the young lady got no more than she deserved; she was telling fibs "at home, my lord."

The conversation should be divided into two parts; in the first, Hamlet gives, according to *the method* of his madness, the best possible advice, if she could only have understood it; the latter part is intended to deceive the listeners, and Ophelia of course is not hurt at his remarks, attributing them to his insanity; but the king was a Hamlet also, and not so easily outwitted; his guilty conscience began to suspect that Hamlet's mind was dwelling on his father's sudden death, and "I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose will be some danger." Had Hamlet addressed Ophelia in a jeering and offensive manner, Polonius would certainly have remarked upon it; besides, the king said, "tho' it lacked form a little, it was not like madness." And a few hours after, at the play, he is very attentive, and quite sweet on Ophelia:—

Ham. "No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Pol. Oho! do you mark that?"

Ophelia was also probably deceived by Hamlet's mimetic art, "the feature of blown youth, blasted with ecstasy," that is, of melancholia, with its vacant and abstracted

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look "*bent on vacuity*," as opposed to the ecstasy of love:—

> "He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
> And, to the last, *bended their light on me*."

The grand Anglo-Saxon character of Hamlet, with its sensibilities and energies, is not to be understood by reading his speeches thirty times over as Kemble did, but by a cautious analysis, by comparing passage with passage; throughout this scene, Hamlet acts the melancholic character admirably, *meditative, self-accusing, and suspicious.*

Ham. "When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin."—

Act iii., scene 1.

Bodkin is said to be a small sword, and that Cæsar was, according to old writers, slain by bodkins; but Hamlet is speaking slightingly of our tenure of life, "who would bear such fardels, such a weary life, when it can so easily be put an end to by a bodkin, by a little pin;"—a similar passage occurs in *Richard II.*:—

K. Rich. "For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and, humour'd thus,

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Comes at the last, and *with a little pin*
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king."—Act iii., scene 2.

The bare bodkin and the little pin should be taken as evidence of Shakspere's anatomical knowledge. His handwriting may also be adduced as evidence of his *medical* profession, at least that he had not been a lawyer's clerk:—

Ham. "I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning."—Act v., scene 2.

The following passages have been quoted as illustrative of irresolution and weakness in the character of Hamlet:—

1. "But no more like my father
Than I to Hercules."
2. "The time is out of joint—O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."
3. Soliloquy after the dismissing the players, act ii.
4. "Now might I do it," &c., act iii., scene 3.
5. Soliloquy, act iv., scene 4.
6. "But thou would'st not think," &c., act v.

The three last passages have been already fully explained. Schlegel says, "But in the resolutions which he so often embraces, and always leaves unexecuted, the weakness of his volition is evident: he does himself only justice when he says, there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxvii.

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Schlegel is not quite so sane as Hamlet, he confuses self-accusations and reproaches with resolutions.

The germ of Goethe's estimate of Hamlet's character, and of the leading idea which Shakspere intended to convey, is contained in the following paragraph:—

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right."

"In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear, that Shakspere meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed."

It is evident, Goethe, like Coleridge, has looked into the depths of his own moral consciousness, and has mistaken his own image for Hamlet; for Goethe had his weak side, "he had only, therefore, to keep in abeyance the native force of resolution, which gave him mastery, and in that abeyance a weak, wavering character stood before him, the original of which was himself."—*Lewes' Life of Goethe.*

Let us now test Goethe's test:—

> *Ham.* "Why what should be the fear?
> I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
> And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself?"

So far he seems to have the soul of a hero, well fitted for the performance of a great action; but two or three hours afterwards, when the excitement has subsided, Shakspere, true to nature, puts into his mouth words denoting exhaustion of body and mind; and showing,

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if anything further, not weakness, but exquisite sensibility and tenderness. The passage, quoted by Goethe, may be compared with the soliloquy in the fourth act, and also with "how ill all's here about my heart." These three passages occur at a period of depression following violent, and, in two instances, long-continued excitement.

With regard to the soliloquy at the end of the second act, what is Hamlet's position? he has just dismissed the players, and also the two sponges, saying, with the usual courtesy of society, "My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore."

Ros. "Good my lord!
Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you."

merely meaning, good riddance of you; has he not just discovered they are false friends, and did he not say, "Nay, then I have an eye of you;" he then breaks out:—

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"

uttered in a self-accusing, slightly accented tone; having now the opportunity of testing the king's conscience, he believes for the moment, that his uncle is really guilty, and gradually works himself into a violent passion.

But the first part of this speech is usually delivered in a very different manner;—the reader or actor sits down in an attitude of great exhaustion, and pulling out the white handkerchief, covers his face in due theatrical form; then in a low, depressed, and melancholy tone he drawls out, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" gradually working himself into a passion on getting

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to "Am I a coward? who calls me villain?" *De gustibus non disputandum*, every man to his own fancy. But as Hamlet makes his appearance in this scene quizzing Polonius, and becomes moody and suspicious on discovering his two friends to be spies, and on the arrival of the players immediately conceives the idea of testing his uncle's guilt, concealing or keeping down his excitement by again jesting with Polonius, I should suspect, that, on being left alone, he would be in a bitter and scornful, rather than in a low, depressed, and melancholy mood.

I trust it has been clearly proved in the foregoing pages, there are in Hamlet "no tokens of an unhinged mind," no symptoms of an "aberration of intellect;" nor can the passage,—"I have of late, but [wherefore I know not,] lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises," &c., be adduced as evidence of mental alienation. Had this scene, act second, scene second, occurred a few days or within a fortnight after his seeing the ghost, we might suspect, especially as he has just been playing the madman with Polonius, that Hamlet is *simulating* the precursory symptoms of melancholia, the soliloquy at the end being the paroxysm; but as two months have elapsed, such a suspicion is untenable, and he must consequently be regarded as describing his actual condition. It does not, however, follow, that his mind is diseased, since similar symptoms occasionally accompany derangement of the liver and digestive organs, and sorely test

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the doctor's judgment, whether brain or stomach be the cause of this effect defective:—

"For this effect, defective, comes from cause."

But Shakspere, when he wrote the play, was in the same state of mind as Hamlet; of course he had not a father murdered, a mother incestuously married, nor had he seen a ghost; yet still he was in a very similar predicament. He was suffering under the pangs of a rejected play; he saw himself surpassed by Marlowe as a tragic writer; he saw his just and reasonable ambition of becoming a distinguished dramatist passing from the regions of reality into the semblance of an airy nothingness; and he had quarrelled with two of his most intimate friends. Let us compare his position with Hamlet's:—

Hamlet.	*Shakspere.*
A father murdered and in purgatory.	A play damned, the author in purgatory.
A mother's incestuous marriage.	Dead beat by Marlowe.
Has to kill his uncle.	The chance of two duels on his hands.
Has seen a ghost.	Has seen the ghost of his own ambition.

No wonder Shakspere, like Hamlet, has bad dreams, and views the world with a jaundiced eye; and had this play been damned, and followed the fate of Dido and Æneas, Shakspere's own mind might have become unhinged, as Hamlet's is supposed to have been; there would have been no *Love's Labour's Lost*, or at least with the part of Biron omitted; for the soundest intel-

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lect must be influenced by external circumstances as well as by the state of its earthly tenement; if wonderfully, so are we fearfully made.

Let us now examine the ghost; no mortal has hitherto ever ventured to do so; perhaps religious awe forbids the summoning a spiritual being before a human tribunal; but is he really a spirit or only moonshine? in either case he declines answering the summons; so the only way to get at him is for his Majesty to have the Prince tried for the murder of Polonius. During the trial it is brought out, the ghost was seen on three successive nights, at the same hour and place, and in armour; that the Prince cross-questioned Horatio minutely about his being arm'd; and was afterwards overheard talking to himself, "my father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play." That on the fourth night, the Prince, violently excited, followed the ghost a short distance alone, and to his friends, who soon afterwards joined him, he spoke "wild and hurling words;" his own statement of what the ghost had said, was adduced as corroborative evidence against him; for it was proved the ghost said nothing on the first three nights, nor had the officers heard anything on the fourth night, excepting a sound like "swear," which was proved to be the reverberation of a "fellow in the cellarage," calling out "where is it," meaning the coal-box. It was then ably argued by the counsel for the prosecution, that the ghost was a ghost-story, all moohshine as usual; what was the ghost then? simply, like the spectre of the Brocken, an image reflected from the King's statue, which had just been erected at

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the entrance to the Castle; that the waving of the arm was merely an undulation of the air; as the Prince advanced towards the figure, it receded by a well-known law in optics, and when he stopped and said, he would go no further, the figure politely stopped also. It was then clearly and succinctly pointed out, that the speech of the said ghost was merely the Prince's imagination, his own thoughts; for he is told literally nothing but what he knew before, and the rest was a wretched suspicion, based on a partial knowledge of the action of drugs; at this point the Prince was heard to mutter, "the unkindest cut of all;" and the Court was startled by a deep groan, when the learned counsel amidst an audible applause, clenched the subject by observing, How can a ghost speak, when he has no bodily or material organs? It was further proved, that in the Queen's chamber the ghost was not visible to her, nor was it armed, as shown by the Prince's remark, "in his habit as he lived;" this was adduced as additional evidence, that the ghost on the platform was merely a reflection in the air; and it was further shown, that the said ghost's speech in the chamber, was only an echo or reflection of the Prince's own thoughts, of his own speech:—

Ham. "Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say.
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose;"

and the following lines of the ghost were merely the

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utterance of the Prince's own feelings on seeing his mother looking amazed at him.

The verdict was, guilty of the death of Polonius, with a recommendation to mercy as a monomaniac; and the Judge condemned him to transportation for life, to the penal settlements in England, where his spirit has ever since dwelt, not only mad himself, but the cause of a literary lunacy among many others. All concerned in the prosecution were handsomely rewarded, and remained ever afterwards firm supporters of the government; the learned Judge was for his valuable services promoted by his Majesty to be Lord Chancellor, and soon after stepped into the shoes of old Polonius.

We thus make the astounding discovery, that the Danish Prince is a monomaniac, whilst Hamlet is perfectly sane. The Prince, in consequence of the sudden death of his father, and his mother's hasty marriage, on hearing Horatio's account of his "father's spirit in arms," immediately suspects "all is not right;" and on seeing what was probably a mere reflection in the air, his heated imagination becomes excited to phrensy, and under this excitement, the impression remains on the retina, and he continues seeing the supposed ghost in his mind's eye; on the arrival of his friends, the wild and hurling words denote a mind already affected; with the cunning and half-consciousness of his condition, he tells them not to be surprised, should he "put an antick disposition on." It is thus evident, Shakspere knew what a ghost was; and it has already been shown, the words of the ghost in the Queen's chamber were merely the Prince's own

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thoughts; no wonder his mother exclaimed, "poor boy, alas, he's mad." But with regard to Hamlet, the case is altered; *his* ghost is a reality, which nobody can deny; unfortunately Shakspere has forgotten to tell us how to call spirits from the vasty deep and make them visible and audible; Hamlet therefore is perfectly sane. We may then sum up,—the Danish Prince is a monomaniac; but Hamlet himself is the healthy Shakspere, not "a lame limb of the law," but

"An apothecary's apprentice,
The student of nature."

Postscript.—On making a careful examination of the preceding analysis, we find the following important passage, the address of Hamlet to Laertes, has by some unaccountable oversight, been omitted:—

Ham. "Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness."—
Hamlet, act v., scene 2.

This passage has given great offence, under the supposition Hamlet is uttering a deliberate falsehood, "*a direct lie,*" since he said in the first act, he should feign madness, and actually did so, only an hour or two ago, on leaving the churchyard; and in the chamber-scene had solemnly assured his mother, he was only "mad in craft;" but, happily, this supposition of his falsehood is altogether a misapprehension.

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The sea-voyage had effectually clearcd Hamlet's biliary system; and he re-appears in this fifth act a wiser and a sadder man. When he justifies himself to Horatio, "is't not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm," he does so in a straightforward and rational manner, without hinting a word about the ghost and the dread command; and, when he slays Claudius, there is not any exhibition of the same fiend-like vindictiveness as in the third act. His estimate also of Laertes' conduct,

> "For by the image of my cause, I see
> The portraiture of his,"

differs widely from his treatment of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz; in the one case he manifests a clear and healthy judgment; but in his behaviour to his two school-fellows, the *precursory symptoms* of an attack of insanity are very apparent,—"distrustful of friends and relatives, very fretful and irascible on slight occasions; subject to a kind of uneasiness, which he cannot describe or account for," *Essay on Insanity*; and thus when Hamlet says to Laertes, "What I have done, I here proclaim was madness," he speaks the simple truth; for *he is now conscious*, that each appearance of the ghost was a temporary hallucination, produced by the violent excitement, under which at the moment he was labouring. —There is no moral obliquity of vision in Shakspere, "if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

As Hamlet in the first four acts is influenced or governed by one predominant idea, a false impression, an hallucination, he must consequently be insane, and

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his feigned madness a real madness. His insanity is that form of monomania,* which is combined with melancholia and depression, and the poet has with admirable skill and judgment shown the latter symptom following each paroxysm of maniacal excitement; *vide* Hamlet's speech at the end of the first act, and again in act fourth, scene fourth. Consequently the omissions in the folio are omissions of the players; this is very evident in Hamlet's speech in the queen's chamber, where the passages are omitted, the points of the daggers he would speak to his mother, being at the time in a state of maniacal excitement. The exclamation of Claudius, in act fourth, scene third, "alas, alas!" can only be a hypocritical expression of sympathy, and the omission of the passage is most probably a slip of the compositor.

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* *Monomania*, or partial insanity, is that form of mental derangement in which there exists some prominent and fixed delusion, giving a tone to the whole character, feelings, and conduct of the individual. It was to this form of insanity that Locke's famous dictum especially applied, when he said of madmen, that "they reasoned correctly on false premises."

"The intellect, also, in the *melancholic* is usually clear and composed, unable only to resist the morbid depression or the hopeless delusions that spring from it and feed it." They are also very positive about their sanity, asserting the same with the utmost precision and calmness of manner; and though "an acuteness of wit belongs to most of the varieties," yet the discursive faculty of reason is often affected; as Hamlet says,—"Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason;"—but it is otherwise in the scene with Osric, in the fifth act, which is probably intended as a contrast or counter-scene to this very passage in act second, scene second; in the one, Hamlet is unable to carry on a chain of reasoning,—in the other, his mind is clear and collected, notwithstanding his being so ill at heart.—

Hor. "His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent."

Ham. "Do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out."

Act v., scene 2.

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It should also be noted as evidence of Shakspere's wonderful art, that the first appearance of the ghost is not purely *subjective*, but has an *objective* cause; and again in the queen's chamber the ghost is preceded by Hamlet's intense gaze at his father's picture, "in his habit as he lived." We need not then be surprised at his recovery under the kind and respectful attention of the pirates, who love and reverence him as their prince, together with the beneficial action of a sea-sickness, of the sea-air, and absolute rest from all excitement.

But the other parties on the platform do not labour under an hallucination; they saw a something, which in their frightened imaginations and according to the notions of those times they supposed to be a ghost; theirs was merely an error of judgment; and had the matter been explained to them, they would more or less readily, according to their faith in ghosts, have acknowledged the same.*

It is scarcely credible, considering his other engagements and studies, Shakspere could have applied himself so diligently and earnestly, and have acquired during his residence in London such a mastery over the theory and practice of physic as is exhibited in Hamlet, unless he had previously received some professional instruction.

* Although the ghost of Banquo is an hallucination, an image purely subjective, yet Macbeth is not mad like Hamlet; he quickly recovers himself and recognizes it as the phantasm of his own guilty soul:—"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" As

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According to Rowe, "it is without controversy, Shakspere had no knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets;" Pope also speaks of him, as being without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him *with an emulation of them;* and so it is echoed up to the present day. Dr. Johnson observes, "whether Shakspere knew the unities and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics; and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance." Perhaps it is not "so impossible to decide and useless to inquire," as the learned lexicographer supposes in this passage of lucky guesses; and although, like Shakspere, I have but small Latin and less Greek, still the story of Hamlet so strongly reminds one of the story of the House of Atreus, I thought it advisable to look into a translation of the Greek tragedies, and I find myself amply repaid for the trouble.

When Nash accused him of stealing from Seneca, Shakspere must have chuckled and curled his lip with disdain, knowing he had been poaching in a far more aristocratic preserve; that he had been conning over the Orestes and the masterpieces of the Greek drama; he found them apparently "a little more than kin and less than

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Hamlet is undeniably a monomaniac, all the learned disquisitions upon him must henceforth be regarded as a poetical delusion; and his critics have the delightful task of commencing a new series, sane essays on an insane subject, the national drama of England.

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kind," for he bagged but very little game; though unmistakably Pylades lives again in Horatio.

Considering the circumstances and the situation of the two parties, there is a strong analogy and resemblance between Horatio's speech at the end of the first scene, and the following extract from the commencement of the *Electra of Sophocles*:—

> *Tutor.* "Now therefore, O Orestes, and you, O Pylades, dearest of friends, we must quickly deliberate what we ought to do. Since already the bright beam of the sun is making audible to us the morning song of the birds; and the dark night of stars has departed. Before then any man comes forth from his house deliberate in counsel, since we are in a situation where it is no longer time to hesitate, but the crisis requires action."

Hor. " So have I heard, and do in part believe it;
But see the sun in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high mountain top,
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for upon my life
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our love, fitting our duty?"

Ed. 1603.

It appears to me, that it is to this line, "the bright beam of the sun is making audible to us the morning song of the birds," we owe the beautiful passage, "The cock that is the trumpet to the morn," as well as "the sun in russet mantle clad;" and in the amended copy the poet has judiciously altered *sun* into *morn*.

In the commencement of the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which is also a night scene, the following lines remind us of Bernardo's statement:—

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Agam. "What star is that
There sailing?
Att. Sirius in his middle height
Near the sev'n Pleiads riding.
Agam. Not the sound
Of birds is heard, nor of the sea; the winds
Are hush'd in silence on the Euripus."
Iphigenia in Aulis.

Ber. "Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Hor. Well sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one——"—
Hamlet, act i., scene 1.

However slight the resemblance and coincidence of these passages may appear to the reader, yet there cannot be the least doubt the second scene in *Hamlet* is a paraphrase of the "second scene" in the *Electra of Sophocles,* between Electra and Chorus, as may be judged by the following extracts; Hamlet's expression "like Niobe,* all tears," is confirmation strong; Hamlet soliloquizes, so does Electra:—

Cho. "O Electra, child of a most wretched mother, how unceasingly you are thus ever uttering lamentations for Agamemnon.

Elec. But I do not wish to abandon this habit, so as not to mourn for my miserable father.

Cho. But not at all either by lamentations or prayers will you raise your father from the all-receiving gulf of Pluto; but proceeding from moderate to unreasonable grief, continually

* "Shakspere caught this idea from an ancient ballad."—*Steevens.*

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lamenting, you destroy yourself. Why do you love grief, as I see you do, in which there is no relief from misfortune?

Elec. O miserable Niobe, but I consider you a goddess, thou who in your tomb of stone ever weepest.

Cho. Grief has not appeared to you alone of mortals, O my child, in lamenting which you exceed those who are within, from the same source with whom you are sprung and are akin to them in family.

Cho. Beware of saying more. It is not right to quarrel with the powerful so as to provoke them;—Death is the natural fate of all mortals."

and further on Electra says, that her mother thus abuses her:—

"O thou impious object of hatred, have you alone lost a father, and is no other mortal in affliction."

and towards the end of the play Electra thus speaks to the Tutor:—

"Hail, O father, for I think I see my father, hail, and know that of all men I have most hated and most loved you in one day."

The following extracts remind us of Hamlet's address to his mother in her bed-chamber:—

Elec. "And when I see the crowning insult of all, the murderer in my father's bed with my wretched mother, if I may call her a mother who sleeps with him, but she is so shameless that she cohabits with the polluter, fearing no fury, but as it were triumphing in her deeds. Such speeches she howls out, and being present at the same time, her illustrious bridegroom excites her to the same course, that thorough coward, that entire evil, he who fights his battles with the aid of women.

The following passages remind us of the ghost:—

"Like to the god perchance some demon spoke."

Electra of Euripides.

"Had these eyes seen my father, had I ask'd him
In duty if I ought to slay my mother,

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I think he would have pray'd me not to plunge
My murdering sword in her that gave me birth."
"Yet my soul
Was struck with horror, 'lest some vengeful power
Spake this, which I misdeem'd thy voice divine."—
Orestes.

The first line may have been merely a coincidence, but the observation of Orestes, that his father would have prayed him not to kill his mother, strongly impresses on us the opinion, Shakspere must have read these two tragedies:—

Ghost. "But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leave her to heaven,
And to the burthen that her conscience bears."

Ham. "My mother she has sent to speak with me;
O God, let ne'er the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosom.
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers, those sharp words being spent,
To do her wrong my soul shall ne'er consent."—
Ed. 1603.

As Orestes praises his friend, so does Hamlet; the parallel passages are too similar to be accidental:—

Orest. "Life hath no blessing like a prudent friend;"
"But I forbear
Nor with intemperate praise thine ear offend."

Ham. "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man,"—
"Nay why should I flatter thee?"—Ed. 1603.

Pylad. "Should'st thou but hope I would survive thy death."

Orest. "O save thee for thy father, die not with me,
Thou hast a country.

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Pylad. Together will I die with thee and her."—

Orestes.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.
Ham. Upon my love I charge thee let it go."—Ed. 1603.

The scene also, where Hamlet questions Horatio about the appearance of the ghost, is probably an imitation of the dialogue between Œdipus and Iocasta about the murder of Laius in *Œdipus Tyrannus.*

These extracts irresistibly prove, that Shakspere, before composing Hamlet, must have devoted much time and thought to the study of the Greek drama. He was certainly no profound Greek scholar, and aimed not at being "an old-clothes philosopher;" yet he looked, as no man else ever did, into the very souls of the Greek dramatists, face to face. That he read not only *Sophocles* and *Euripides,* but *Æschylus* also, is beyond a doubt; for who is Ophelia, the virgin sacrificed to Diana? who is she, but the Iphigenia of Æschylus, the meek, submissive, sacrificial lamb; surely we may say, and not irreverently, such a wonderful re-creation is more nearly allied to the spirit of God than to the genius of man:—

"Arm'd in a woman's cause, around
Fierce for the war the princes rose;
No place affrighted pity found.
In vain the virgin's streaming tear,
Her cries in vain, her pleading pray'r,
Her agonizing woes.
Could the fond father hear unmov'd?
The Fates decreed; the king approv'd;
Then to th' attendants gave command
Decent her flowing robes to bind;

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Prone on the altar with strong hand
To place her, like a spotless hind;
And check her sweet voice, that no sound
Unhallow'd might the rites confound.
Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws
That emulates the rose;
And on the sad attendants rolling
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
Their grief-impassion'd souls controlling,
That ennobled, modest grace,
Which the mimic pencil tries
In the imag'd form to trace,
The breathing picture shows;
And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
Her father oft rejoic'd to hear
Her voice in soft mellifluous measures
Warble the sprightly fancied air;
So now in act to speak the virgin stands:
But when, the third libation paid,
She heard her father's dread commands
Injoining silence, *she obey'd;*
And for her country's good,
With *patient meek submissive mind*
To her hard fate resigned,
Pour'd out the rich stream of her blood."—

The Agamemnon.

Mrs. Jameson says of Ophelia, "in her the feminine character appears resolved into its very elementary principles—*modesty, grace,* and tenderness;" and did she not for two long months "with patient, meek, submissive mind" "repel his letters and deny his access to her," as she promised her father, "I shall obey, my lord."

But the tender and most tragic Euripides could not conceive such a character; he makes a wretched mess

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of the affair by portraying Iphigenia as going, like an Electra, triumphantly to the sacrifice, and then saves her life at the altar. Aristotle knew better, old Æschylus knew better, so did Shakspere, and so did Miss Bronte; her prim, starch, but plucky little governess, notwithstanding the entreaties of her kind old father, is sacrificed to the goddess Diana, her heart perishes with Monsieur Paul in the storm.

But Goethe's *Iphigenia*, however beautiful as a dramatic poem, is not a re-creation; it is merely a modern copy of the *Iphigenia of Euripides*, or rather a christianised Electra; for the foundation of each character is based on a deep religious sense of duty. And Goethe's opinion about Hamlet's weakness, "a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it," is far more applicable to Orestes,* nor is it inapplicable to Agamemnon himself; the following lines correspond remarkably with the passage quoted by Goethe:—

Agam. "O that this high honour
Some other had received not I."
"Distraction's in the thought, unhappy me.
My misery sinks me."

Iphigenia in Aulis.

* Orestes in *Æschylus*, is undeniably mad; but in *Euripides* his madness is at least problematical. He appears to have had an attack of remittent fever, and in the course of six days wasted away to a mere skeleton; and afterwards he became subject to epileptic fits:—

Herdsman. "But his frenzy of its force
Abating, on the earth the stranger falls,
Foam bursting from his mouth."—

Iphigenia in Tauris.

Possibly Euripides may also have been an apothecary's apprentice, or at least a student in medicine; Socrates, his intimate friend, is said to have been an accoucheur, though some pretend, he only practised in cerebral midwifery, infants of the brain.

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Ham. "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right."—Ed. 1603.
Ores. "Like to the god perchance some demon spoke.
Elec. What, from the sacred tripod! vain surmise.
Ores. Ne'er can my reason deem this answer just.
Elec. Sink not unmann'd, to weak and timorous thoughts."
Electra of Euripides.

It is astonishing with what amazing self-confidence and originality this Warwickshire lad measures himself with the mightiest names of Greece, names at that time held by all other men as gods, as something divine and superhuman; whatever he touches he turns to gold, or purifies it through the fire of his own genius; who but a Shakspere could have translated the madness of Orestes into the monomaniac and simulated madness of Hamlet? and who, but a poetical doctor, could have metempsychosed Apollo into a ghost? "the god of poesie and physicke;" and such a ghost! never in the most high and palmy state of Greece did Apollo appear to mortal eyes so like a god, so like a spirit of the other world.

Porson, in some remarks on the three great tragedians of Greece, observes, that the language of Euripides "pleases us by its natural simplicity and plainness,—though sometimes it descends too much towards the humble and ordinary style." "Sophocles, on the contrary, while he is anxious to avoid vulgar phraseology, and plebeian modes of expression, is somewhat too prone to indulge in forced metaphors, harsh inversions of language, and other faults of that nature, which render his verses, at times, too obscure to be pleasing."—*Porson's Life by Watson*, p. 108.

This passage is just as applicable to the later dramas

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of Shakspere as to the tragedies of Sophocles; and as Shakspere is said to have a greater affinity in his genius to Sophocles, than to either of the other Greek dramatists, the question arises, is this similarity of style an accidental resemblance, or an imitation?

As we occasionally meet with critical remarks, such as, "there is something very Greekish in this,"—"we have here another instance of Shakspere's profound knowledge of poetic story,"—"the Greek dramatists,* whose practice Shakspere follows in many things, whether knowingly or unconsciously,"—and as Macbeth is said to have some analogy to the Electra of Sophocles and to the Trilogy of Æschylus, it follows as the more reasonable explanation, that Shakspere must have had a far more intimate knowledge of the Greek language, than the warmest supporters of his classical learning have given him credit for.

Mr. Armitage Brown jumped to the conclusion, that *Hamlet* was written before the autumn of 1589, and is supported therein by Mr. Knight; but there are plausible grounds for this opinion, not noticed by these gentlemen; Shakspere must have been forcibly struck by the extraordinary success of *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*; and it seems as if the latter play gave rise to *Hamlet*; for who and what is he? Shakspere, meditating a new tragedy, and looking out for a suitable subject, fortunately looked in, and found what he wanted, a philosopher and a wit, Faustus and Mephistophiles in one. Happily his philosophy and wit are always on the side of religion and morality; though these tendencies are

* Hartley Coleridge, in a note to *Massinger*, p. xxxviii.

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not so distinctly visible in the witty philosopher of France, nor in the author of the German *Faust*.

We may then easily imagine, how *Hamlet* arose in the poet's mind;—he selects the story from *Saxo Grammaticus* as the sketch or outline of the play; perceives its resemblance to the old Greek story of Orestes, but unluckily he has no god at his command, the doctors having rejected Apollo, and retained, as usual with mankind, the worst part only, the snake as their emblem; he meditates over his difficulties, "Ah there's the rub! about my brains! ha! ha! the ghost's the thing." So he pours into the witches' cauldron nine Greek tragedies, tumbles Faustus and Mephistophiles on the top of them, and then, like Curtius for his country's good, plunges over head and ears into the cauldron himself, and reappears as—Hamlet the Dane.

But he borrows not nature from these classical divinities; he returns to nature and himself, to Pericles; for is not Pericles Hamlet? at least, "a piece of him":—

> "If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
> That even cracks for woe."

As both Potter and Francklin, in their translations, adopt the very phrases used in *Hamlet*, it is curious if they never suspected Shakspere may have read these tragedies; it shows very clearly, how injurious, how benumbing to the mind, are prejudices and preconceived opinions.

It may be reasonably inferred from the words of Marcellus:—

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> " And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
> And foreign mart for implements of war:
> Why such impress of shipwrights,"

that *Hamlet* was composed during the summer of 1588, and was brought out in the winter season some weeks before Christmas. I have previously shown that Shakspere must have gone to London in 1585, taking up to town with him Pericles, a modest, amiable young man; the success of this play encouraged him, gave him more swing and confidence, so that he speaks out more freely and boldly, and manifests himself more openly in *Valentine*. We may then suppose he brought out *Pericles* in 1585, *Valentine* in the spring of 1586, and *Titus Andronicus* the following Christmas; and in the spring of 1587, as I shall hereafter show, *All's Well that Ends Well*. About the same period Marlowe produced *Tamburlaine*, say, both parts in 1586; *Faustus* is considered to have appeared in 1588, and probably as early as December, '87; Shakspere, constantly studying the principles of his art, and struck with the great popularity of *Tamburlaine*, brings forth, not as a vulgar imitator, but as a young artist, *Dido* and *Æneas* at Christmas, 1587. We may imagine what must have been his feelings; how galled and wounded, how disgusted with himself and with the world! He, conscious of his own superiority as a poet, finds himself a successful comic writer, but has failed in his highest ambition, in tragedy; whilst Marlowe has written three tragedies, each a popular favourite, and the last far superior to the two parts of *Tamburlaine*. There can be little doubt Marlowe at this moment was in the public opinion [though

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certainly not by the judicious few] regarded as the greater genius of the two.

Hamlet, however, was more than successful; it created a tremendous sensation, and took London by storm. Then Shakspere, flushed with his triumph, poured forth the rejoicings of his soul in *Love's Labour's Lost;* no longer did "this brave o'er-hanging—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, appear no other thing to him than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours;" all nature laughed around him; he had vanquished his enemies, and, hurling the giants down, he seated himself on the dramatic throne, as on a rock environed by the sea, smiling at the multitudinous waves of barbarism roaring around him; and Biron was the expression of his exultant feelings.

Hamlet and Biron must, then, be regarded as the same person; "the clouds hang on" the one, and the other is "too much i' the sun;" "the gibing spirit" is strong in Hamlet, and had the joyous-hearted and chivalrous Biron seen the ghost of a murdered father, and his mother been guilty of an incestuous marriage, he too, "the wit, poet, and philosopher," would have been as melancholy, contemplative, and decisive, as Hamlet; like him, he soliloquizes, and is the main character, the master-spirit in the play; it is the same man under different circumstances:—

> "The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword:
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observ'd of all observers!"

Is not *that* the character of Biron, and was it not the

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character of Hamlet previous to his father's death? Had Goethe known the connecting link between these two plays, he would have saved himself the trouble of speculating about Hamlet's natural character. There cannot be the slightest doubt, the lecture of Rosaline is an honest confession of one of Shakspere's own failings, too fond of jesting, a fault which he felt quite unqualified him for success in the medical trade, and so, like a sensible man, he cut it, that is, the trade.

In the supplementary notice to the *Two Gentlemen of Verona, Pictorial Shakspere*, we read: "In the first scene he (Valentine) laughs at the passion of Proteus, as if he knew that it was alien to his nature; but when he has become enamoured himself, with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion:—

> "Why man she is mine own;
> And I as rich in having such a jewel
> As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl."

"In this passionate admiration we have the germ of Romeo, and so also in the scene where Valentine is banished:—

> 'And why not death, rather than living torment.'

"We are not wandering from our purpose of contrasting Proteus and Valentine, by showing that the character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo."

But Biron is also a similar character, compounded of the same elements; with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion:—

> "Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

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At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?"

They are three brothers, or rather three manifestations of the same spirit re-appearing at different periods, and under different circumstances. Coleridge thus speaks of Biron's celebrated speech:—"It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakspere, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining *faithful to the character supposed* to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character."

But Biron is not "the germ," "the pre-existent state" of Benedick, the type of all that is elegant and fascinating; nor Rosaline of Beatrice; Biron is a far higher and loftier character; Benedick may be, as Horatio would say, "a piece of him;" *he* was played upon; but had any one attempted to play upon Biron, they would have caught a Tartar; no one ever succeeded in that game, save and except *one man*.

In the wit-combats at the *Mermaid* between Shakspere and Jonson, Ben had very little chance with his opponent, who was "an old sworder" at the game, and had in his younger days played at the cudgels with a far more formidable competitor. I allude to the wit-combats between Shakspere and Lyly at the *Mitre*, where the gentle Willy met his match; the combatants were

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thoroughly good-humoured, for each could take as well as give. Nobody rejoiced more in the success of *Hamlet* than John Lyly; and he had shown his love and esteem for Shakspere on a former occasion in a most marked and flattering manner.

In the comedy of *Endymion*, Cynthia is supposed to represent Queen Elizabeth, and no doubt her gracious majesty appropriated to herself all the compliments, as the courtly poet intended. But under this superficial allegory was concealed a far more beautiful and poetical one. Endymion is the youthful poet, in love with Tellus, or nature, but loving, worshipping in a far higher degree Cynthia, the poetry of nature; for of poetry, as of the moon or Cynthia, it may be said, the form is ever changing, but the spirit is the same. Is then Endymion himself merely a poetical conception, a poet's dream, or a living reality? His friend Eumenides is unmistakably John Lyly, the satirical wit:—

Cynth. "Endymion you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, Madame.

Cynth. Semele, Eumenides? is it Semele? the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia; the possession of whose love must only prolong my life."—Act v., scene 3.

That Shakspere is Endymion may be deduced from the following circumstances:—In the opening of the comedy, Endymion says, "my thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou maist imagine, how much higher they are than I

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can reach." This passage is an allusion to the line in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

" Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee;"

which line again was in fact a complimentary quotation from Campaspe, where Apelles says, " stars are to be looked, not reach'd at."

Again in *Endymion* :—

Epi. " Why, you know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man.
Sam. True.
Epi. A monstrous lie, for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unlose me."

The expression, " you know it is said," is evidently an acknowledgment, a direct complimentary reference to a well-known and humourous scene in a popular comedy :—

Pan. " Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.
Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied, that ever man tied.
Pan. What's the unkindest tide?
Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog."—
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii., scene 3.

These two allusions, the stars and the pun, clearly point at Shakspere as being the youthful poet Endymion; but since it is generally supposed Shakspere borrowed the pun as well as the stars, let us examine into the dates of these three plays; *Campaspe* was published in 1584, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was most probably written in 1586, and *Endymion* in 1587; for in act third, scene fourth, Eumenides soliloquizes, " how secret hast thou been these seven years?" now *Euphues* was published in 1580; and again, Endymion says, " re-

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membering my solitary life almost these seven years, whom have I entertained but mine own thoughts and thy virtues?" Shakspere at this time was in his twenty-fourth year, so that his consciousness of poetical inspiration as being a votary of the Muses dates from his seventeenth year, not an unreasonable supposition.

Having thus from internal evidence established the date of the play, and that Endymion and Eumenides are Shakspere and Lyly, we can readily understand the whole drift of the allegory; at the instigation of Tellus, Endymion is thrown into a deep sleep by the enchantress Dipsas, and is re-awakened by a kiss from Cynthia; or in other words, Shakspere, having written two plays full of poetry and nature, falls asleep under the hands of the goddess of dulness, or bad taste, and writes *Titus Andronicus*, a tale of horrors; his poetical genius soon after pricks his conscience, he awakens and perceives the error he has committed.

Side by side, and parallel with Endymion, runs the character of Sir Tophas, the bragging soldier, with Epi his page, a most ridiculous and amusing caricature of Marlowe; the dulness of the wit is intentional on the author's part and in character:—

Epi. "Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship."

"*O lepidum caput*, O madcap master! you were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it threadbare."—Act v., scene 2.

Top. "Why fool, a poet is as much as one should say, a poet. But soft, yonder be two wrens, shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads.

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Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them.
Epi. Larks? are you blind? they are two little boys.
Dar. Why, Sir Tophas, have you forgotten your old friends?
Act i., seene 3.

These two larks or wrens are of course the two parts of *Tamburlaine*, otherwise the whole passage is merely silly, childish nonsense; to add to the humour, the two little boys are pages to Endymion and Eumenides. Like Endymion, Sir Tophas falls in love, but with Dipsas, and has an absurd dream of an owl [with the face of Dipsas] the bird of wisdom, for Marlowe was a learned man:—

Top. "Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.
Sam. Nay, you are all mass and ass.
Top. Mock you me? you shall both suffer, yet with such weapons, as you shall make choice of the weapon, wherewith you shall perish. Am I all a mass or lump, is there no proportion in me? am I all ass? is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter.
Sam. I pray, sir, hear us speak? we call you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for Mas maris is a man. Then As [as you know] is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.
Top. The Latin hath saved your lives."—Act i., scene 3.

The following passage is evidently a caricature of Tamburlaine's love for Zenocrate;—on hearing of Dipsas being married, Sir Tophas meditates suicide:—

Top. "O heavens, an husband? What death is agreeable to my fortune?
Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.
Top. I love no grissels they are so brittle, they will crack like glass, or so dainty, that if they be touched, they are

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straight of the fashion of wax; *animus majoribus instat.* I desire old matrons. What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as the pearl! whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet, that they shall stain the truest turkis! whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle! whose eyes shall be environed about with redness exceeding the deepest coral! And whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piece-meal curtal my affections towards *Dipsas*, and walk my swelling thoughts 'till they be cold."

Tamb. "Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills."
"Zenocrate the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine.
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks can'st clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter."

Sir Tophas must also, like Endymion, fall into a deep sleep.

But Endymion is very differently handled from Sir Tophas; in the concluding, as well as in the earlier scenes, the reality vividly and distinctly pierces through the allegorical covering; in describing his dream to Cynthia, Endymion says, "After long debating with herself, mercy overcame anger; and there appeared in her heavenly face such a divine majesty, mingled with a sweet mildness, that I was ravished with the sight above measure, and wished that I might have enjoyed the sight without end; and so she (Tellus) departed with the other ladies, of which the one (Dipsas) retained still

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an unmoveable cruelty, the other (Floscula) a constant pity;" and Cynthia, further on, observes:—

"Endymion, continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find, that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain.

End. Your Highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth: methinks I feel my joints strong, and these mouldy hairs to molt, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed.

Cynth. What, young again? then it is pity to punish Tellus.

Tellus. Ah, Endymion; now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well."

Corsites, "a thirsty soul," who is appointed guardian of Tellus, is probably intended for Greene, who of all the giants was, perhaps, the least removed from nature. "No more than five dramas, the undoubted works of Greene have come down to posterity." He himself says in 1588, that he still maintains his "old course to palter up something in prose;" and it is to this double qualification, prose and poetry, that the following observations apply:—

Cor. "Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynth. Could you not stir Endymion with that doubled strength of yours?"

Tellus says, "I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty; all the world knowing his charge to be so high, and his nature to be most strange; who hath so ill-intreated ladies of great honour, that he hath not suffered them to look out of windows, much less to walk abroad; it may be, he is in love with me."

It appears Greene treated the ladies rather ungallantly

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in his plays and novels; and Nash in his *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589, ends one of his paragraphs thus:—"Therefore, see how far they swerve from their purpose, who with *Greene* colours seek to garnish such Gorgon-like shapes."

Chettle says of Greene, "His hair was somewhat long;" and Harvey speaks of "his fond disguising of a Master of Art with ruffianly hair;" and Nash informs us, that "a jolly long red peake, like the spire of a steeple, he (Greene) cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewel, it was so sharp and pendant."

We may now understand the following allusion:—

> *Cynth.* "But whom have we here,—is it not Corsites?
> *Zon.* It is; but more like a leopard than a man.
> *Cynth.* Awake him. How now, Corsites,—what make you here? How came you deformed? Look on thy hands, and then thou seest the picture of thy face."

Greene, in the epistle prefixed to *Perimedes*, 1588, says, he had been "had in derision by two gentlemen poets, &c.; I but answer in print what they have offered on the stage."

The two allusions in this comedy about the stars and the pun, should induce us to make a closer inspection of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* and then the supposition arises, that Panthino may be Lyly; for he is a scholar and a punster, probably his lordship's secretary, but certainly not a mere servant.

From the examination of these two comedies, *Endymion* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, it may be surmised, these two *playwrights* were intimate friends, and

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that Lyly felt flattered by the compliment Shakspere paid him in quoting the line from *Campaspe*, and applying it so beautifully and so appropriately. On reviewing *Endymion* it strikes us also as something extraordinary, that Lyly should have advanced so far beyond the idea of all his contemporaries in analysing so accurately and poetically in 1587, the genius of Shakspere; this, perhaps, can only be accounted for on the supposition, that Shakspere in frequent conversations had laid open his heart to the inspection of his elder friend, freely exposing to him his innermost thoughts and aspirations;—no wonder Lyly was ravished with the sight, and worshipped that beautiful soul, that Psyche, the Warwickshire butterfly; a soul so different from Marlowe's, the book-worm, the moth.

On looking into *Pericles* we find this conjecture corroborated in a singular manner; for the whole play may be justly regarded as a hymn of praise to the goddess Diana or Cynthia, with an allusion to Tellus,—"*Marina.* No, no! I will rob Tellus of her weeds, to strew the green with *flowers;*" so that it contains the principal points of the allegory itself; and it is worthy of remark, this is the only allusion to Tellus in the whole Shaksperian drama, except in *Hamlet*, ed. 1604, "Tellus orbed ground."

In 1587, the same year in which *Endymion* was written, Nash in his epistles prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, thus writes:—"Idiot art-masters, that intrude

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themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." Hence it has been inferred, Greene must have been jealous of the success of *Tamburlaine;* but Lyly could not have been so affected; and the dry old humourist was just the man, like a bright particular star, to see through such a comet; and the exceedingly severe, the open and unconcealed ridicule of Marlowe as Sir Tophas, leads to the suspicion, there must have been a quarrel between them. This suspicion rises into certainty on examining *All's Well that Ends Well,* which must have been written about this time; not only is it acknowledged to be one of Shakspere's earlier plays, but the opening so strongly reminds us of *Hamlet,* that it may reasonably be conjectured to have been written in the preceding year. The remarks of the Countess to Helena and to Bertram, remind us of the king's words to Hamlet, and of Polonius' advice to his son; Helena's reply and soliloquy are in spirit identical with Hamlet's; there is in both scenes the same misapprehension, which is cleared up to the audience by the soliloquy; Helena weeps not for her father's death, but for Bertram's departure; and Hamlet's melancholy is caused, not by his father's death, but by his beloved mother's sinful marriage, that such an angel should have fallen:—

Hel. "O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertrams."

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In this comedy there cannot be a doubt Parolles is a Shaksperian portrait of Marlowe:—

Hel. "I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I."

He is also learned, "he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages;" like Sir Tophas, he is "all Mars and Ars;" Mr. Knight observes, "Parolles, from several passages, appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; to the insults of Lafeu the boaster has nothing to oppose,—neither wit nor courage." How well does all this coincide with what is really known of Marlowe. Nash calls him idiot art-master, full of arrogance; the Reverend Mr. Dyce represents him as irreligious, intemperate, with not even a moderate talent for the humourous:—

"Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way."

Lord Lafeu must be regarded as a portrait of Lyly; besides genuine goodness of heart, he has also the caustic humour of Semele's lover; this opinion is strengthened by the expression, "he (Parolles) was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu."

Let us now return to Lyly; besides *Endymion* he wrote three other comedies, evidently allegorical, *Sapho*

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and *Phao*, and *Campaspe*, both published in 1584, and *Gallathea* in 1592.

In *Sapho* and *Phao* the courtly poet has depicted the loves of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou; the great difficulty with respect to this comedy is to decide, whether Hume copied Lyly, or Lyly, Hume; the only difference being, the one writes dramatically, the other historically. Hume says, "These reflections kept the Queen in great anxiety and irresolution; and she was observed to pass several nights without any sleep or repose. Soon after, he went over to his government of the Netherlands; lost the confidence of the states by a rash and violent attempt on their liberties; was expelled that country; retired into France, and there died:—

> *Sybilla.* "Do so, Phao; for destiny calleth thee as well from Sicily as from love. Other things hang over thy head, which I must neither tell, nor thou enquire. And so farewell."

The French Prince visited England in 1581, and died the same year as the comedy was published in 1584. In this comedy, *Pandion* has about him evident marks of the author, John Lyly; and the name reminds us of Panthino in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, originally spelt *Panthion;* like Semele in *Endymion*, his lady-love is rather waspish; he comes from Athens to Syracuse, as Lyly to London from Oxford.

In the comedy of *Campaspe* Queen Elizabeth might view her own virtues reflected in the chastity and warlike courage of Alexander. The loves of Apelles and Campaspe are probably an allusion to the marriage of the Earl of Leicester with the Countess of Essex.

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In *Gallathea*, a virgin is sacrificed every five years to appease the wrath of Neptune; but at last the god, out of respect for Diana, (Queen Elizabeth), relents, and frees the land from the sea-monster, the Agar, by dispersing the Invincible Armada. The two pretty girls, Gallathea and Phillida, dressed as boys to escape being sacrificed, represent England and Scotland armed to resist the Spanish invasion; and their falling in love with one another and wishing to be married, must be an allusion to the probable union of the two countries under King James. This explanation of the allegory is strenghtened by the reference, twice repeated, to the *annus mirabilis*, '88. Thus it may be presumed, the comedy in its present form was produced about Christmas, 1588.

Let us now proceed and examine *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which Shakspere is supposed to satirize Euphuism in the character of Don Armado; and to have had particular individuals in view in the characters of *Holofernes* and *Boyet*. The curate, Sir Nathaniel, is probably intended for Lyly; the noting down in his tables, "a most singular and choice epithet," may have been a habit of Lyly's, for his comedies read like compositions, as if much of the wit had been collected and jotted down at intervals; they have not generally the easy flow and lightsome play of Shakspere's comedy.

"For this production, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakspere, it is presumed, found neither characters nor plot in any previous romance or drama;" but as he must have been

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as well acquainted with the comedy of *Endymion* as with *Euphues*, we may suspect Sir Tophas and Epi are the buds, which blossomed under the enchanter's wand into "the refined traveller of Spain" and that inimitable monkey, Moth; and the love of Don Armado for Jaquenetta, reminding us of the marriage of Sir Tophas with Dipsas' servant-maid Bagoa, raises the suspicion he is another variation, a flattering likeness of that unfortunate wight, Marlowe; who, if not, like Falstaff, witty himself, is at least the cause of much wit and humour in those two wags, our pleasant Willy and the Oxford Fiddlestick:

Scint. "You will be a good one if you live; but what is yonder formal fellow?

Dar. Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you; if you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him.

Favil. We will do our parts.

Dar. But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing.

Favil. This passeth!

Scint. Why, is he not mad?

Sam. No, but a little vain-glorious."

Endymion, act ii., scene 2.

How closely does this agree with the description of Armado by Costard:—

"Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan;
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'will swear!"

The King calls him "a man of complements," a formalist; and Holofernes thus describes him:—"His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue

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filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." These words may be regarded as Shakspere's deliberate judgment on Marlowe, delivered at Christmas, 1597. In the scene where Armado appears "armed for Hector," the allusions are very characteristic,—"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty," and

> "Dos't thou infamomize me among potentates?
> Thou shalt die,"

recalls to us the observation of Sir Tophas, "Epi, prepare them to the slaughter."

The lords concealing themselves after repeating their sonnets, is probably a hint taken from Diana's nymphs in *Gallathea*, act third, scene first.

But Shakspere, by making in the gaiety of his heart an inpious onslaught on the divinity of Euphuism, and indulging also in a Bironical jest at Sir Nathaniel the curate, as *Alisander*, drew down upon himself the good humoured wrath of his old friend, who quickly gave him a Roland for his Oliver, by capping him with the ears of an ass as Midas. In this comedy there cannot be a doubt, "our pleasant Willy, the divine Williams," is the king "with asses ears." Midas is a great king and conqueror; he entertains Bacchus, and over their cups

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he utters a foolish wish, that every thing he touches may turn to gold; this wish Bacchus grants him, remarking at the same time he'll repent of it; he does so, and is freed from the consequences by bathing in the Pactolus; on his return from the river, passing through a wood, he is appointed judge in a musical contest, and gives the prize to Pan against Apollo; the god, irate with his folly, gives him the ears of an ass; the king in penitence goes to Greece, and offers up sacrifice at the shrine of Apollo, who releases him from his punishment. What an accurate and beautiful allegory is this of Shakspere's career up to 1589. He goes to London in 1585, is the successful author of *Pericles* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; studies Latin literature, associates with the Bacchanals, and writes *Titus Andronicus* in their false and gilded style, plated with Latin; he washes out his errors in the beautiful comedy of *All's Well that Ends Well*. Again, seized with the desire of distinguishing himself in tragedy, and struck with the success of *Tamburlaine*, he mistakes Pan [Marlowe] for Apollo, and writes himself an ass in *Dido* and *Æneas*; sees his error, repents, studies the Greek dramatists, and *Hamlet* is the successful result.

This allegory is so transparent, so clear, and self-evident, we need not be at all surprised, Shakspere's commentators have never discovered it. Let us examine the comedy of *Midas* a little more minutely. After reading a few pages, the reader will not fail to notice the great similarity between the passage beginning with "my mistress' disposition" in act first, scene first, and the dialogue between Launce and Speed in the *Two Gentlemen*

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of Verona, act third, scene first. That this dialogue is really a jocular conversation between Shakspere and Lyly, I have all along suspected; there is so much difference of character between them;—Speed establishes his character for "a quick wit;" Launce, on the contrary, very soon earns the reputation of "a mad cap" and "an ass," and yet Launce can pun as perseveringly as Speed. An elegant critic can scarcely contain his love for Launce; he pictures to himself Shakspere in the scene between Launce and Crab as there describing his own leave-taking from Stratford. But be this as it may, in the corresponding passage in *Midas* there cannot be the slightest doubt, that Licio is Lyly, and Petulus, my dear little pet, is our pleasant Willy; Licio speaks of his blue nose and bald head, and is evidently a good ten years older than his fellow-page. It is also pleasing to note, that Lyly not only makes Petulus humorous, but even gives him the advantage over Licio in wit. Licio speaking of his nose, reminds us of the passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

> *Nath.* "My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alexander.
> *Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
> *Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight."

The conversation between the wags and huntsman, act fourth, scene third, is a paraphrase of the second scene in the fourth act of *Love's Labour's Lost;* as Holofernes is a "Latin pedant," and knows not the language of the chase, so the Huntsman is a "*sporting pedant*," and knows not Latin; very likely the Hunts-

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man is Constable Dull, who blunders over "*hand credo,*" and in this instance over "*fecere disertum.*" Minutius appears to be a second edition of Moth; and Licio's exclamation "*Deus bone*" can only be regarded as a direct allusion to the observation of Sir Nathaniel, "*Laus Deo bone intelligo.*" Motto's expression, "you shall have the beard, *in manner and form following,*" is of course an allusion to Costard.

To the preceding may be added the following note:—

"Orpheus harp was strung with poets' sinews."—
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"So sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair."—
Love's Labour's Lost.

"As the sun, he is represented with golden hair, so it means with golden wire.

"The very same sort of conception occurs in Lyly's *Midas,* a play which most probably preceded Shakspere's. Act fourth, scene first. Pan tells Apollo, "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of Daphne's hair, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes."—*Warton.*

I trust the reader begins to perceive there is a very intimate connection between *Midas* and *Love's Labour's Lost.* Let us now examine into the character and deeds of King Midas. In ancient biography, Midas is represented as an effeminate king of Phrygia, and not a word about his wars or any thing of the sort; but the Midas of the comedy is no less a mighty warrior than a magnificent monarch, a constant fear and jealousy to the neighbouring potentates. We thus see, the Midas of

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Lyly is no more the Midas of history, than the poetical Antony of Shakspere, is the Mark Antony of history.

Amongst other ambitious schemes, Midas is exceedingly anxious to conquer the island of Lesbos. In ancient times the island was divided into several petty republics, but in the comedy, it is ruled over by a king :—

Celthus. "More than all this, Amintas, though we dare not so much as mutter it, their king (little bald-pated John Lyly, the Fiddlestick of Oxford,) is such a one as dazzleth the clearest eyes with majesty, daunteth the valiantest hearts with courage, and for virtue filleth all the world with wonder."

The other passages in this scene refer to Shakspere's imitations of the barbarian school, as *Titus Andronicus*, and *Dido* and *Æneas* :—

"Tis true; yet since Midas grew so mischievous, as to *blur his diadem with blood*, which should glitter with nothing but pity; "—"well then this I say, when a lion doth so much degenerate from princely kind, that he will borrow of the beasts, I say he is no lion, but a monster;—he is worthy also to have the ears of an ass."—"He seeks to conquer Lesbos," that is, Euphuism.

Midas. "Methinks there's more sweetness in the pipe of Pan, than Apollo's lute;—What hast thou done, Apollo? the ears of an ass upon the head of a king?—If I return to Phyrgia I shall be pointed at.—What will they say in Lesbos, if happily these news come to Lesbos? ah, foolish Midas! a just reward, for thy pride to wax poor, for thy overweening to wax dull, for thy ambition to wax humble. But I must see to cover my shame by art, lest being once discovered to these petty kings of Mysia, Pisidia, and Galatia, they all join to add to mine asses ears, of all the beasts the dullest, a sheep's heart, of all the beasts the fearfullest; and so cast lots for those kingdoms, that I have won with so many lives, and kept with so many envies."

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The allusions in this speech are so applicable, so pertinent, they scarcely require any explanation:—"in Lesbos," at the *Mitre*;—the petty kings of Mysia, Pisidia, and Galatia, are the three dramatists, Marlowe, Peele, and Greene, proved by the initial letters; the kingdoms won with so many lives and kept with so *many envies* refer to his plays;—he also blames himself for his pride, overweening, and ambition, of which he is accused by his friends in Hamlet, and in the interview with Ophelia, Hamlet says:—

> "I am myself indifferent honest,
> But I could accuse myself of such crimes;
> It had been better my mother had ne'er borne me,
> O I am very *proud, ambitious, disdainful.*"—Ed. 1603.

It may also be here mentioned, that of the three courtiers in the opening of the play, Eristus is Peele; Martius, Marlowe; and Greene, who was the neediest of the three, is Mellacrites, who urges Midas to ask of Bacchus the golden touch; and afterwards when Martius says, "This will make Pisidia wanton, Lycaonia stiffe," we have in two words the distinctive characters of Peele and Lodge.

On the king's return, his courtiers remark:—

Erist. "I marvel what Midas meaneth to be *so melancholy*, since his hunting.

Mel. It is a good word in Midas, otherwise I should term it in another blockishness. Methinks he seemeth *so jealous* of us all, and becomes so overthwart to all others, that either I must conjecture *his wits are not his own*, or *his meaning very hard to some.*"

[*The Reeds.* Midas of Phrygia hath asses ears.]

Erist. This is monstrous and either portends *some mischief to the king*, or unto *the state confusion.*"

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The reader will readily perceive, how pointedly all this refers to Hamlet:—

Hor. "This bodes some *strange eruption* to our state.
Ham. My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt *some foul play.*"

The following advice from Apollo perhaps alludes to Shakspere's quarrel with Nash and Greene, and also shows, that Lyly felt hurt at the practical joke in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

Apollo. "Then attend Midas,
Let thy head be glad of one crown,
And take care to keep one friend."

How pertinently does this last line apply to Shakspere; whilst it is scarcely applicable to the king, whose courtiers and subjects are most faithful and obedient, and deeply grieved at his misfortune, particularly his barber Motto:—

Motto. "I tell you, boys, it is melancholy that now troubleth me."

But who is Motto, and who is Dello, his boy? The following observation of Petulus must refer to Greene's beard, of which Nash tells us, "a jolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple he (Greene) cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewel, it was so sharp and pendant":—

Pet. "And here I vow by my concealed beard, if ever it chance to be discovered to the world, that it may make a pike-devant. I will have it so sharp pointed, that it shall stab Motto like a poynado."

and again we read:—

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Pet. "Ah; a bots on the barber! ever since I cozened him of the golden beard, I have had the tooth-ache.

Motto. I did but rub his gums, and presently the rheum evaporated.

Licio. *Deus bone*, is that word come into the barber's basin."—Act iii., scene 2.

Here is clear confirmation, or rather anticipation, of Greene's words in 1592, "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers;" but whatever the theft may have been, it is certain, both Lyly and Shakspere laugh at it as a capital joke. Greene's charge is thus brought down to something that occurred before the appearance of *Hamlet*; consequently it can only have reference to *Titus Andronicus* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. As Greene had been in Spain, it is possible Shakspere may have taken lessons from him in Spanish, and may have appropriated some passages from the *Diana of Montemayor*, which Greene may have been translating for one of his own novels; and in the song at the end of the scene are the lines:—

Pet. "O what will rid me of this pain?
Motto. Some pellitory fetcht from Spain."

It thus appears, that Motto is Greene; and Dello says, "if I durst tell the truth, as lusty as I am here, I lie upon a bed of beards; a bots of their bristles, and they that owe them, they are harder than flocks." This observation refers to Nash's position in 1589; what with the Marprelate controversy and his quarrel with Shakspere as well as with Greene and Lyly, whom he abuses in his *Anatomie of Absurditie*, he may well be said to "lie upon a bed of beards;" and we may be sure, Lyly,

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would pay off old scores and make a ridiculous puppet of him in this comedy;—also the question of Petulus, "yea Motto hast thou Latin," is perhaps an allusion to Nash's *Epistle* prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*. Nash in writing this *Epistle* acted as Greene's assistant, and thus stood in the same relative position to him, as Dello to Motto.

We may then sum up,—Midas and Shakspere are identical, as regards the golden touch, the ears of an ass, the attack on Lesbos or Euphuism, and the journey to Greece.

Act first, scene second, refers to act third, scene first, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Act fourth, scene third, refers to act fourth, scene second, in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

And the observation of Eristus, "this is monstrous, and either portends some mischief to the king or unto the state confusion," refers to *Hamlet*.

Licio and Petulus are Lyly and Shakspere;

Motto and Dello are Greene and Nash;

and it should be particularly noticed, that Martius (Marlowe) is the only character that speaks uniformly with disrespect of Apollo; and in the last scene, Midas speaks severely, though pertinently, to him:—

Mid. "Thou art barbarous, not valiant. No more, Martius, I am the learned'st in Phrygia to interpret these oracles."

In reading these two beautiful comedies, *Endymion* and *Midas*, at the name of Shakspere all difficulties vanish, the curtain of night is rent, and daylight pours in; his name is the watchword, the "open sesame," Aladdin's lamp.

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Lyly wrote another comedy, *Mother Bombie*, apparently in a combative spirit, as a trial of ingenuity *versus* the *Comedy of Errors*.

On examining how the account stands between Shakspere and Lyly during the five years from 1586 to 1590, both inclusive, it is evident from the foregoing analysis, the balance must be credited to Shakspere, and somewhat heavily; yet I should be sorry to make the same charges against Lyly as have been made against Shakspere. These resemblances are not, on either side, to be regarded as petty thefts or stolen ideas, but as complimentary allusions, delightful reminiscences; when Shakspere wrote Dogberry and his watchmen, and the Fairies pinching Falstaff, how could he avoid remembering the watchmen that guarded, and the Fairies that kissed Endymion? Dear, good old Lyly! yet thou liest on the library-shelf unthumbed, for the novel-reader understandeth thee not.

But, it seems, during the next twenty years Midas makes frequent and terrific raids into the dominions of the Lesbian king, and spite of all his valiant bees, wasp-like, steals away the honey:—

> "Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise."

"Shakspere was familiar with his works, and paraphrases some of his best passages. He was certainly one of those authors Greene accused him so bitterly of copying. In the notes to these volumes, many such passages are pointed out, and others may readily be added. Such and so many resemblances could not be accidental."

I trust it has been clearly shown, that up to the year

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1590, the borrowings from Lyly have been of the most trivial kind; and it is just possible, that Shakspere, acting the part of Apelles at the Blackfriars in 1585, was pleased with the phrase, "stars are to be look'd, not reached at," as a concise turn of his own thoughts:—

Ant. "Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die."—
Pericles, act i., scene 1.

Thaisa. "And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun."—
Act ii., scene 2.

Let us now make a further examination, and take a closer view of poor, despised Pericles. Like Hamlet, he is of a tender and sensitive disposition, melancholy, and apt to soliloquize. To the valuable notice on the authenticity of Pericles, in the *Pictorial Shakspere*, may be added the following resemblances; after reading the riddle Pericles says:—

"Sharp physick is the last;"

and Hamlet, on seeing his uncle praying,

"This physick but prolongs thy sickly days;"

and again,

Sim. "What do you think, Sir, of my daughter?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess."—
Pericles, act ii., scene 5.

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Cor. "My lord, what doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a true friend, and a most loving subject."—
Hamlet, ed. 1603.

Antiochus is evidently the same individual as Claudius, and the similarity is still more distinctly marked in the first sketch of *Hamlet;* each is guilty of incest, and in each there is the same energy and decision of character, and in each the same dread or fear:—

Ant. "He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
And therefore instantly this prince must die.
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.
Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head."—
Pericles.

King. "To England is he gone, ne'er to return:
Our letters are unto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,
He presently without demanding why,
That Hamlet lose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free."—
Hamlet, ed. 1603.

The dialogue between Pericles and the fishermen, strongly reminds us of Hamlet and the clowns in the churchyard; in fact, the two scenes may be regarded as essentially the same in spirit and meaning:—

2 *Fish.* "Canst thou catch any fishes then?
Per. I never practised it.
2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst *fish* for 't."—
Pericles, act ii., scene 1.

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Here we have the very pun in *Hamlet*:—

Cor. "Now my good lord, do you know me?
Ham. Yea, very well; y'are a *fishmonger*."

Hamlet calls him a fishmonger because he is trying to *fish out* his secret.

From these extracts it is manifest, these two plays were intimately connected in the poet's mind; and if there be any truth in the critical theory about germs and pre-existent states, we shall find the difference between Pericles and Hamlet is so much and no more; the one is an apothecary's apprentice just "out of his indentures," going up to London to walk the hospitals; the other is the same individual, three years older, a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; a young gentleman extremely well satisfied with himself, very decided and off-hand, no fear of a ghost, and rather apt to quiz and mock old Dr. Polonius. It is worthy of note, these extracts are all taken from the first two acts, which are supposed to bear the fewest traces of Shakspere's hand.

Mr. Armitage Brown observes, "From the moment Marina appears, Shakspere takes her by the hand and leads her gently onward;" it is pleasing to see the young lady has at least one friend amongst these critics; her expression, "My heart leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom," is similar to Iphigenia's exclamation on seeing her father:—

> "My father to thy arms I wish to run
> Clasp'd to thy bosom;"—*Iphigenia in Aulis.*

most probably the resemblance is accidental. Unfortu-

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nately for Mr. Brown's judgment, he further observes, "but I cannot perceive he (Shakspere) had any connection with the vile crew who surround her." This is the point, the critics and commentators having so lamentably misunderstood; the poet selected the tale from old Gower as harmonizing completely with his own poetical conception about Tellus and Cynthia; the play is essentially a Hymn to Diana, the goddess of chastity and sister of Apollo, the god "of poesie and physicke." In contrast to virgin innocence and the purity of the married life, the apothecary's apprentice gives a medical view of the mysteries of the temple of Venus; however coarse the scenes may be, they have entirely a moral tendency, and were, apparently, not objected to in those days, since the play was a popular favourite for many years; and however coarse, they are far less lewd and prurient than several passages in Lyly's first comedy, the *Woman in the Moon*, and which, we know, was performed in the presence of the Virgin Queen, "as it was presented before her Highness."

From the preceding statements it would appear, Shakspere went to London in 1585, taking *Pericles* with him; brings out the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the spring, and *Titus Andronicus* in the autumn, '86; *All's Well that Ends Well* in the spring, and *Dido and Æneas* in the autumn, '87; being then deeply distressed at the rejection of his tragedy, he meditates and studies long and earnestly over the next; and in consequence of

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being also much occupied with his duties as Captain of the Theatrical Volunteers, *Hamlet*, the crowning glory of that ever-memorable year, 1588, does not make its appearance till just before Christmas; then Shakspere pours forth the exuberance of his joy in *Love's Labour's Lost*, followed by that unrivalled farce, the *Comedy of Errors*, in the autumn of 1589.

That our pleasant Willy shortly afterwards rusticated himself, bolted into country quarters, frighted by the false fire of Nash's caustic *Epistle* and by the Kentish fire of Lyly's humourous comedy, can scarcely be credited; but it rests on indubitable authority, that he did not make his sacrificial offering to Apollo publicly in the year 1590, or only just before Christmas. It appears, London was at this time rent with religious dissensions and controversies, and the stage transformed into a theological cock-pit. Spenser has so beautifully and so accurately described this unfortunate period, that I cannot do better than quote his lines from the *Tears of the Muses*, where Thalia thus laments:—

"And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate.
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

"Instead thereof, scoffin scurrility,
And scorning folly with contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of shameless ribaudry,
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

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"But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

But Spenser here makes, happily, in one sense, a slight mistake, Shakspere *did not* "choose to sit in idle cell;" we now know, he was hard at work, studying the *Chronicles* of Hall and Holinshed; and that his brains, like swallows in busy consultation before winging their flight across the ocean, were deeply pondering over the whole sweep of his historical plays, the great English *Iliad*. Yet it would appear from the testimony of eminent authorities, that he actually wrote only one play, *Romeo and Juliet*, between Christmas 1589, and Christmas 1592; during these three years, *Endymion*, from some unknown cause, must have fallen asleep; but it is questionable whether the chloroform of the enchanting goddess operated on Shakspere or on his commentators. Mr. C. Knight has, with great ability, argued in favour of Shakspere's claim to *Henry VI.*, and the *Two Parts of the Contention*, now called the *Three Parts of Henry VI.* So conclusive, so irrefragable are his arguments, I must refer the reader, who would study the subject, to his admirable *Essay on Henry VI. and Richard III.*

I have used the term *English Iliad* advisedly; for I feel confident Shakspere intended all these plays to be so regarded; the youthful poet here measures himself with Homer, as he had previously with the dramatists of Greece; and this assertion is based on the opening of

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Henry VI., which is the first in order of composition, as well as the first of a sequence forming a perfect epic poem.

If the Reverend Mr. Hunter can say, "there is something very Greekish in this:"—

Portia. "I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit."—*Merchant of Venice.*

it may with equal truth be said, there is something very Homeric in this:—

War. "This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."—
Henry VI., act ii., scene 4.

and it may be added, Shakspere has given us in the first and third scenes of the first act, a better translation than either Cowper, Pope, or Chapman, of the first book of the *Iliad;* for it is literally a *translation;* the jars between Gloster and Winchester reminding us of Agamemnon and Achilles.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that in *Hamlet,* the story of which resembles the story of Orestes, there should be a paraphrase, or rather, a scene with quotations from a scene in the *Electra of Sophocles,* and in *Henry VI.*, the commencement of a dramatic epic, we have a paraphrase of the first book of the *Iliad;*—nor can I resist the impression, so strong a mesmeric and spirit-rapping hold it has on my imagination, that the line, "the bad revolting stars, *That have concented unto Henry's death,*" is a Shaksperian translation of the Homeric phrase, "such was the will of Jove;" that the

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one gave rise to the other;—nor should it be overlooked, that the jar commences in *Henry VI.* by Gloster's angry reply to Winchester, just as in the *Iliad* by Agamemnon's haughty conduct to the priest Chryses; and the parallel may be carried still farther, since all the mishaps to the Greeks arose from Agamemnon's taking Brisëis from Achilles, and the real cause of the Contention begins with Plantaganet's claim to the Dukedom of York in the Temple garden; and whilst in *Hamlet* the revenge is Greek, in these plays the warriors, no less cruel than abusive, are essentially Homeric both in their language and actions.*

Had these resemblances occurred in other plays, they might have been regarded as accidental, but as the case stands, such a supposition is inadmissible;—for my part, I believe Shakspere read the Greek authors in their own language; but however that may be, these facts deserve the serious consideration of those parties, who are of opinion, Shakspere was as ignorant as Nash and tradition would make him.

It is possible, *Henry VI.*, like *Henry V.*, may have been preceded by an elder play, equally "*contemptible*" with the *Famous Victories;* but of such a play having ever existed, there is not the slightest trace or evidence, excepting in the inequalities of the play itself, which may reasonably be accounted for by its having been an early production.

* Maginn considers the character of Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*, "to be a studied antagonism" to the *Ulysses* of Homer; and, he adds, "at all events I think it would not be far short of a miracle, if Shakspere had not read in some language the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*." —*Fraser's Magazine*, Sept. 1839, p. 270.

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These plays, *Henry VI.* and the two parts of the *Contention*, must have followed one another in rapid succession, and were probably brought out early in 1591, and *Richard III.* the following Christmas, or in the spring of 1592.

Besides these plays, forming an harmonious whole or second half of the English *Iliad*, *Romeo and Juliet* was produced within the same period, in 1591. It has been said, Shakspere's heroines do not set a very good example, as nearly all make runaway matches; but how are they rewarded? If those parties who carp and rail at Shakspere as a writer, having no moral object in view, would read and understand, they would cease such idle revilings. In this very play does he set up Juliet as an example or a warning to the boarding-school Misses in their teens? Is she not a most affectionate and enthusiastic young lady, so that everyone pities and regrets her misfortunes? but are they not the consequences of her own misconduct? she mystifies her parents, and instead of pouring her griefs into the bosom of her mother, she goes to her father-confessor, and thus the poet shows how injurious is the influence of the Popish priest; and further, how assuredly young lovers are punished for yielding to their wilful and unbridled passions. What a contrast is this wilful, forward, black-eyed minx to the sweet Ophelia, so dutiful and so loving; whose affections are far more pure, and whose love is equally intense. Both perish; but how far greater are the trials of Ophelia, and how far more hopeless is her case than Juliet's. Her father murdered by her lover, he banished and a lunatic; and whilst

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Juliet brings her own miseries on herself by want of candour to her parents, Ophelia is sacrificed through the crotchety idea of Hamlet pretending to be cracked. "Juliet plays most of her pranks," says Johnson, "under the appearance of religion; perhaps Shakspere meant to punish her hypocrisy." Is not that the character of an Italian, rather than an English maiden?

We have now arrived at a very interesting period in the life of Shakspere. Shortly before Christmas, 1592, or early in the following spring, were produced two comedies, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. There is a tale, that the first was composed in the course of a fortnight by command of her Majesty; but her Majesty's commands must have been limited to the writing of a comedy, as she could have known nothing about Falstaff, since *Henry IV.* was not produced till several years later. Most probably the comedy was written in the autumn, as the German Duke, who visited Windsor, received his passport from Lord Howard, September 2nd, 1592.

In the two parts of *Henry IV.* the character of Falstaff is drawn with inimitable skill, and Sir John may truly say, "I am myself alone;" but in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* we see our pleasant Willy in the guise of the fat knight, like a pretty mischievous child peeping from behind a mask, laughing and making merry with his old friend Lyly as Sir Hugh Evans; and at the same

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time Marlowe, our old acquaintance Sir Tophas, Parolles, and Don Armado, is again caricatured under the name of Pistol.

Let us make an examination into the various allusions and resemblances, and see how far these assertions are borne out:—

Fal. "Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O, Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault."—

Act v., scene 5.

Apel. "This is Europa. This is Leda, whom Jove deceived in likeness of a swan.

Camp. A fair woman, but a foul deceit."—

Campaspe, act iii., scene 3.

Falstaff then lies down [like Corsites in *Endymion*, around whom "the Fairies daunce and with a song pinch him;"] a similar direction is given *in the old quartos*, says Theobald, "during this song they pinch him" (Falstaff).

On rising up Falstaff says:—

Fal. "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant."

It is very evident Falstaff has made an ass of himself; but what does Ford mean by "*Ay, and an ox too;*" how could he, a burgher of Windsor, add, "both the proofs are extant;" when Falstaff had on the antlers of "a Windsor stag," and not the horns of an ox? Perhaps the following extract from the comedy of *Midas* may throw some light on the subject:—

Mid. "What hast thou done, Apollo? the ears of an ass on the head of a king? Help, Pan! or Midas perisheth.

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Pan. I cannot undo what Apollo hath done, nor give thee any amends, unless to those ears thou wilt have added these horns.

1. Nymph. It were very well, that it might be hard to judge, whether he were more ox or ass.

Apollo. Farewell, Midas.

Pan. Midas, farewell."

Ford's observation, "Ay, and an ox too," thus becomes proof irresistible,—Shakspere was Midas, and that he enjoyed the joke.

Fal. "Am I ridden with a Welch goat too.

Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunts of one that makes fritters of English.

I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will."

These jests refer to Euphuism; the author of *Euphues* being transformed into a Welshman; and in *Love's Labour's Lost* the Princess says of Don Armado:—

"He speaks not like a man of God's making."

From these allusions to three of Lyly's comedies, *Campaspe, Endymion,* and *Midas,* all in one scene, it may be reasonably inferred, Shakspere himself is laughing behind the back of the fat old knight; for it is highly improbable he would have made these allusions so direct and pointed without some definite object and meaning.

The observation, "Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book," directly connects Sir Hugh Evans with Sir Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

Nath. "A most singular and choice epithet."—

[*Takes out his table-book.*

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And we are strongly reminded of Costard's character of Sir Nathaniel by Sir Hugh's behaviour in the field, whilst waiting for Dr. Caius, where he shows such a tender and generous disposition without detracting from his personal courage.

Sir Hugh's remark, "for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth," is a complimentary allusion to a passage in *Midas;* and his examination of William in Latin, has reference to another passage in the same scene:—

Licio. "Thou servest Mellacrites, and I his daughter; which is the better man?

Pet. The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine."

It has been previously shown, that Licio is Lyly, and Petulus Shakspere; and here we have Sir Hugh questioning a little boy called William, and at the end of the examination his mother says:—

Mrs. P. "He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
Evans. He is a good sprag memory."

If the other allusions hold good, it must also be granted, Shakspere here directly asserts, he is a better scholar than the world gives him credit for.

As for Pistol, there can be no doubt about him; he is a braggart, a tame cheater, and in his way a learned man, making quotations chiefly from Marlowe's and Lyly's works, and so identifying himself:—

Slend. "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those, that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Pist. How now Mephistophilus?

Bard. Like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

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Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents.
Let vultures gripe thy guts ![*]
O, base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?[†]
He loves thy gallimawfry, Ford, perpend.[‡]

The following points evidently refer to Sir Tophas' description of his beboved Dipsas in *Endymion*:—

Fal. "My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "*To her boy,*" say I.

Fal. Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine."[§]—

Act i., scene 3.

Top. "What a low stature she is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in whom there is no waste! How virtuous is she like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!"

"There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who sitting upon my shoulder, cried twit, twit, and before my eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas. I marvailed what the owl said, till at the last, I perceived twit, twit, to it, to it; only by contraction admonished by this vision, to make account of my sweet Venus."—*Endymion*, act iii., scene 3.

Pist. "Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become
And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!"

At this very time Marlowe was acting the part of a

---

[*] "A burlesque on a passage in Tamburlaine."—*Stevens.*

[†] This is a parody on "A base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

[‡] This is perhaps a ridicule on a passage in the old comedy of *Cambyses*, "my sapient words I say perpend."—*Stevens.*

[§] A quotation from *Euphues*, "The sun shineth upon a dunghill."

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needy flatterer and sycophant to the young Earl of Southampton.

As Pistol's "two yards and more" is not an original witticism, we may feel certain,—"the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open" is also borrowed, perhaps a joke of Shakspere's or Lyly's over their oysters at the *Mitre*;—Pistol is not represented here as a wit, but rather as a *learned* man, all his bright sayings are quotations.

The above statement, containing so many allusions and resemblances to passages in *Endymion* and *Midas*, forms a mass of evidence, which forces on us the conclusion, that Pistol, like Sir Tophas, is a caricature of Marlowe; that Sir Hugh Evans is a Welch portrait of Lyly; and that Shakspere is acting the part of Sir John Falstaff, enjoying the fun, and very discreetly putting the buck's horns upon his own head to save himself from a worse fate, the good-humoured wrath of the monarch of Lesbos.

It must then also be granted, Shakspere acknowledges the truth of Shallow's accusation:—

> *Shal.* "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.
>
> *Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?
>
> *Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.
>
> *Fal.* I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answered."

A deal of nonsensical cant has been uttered against Shakspere on this score; but it is now acknowledged, "Deer-stealing in Shakspere's day was regarded only as a youthful frolic, &c." *Staunton's Shakspere.*

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But the most interesting part of the comedy remains yet to be examined into; we have mentioned a little boy, named William, but there is also a young lady named Anne; now if the preceding observations be admitted, it follows as a matter of course, that sweet Anne Page stands as the representative of Anne Hathaway; and Master Fenton, of the apothecary's apprentice, William Shakspere. The evidence in their favour is as clear and strong as that which has been advanced with regard to the other characters. "In fact we do know," says Drake, "that Shakspere married for love, but we do not know of any the smallest intimation or hint, previous to the wild conjecture of Oldys, that coldness or estrangement had subsisted between the poet and his wife." Much ink has been spilt about his unhappiness in having married a lady older than himself, and the proofs after ransacking his plays, are the lines in *Twelfth Night*, a couple of lines in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the acute remark of Sir Hugh Evans, "I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler."

It seems singular and not very creditable to human nature, that such illiberal surmises should have been drawn from the lines in *Twelfth Night* and so much harped upon; whilst, as far as I am aware, no notice whatever has been taken of the marriage of Master Fenton and Miss Anne Page:—

> *Host.* "What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry 't he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

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Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way."—Act iii., scene 2.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither."
[*They converse apart.*

Fent. "You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed;
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her."

How closely and accurately do all these circumstances fit in with Shakspere's own marriage; probably a run-away match without the knowledge of their parents. How pleasingly does the host describe the youthful poet, ascribing to him the very sins which Goodman Hathaway would most object to,—he dances, writes verses, and speaks holiday. Is it not also possible and probable, that the daughter, according to tradition, "eminently beautiful," remained in a state of single blessedness till her twenty-fifth year, because she would not marry, where she did not love; and as Justice

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Shallow is acknowledged to have been a Lucy of Charlecote, it is possible, cousin Slender and Dr. Cains may both have been rejected admirers of that "splendid gal" Anne Hathaway, the prototype probably of Thaisa and Silvia. Moreover, Master Fenton's address occurs just at the end of the play, and is delivered with so much earnestness, and the lines are so peculiarly appropriate to Shakspere's own marriage, we are necessitated to believe, they are the genuine utterances of his own mind, and that his own marriage had consequently been a very happy one; and that all the circumstances connected with the previous contract or betrothal, "*long since contracted,*" had been reputable and consonant with the feelings of persons in their station:—

"The offence is holy that she hath committed,"

This analysis of the comedy according to "my humour," instead of detracting from the merriment of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, adds richness and raciness to the story. No reader will ever confound the living characters of the comedy with their prototypes or shadows; and though the poet has made the marriage of Master Fenton and sweet Anne Page a vehicle for the justification of his own early marriage, yet surely they will live immortal and distinct from our pleasant Willy and his own sweet Anne.—Mr. Halliwell has pointed out, that Sly, Herne, Horne, Brome, Page, and Ford, are names found in MSS. in the Council Chamber, at Stratford.

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We must now have a few minutes conversation with Thomas Nash, as he furnishes additional evidence, that Shakspere and Midas are one; and also explains a Falstaffian phrase, that has caused the shedding of much ink. The following extracts are all taken from Mr. Collier's edition of *Pierce Penniless*. Mr. Collier observes, "It seems evident that Nash felt, in the opening of the preceding epistle, (which we give literatim) that he was performing a task; but, towards the conclusion, he freed himself from this impression, and shook off the restraint upon his pen. It is impossible at this time of day to explain some of the temporary, and designedly ambiguous touches at authors of his day, near the close, but the hit at Peele and his *Tale of Troy*, 1589, seems pretty obvious, and Nash sets out with an obscure reference to Greene, and to the manner in which he was accustomed to vaunt his University Degrees at Oxford and Cambridge, in the title-pages of his tracts."

The prefatory epistle to Nash's edition of *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591, above referred to, contains the following passages:—

"Gentlemen, that have seen a thousand lines of folly drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentiæ*, and two famous mountains to go to the conception of one mouse; that have had your ears deafened with the echo of Fames brazen towers, when only they have been toucht with a leaden pen; that have seen Pan sitting in his bower of delight, and a number of Midasses to admire his miserable hornpipes, let not your surfeited sight, new come from such puppet play, think scorn to turn aside into this theatre of pleasure."

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These allusions refer to Greene, Shakspere, and Lyly; —the two universities going to form one Greene;— Fame's brazen towers and the leaden pen to Shakspere's *Henry VI.*;—and Lyly is the author of *Midas*. This explanation is confirmed by the following passage:—

"Apollo hath resigned his ivory harp unto Astrophel, and he, like Mercury, must lull you asleep with his musick. Sleep Argus, sleep Ignorance, sleep Impudence, for Mercury hath Io, and only Io Pæan belongeth to Astrophel." The name of Argus is peculiarly applicable to Lyly; Impudence is of course Greene, and Mr. Ignorance can answer for himself.

We can now also readily understand the drift of Falstaff's expression, "ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;" evidently an allusion to this epistle. The worthy knight quibbles on the word *plummet*, a pen or lead, that is, "*a leaden pen*;" as if he had said, "I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; Nash even may abuse or jest over me; use me as you will."

The reader, on being aware that *Euphues* was published in 1580, and *Astrophel and Stella* not till 1591, though written several years before, will readily understand the following humourous piece of satire, or Dello's revenge for his ridiculous position in *Midas*; *ignis fatuus* is an admirable and most apposite name for *Euphues*, and "arise out of dunghilles" refers to the line in *Euphues*.

"The sun shineth upon a dunghill."

"The sun for a time may mask his golden head in a cloud, yet in the end the thick veil doth vanish, and his

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embellished blandishment appears. Long hath Astrophel (England's sun) withheld the beams of his spirit from the common view of our dark sense, and night hath hovered over the gardens of the Nine Sisters, while *ignis fatuus*, and gross fatty flames, (such as commonly arise out of dunghills) have took occasion, in the middest eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander abroad with a wisp of paper at their tails, like hobgoblins, and lead men up and down in a circle of absurdity a whole week, and never know where they are."

The following points apply to Marlowe, Shakspere, and Peele; evidently Dello is in a very uncomfortable and bristling humour if not "on a bed of beards," a hedgehog to himself as well as to his friends;—"Nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the almond leaf verse, or sit tabring five years together nothing but to bee, to bee on a paper drum."

"Others are so hardly bested for loading, that they are fain to retail the cinders of *Troy*, and the shivers of broken trunchions to fill up their boat, that else should go empty."

The "almond leaf verse" is an ironical compliment; as the second part of *Tamburlaine* and the first three books of the *Fairy Queen* were published in 1590, the public immediately discovered, that Marlowe had purloined from Spenser the passage in *Tamburlaine* commencing with:—

"Like to an almond-tree y-mounted high."

The following graphic and invaluable caricature belongs to Mr. Ignorance and no mistake:—

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"An asse is no great statesman in the beastes commonwealth, though he weare his ears *upsevant muffe*, after the Muscovy fashion, and hange the lip like a capcase halfe open, or looke as demurely as a sixpenny browne loafe, for he hath some imperfections that do keep him from the common councel: yet of many he is deemed a very vertuous member, and one of the honestest sort of men that are; so that our opinion (as Sextus Empedocles) gives the name of good or ill to every thing. Out of whose works [latelie translated into English for the benefit of unlerned writers] &c."

The words, "a very vertuous member and one of the honestest sort of men," correspond remarkably with Chettle's account written in the following year, "he had himself seen his demeanour, no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professed: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty."

In vol. ii., p. 10. of the *Shakspere Society*, is an account of Shakspere's bust; "The forehead is as fine as Raphael's or Bacon's, and the form of the nose and exquisite refinement of the mouth, with its amiable genial hilarity of wit and goodnature, so characteristic, *unideal*; bearing truth in every curve, with a little bit of the teeth shewing at the moment of smiling, which must have been often seen by those, who had the happiness to know Shakspere, and must have been pointed out to the sculptor as necessary to likeness when he was dead. The whole bust is stamped with an air of fidelity, perfectly invaluable."

The reader cannot fail to notice the singular coinci-

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dence between "hange the lip like a capcase half open," and "a little bit of the teeth shewing."

Mr. Collier, in his remarks on *Pierce Penniless*, observes, "Nash had by this time found a patron; possibly the Earl of Southampton, to whom Nash dedicates several tracts, was the nobleman intended." This appears highly probable, for "Iove's eagle-born Ganimede" can only be a young nobleman of singular beauty. Nash at this time was in great distress, and apparently dependent on the liberality of Lord Southampton, who idolized and worshipped Shakspere. Nash therefore changed his tune, and sycophant-like fawned on the mighty dramatist. In the commencement of *Pierce Penniless*, he writes:—

> "Without redresse complaynes my careless verse,
> And Midas eares relent not at my moane;"

and in his epistle to the printer, in the second edition, he indignantly repudiates Greene's tract as "a scald, trivial, lying pamphlet."

Since "the two parts of the *Contention* were produced as early, if not earlier, than 1591, by universal admission," the play of *Henry VI.*, alluded to by Nash in this tract, and performed at the *Rose* for the first time, March 3, 1592, must have been an imitation of Shakspere's, and probably owed its success to the principal character being performed by Alleyn, to the popularity of the subject, and to the circumstance of English troops being then in France assisting the King of Navarre, and which was perhaps one inducement why Shakspere began his historical series with *Henry VI.*

As Nash, in *Pierce Penniless*, speaks of his "beardless

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years," I may mention, he was then in his twenty-fifth year, he was born in November, 1567; Marlowe in February, and Shakspere in April, 1564; Lyly in 1554, and Greene probably in 1550.

As Marlowe died on June 1, 1593, we may take this opportunity of reviewing his career as connected with Shakspere. *Tamburlaine*, it is supposed, was produced (both parts) in 1586, and, no doubt, some other play by his hand had previously appeared [let it be remembered the two poets are exactly of the same age]; thus it becomes dubious, whether the palm of priority should be given to Shakspere or Marlowe; but as Shakspere went straight to London to join the Blackfriars Company, it may reasonably be supposed, his thoughts had long been turned to the stage, and that he had consequently written a play previous to *Pericles*. As *Arden of Feversham* cannot be attributed to any known author anterior to 1592, surely the supposition is admissible, that it was the work on which Shakspere tried his "prentice hand;" apart from the opinion of German critics, it is strong presumptive evidence thereof, that the clear and cautious judgment of Mr. C. Knight apparently leans to a similar supposition. Though a domestic tragedy, it it composed decidedly on Endymion's theory, the young Swan beats his wings vigorously, eager to have a snap at the moon:—

"The character of Black Will is drawn with great force, but there is probably something of a youthful

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judgment in making the murderer speak in high poetry. The characters and events are lifted out of ordinary life of purpose by the poet. The ambition of a young writer may have carried this too far, but the principle upon which he worked was a right one. He aimed to produce something higher than a literal copy of every-day life, and this constitutes the essential distinction between *Arden of Feversham* and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, as between Shakspere and Heywood."—*Pictorial Shakspere.*

Even if it be not conceded that *Arden of Feversham* was written by Shakspere, still he claims precedence of Marlowe as a playwright.

It may then be taken for granted, the two parts of *Tamburlaine* appeared in 1586, *Faustus* at Christmas, '87, and the *Jew of Malta* at Christmas, '89, or early in 1590. Let any person read *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*,—*Pericles* and *Hamlet*,—*then* let him read the *Jew of Malta*, and he will readily perceive how diligently and earnestly the author must have studied the Shaksperian plays. For the *Jew* differs from its predecessors not only in a freer versification and in a more natural style, but also in several quibbles, and in certain phrases, as, "Who comes here?" "but soft;" two familiar expressions essentially Shaksperian. "Soft" occurs three times in *Endymion* and six times in *Midas*, evidently from the association of ideas; this soft expression was probably a conversational habit with Shakspere, as "noting it down" was a custom with Lyly.

Mr. Dyce justly repudiates the supposition, that Shakspere, from the *Jew of Malta*, "caught anything

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more than a few trifling hints for the *Merchant of Venice;*" nor is it likely the youthful creator of Aaron would, seven years after, copy from a copy; for Barabas and Ithamore, master and servant, are two unmitigated villains, each having a resemblance to Aaron in *Titus Andronicus;* thus the dying speech of Barabas, in its fiendish malignity, is clearly an imitation of one of Aaron's:—

Bar. "Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son,—
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow:
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels!"—
Jew of Malta, p. 347.

Aar. "Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons."
Titus Andronicus, act v., scene 1.

The Jew's love for his daughter is thus ironically described:—

Bar. "I have no charge nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is hers;"

he is quite ready to sacrifice her to "raise the wind," and at last poisons her for turning Christian.

But as Aaron, unlike Barabas, has one touch of nature in his composition, so must Ithamore, who, in fact, is Aaron himself, *ita-more*—the Moor again; and so Itha-

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more falls in love with Bellamira, and addresses to her the following remarkable speech:—

Bell. "I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.
Itha. Content: but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece;—
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;—
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green;—
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen;
The meads, the orchards, and the prim-rose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love."

The last line is a quotation, slightly varied, from the *Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, a beautiful song of Shakspere's, but most unjustly attributed to Marlowe on the weakest evidence possible. It was originally printed as Shakspere's in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; but in the following year, 1600, it was published in England's *Helicon*, and subscribed with the name C. Marlowe. So far the one publication neutralises the other; but fifty-three years later, or sixty years after the death of Marlowe, Isaac Walton inserted it "in his *Complete Angler*, under the character of "That smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an *Answer* to it which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." Warburton unhesitatingly gives both to Shakspere; and "snatches of this one are sung by Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*." The song of four stanzas, I believe, is Shakspere's, the other two stanzas may be

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anybody's. Throughout all the acknowledged writings of Marlowe, the nearest approach to this song is the very speech addressed to Bellamira; "we look in vain," says an eminent critic, "for a single familiar image in Marlowe's poetry;" another authority says, "Of an age distinguished for the excellence of its rural poetry, this is, without doubt, the most admirable and finished pastoral." On a dispassionate examination, even granting the *Reply* to have been written by Sir Walter, Marlowe appears to have no more claim to this most admirable and finished pastoral than Barnfield has to Shakspere's *Spenserian Sonnet.*

The last line, then, of Ithamore's speech, "live with me, and be my love," being a quotation from Shakspere's song, carries with it a peculiar significance; and it is very remarkable, whilst *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* are nearly free

> "From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,"

this tragedy abounds with rhyming couplets besides this whole speech in rhyme, a speech singularly inappropriate in the mouth of Ithamore, unless a hidden sense be attached to it; there must be some meaning in such an extraordinary revolution in the poet's proceedings; and perhaps Pilia Borza's reply to Bellamira's inquiry about Ithamore, puts us on the right scent, on the true path of discovery:—

> *Bel.* "And where didst meet him?
>
> *Pilia.* Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, I think it, looking of a friar's execution."

Both Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce consider, the *Jew of*

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Malta was written about 1589 or 1590; it may then be regarded as certain, it was not produced till some time after Nash's *Epistle* prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon.*

We can now readily understand Pilia Borza's observation, that he found Ithamore "within forty foot of the gallows, *conning his neck-verse;*" and when Ithamore says, "I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns," Pilia significantly replies, "You'd make a rich poet, sir." We can also see the meaning of the journey to Greece, the "by Dis above" being a jocular allusion to his classical ignorance, and the quotation, "live with me and be my love," from Shakspere's pretty song, clearly pointing out the particular individual, to whom these allusions refer. The coincidence about Greece between Marlowe and Lyly in this play and in *Midas*, both written at the same time, confirms the impression, Shakspere must have read the Greek dramatists in their own language, and that William deserved his mama's praise:—

Mrs. Page. "He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
Evans. He is a good sprag memory."

Furthermore the singular comparison of Barabas' love for his daughter to Agamemnon's love for Iphigenia raises a suspicion, Shakspere may have read up the Greek plays with Marlowe, and, no doubt, paid him handsomely for his services; it also strengthens the opinion, that Ophelia is risen, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of Iphigenia, that Marlowe knew the fact, and that Abigail is his translation of the character, or rather a copy of Ophelia; there is besides much in the bitterness

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of Barabas, reminding us of Hamlet's causticity to his dear friends the two sponges.

The stertorous breathing, dilated pupil, and insensibility;—the blueness, coldness, and diarrhœa,—are not so distinctive marks of apoplexy and cholera, as the neck-verse, journey to Greece, and "by Dis above," are diagnostic symptoms of the immortal William; consequently "live with me and be my love" must be taken from one of Shakspere's songs; and consequently in this short scene of Satanic comedy, Ithamore stands as his representative, no doubt intended as a compliment, if not a flattering likeness; of course every portrait painter is not a Ross or a Lawrence; so is it equally certain, that Pilia Borza is a self-drawn portrait of the author, a striking likeness and original; not drawn unconsciously, like the self-drawn portraits of Shakspere and Coleridge, but knowingly and intentionally, for is it not said of Parolles, "is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?"

As the *Jew of Malta* appears from the preceding analysis to have been a very studied performance, it must have cost Marlowe much thought and labour, and was probably not produced before the spring of 1590; it was followed by *King John*, *Edward II.*, and the *Massacre at Paris*, and by the *Taming of a Shrew* in the spring of 1593; *Dido*, as much as belongs to Marlowe, must have been an early work, perhaps written in '88 after the failure of *Dido and Æneas*, and not proceeded with on account of his new engagements with his humourous and satirical patron. We thus see, Marlowe had the tact and wordly wisdom at a great theatrical crisis to

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stand by "the coming man," and swear himself in as "liegeman to the Dane," and from this time forth he remained the humble follower and close imitator of the mighty dramatist and no less potential manager. We are here reminded of Steele's connexion with Addison, "Addison, says Johnson, never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness."

During this period of seven years and a half, Marlowe produced nine plays, seven acknowledged to be his, two disputed:—The Two Parts of *Tamburlaine, Faustus, Jew of Malta, King John, Edward II., Massacre at Paris, Taming of a Shrew,* and *Dido;*—whilst Shakspere produced fourteen,—*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Titus Andronicus, All's Well that Ends Well, Dido and Æneas, Hamlet, Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors, Romeo and Juliet, Henry VI.,* Two Parts of *The Contention, Richard III., Merry Wives of Windsor,* and *Midsummmer Night's Dream;*—besides undergoing the fatigues of an actor's life, and the responsibilities of a theatrical manager; and yet not overtasked;—his intellectual powers, like the British oak, steadily increasing, strengthening, and developing themselves; assuredly his was not a life of dissipation, but that of an artist devoted to his profession; truly might he say, "no more like than I to Hercules," but not in Schlegel's sense; for he might have added, a greater than Hercules is here.

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Let us now examine Greene's celebrated Address in the *Groatsworth of Wit*;—"Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hyde*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country." There cannot be a doubt, Shakspere is alluded to as the upstart crow, and there can be no meaning, no force in the words parodied from a line in the *True Tragedy*,—

"Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,"

unless that tragedy had been written by Shakspere. From the phrase "beautified with our feathers" it can only be inferred, Shakspere had purloined some beautiful passages, some fine sentiments, from the works of Greene and others, and had appropriated them to his own vile purposes; but Greene does not bring forward any direct charge, nor adduce any instances of spoliation; therefore the whole passage may be regarded as a tissue of insinuations and misrepresentations, proceeding from personal animosity and wounded vanity. Besides, the character of the writer should be known, and then the reader may place what trust he pleases on such insinuations unsupported by any evidence:—

"He (Marlowe) had a friend, once *gay and greene*,
Who died not long before,
The wofull'st wretch was ever seene,
The worst e'er woman bore."—*Marlowe*, vol. iii.

That the three plays, *Henry VI.* and the Two Parts of *The Contention*, were really written by Shakspere, and

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that he did not merely remodel them, rests on the highest authority, on the testimony of a very different character from Greene:—

> "And there, though last not least, is Aëtion;
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found.
> Whose Muse full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth like himself heroically sound."—
>
> *Colin Clout's Come Home again.*

It is incredible Spenser would thus have sung the praises of his friend, had his merits consisted in merely adding some lines and polishing up the works of others, to whom decidedly the praise of "high thoughts' invention" would then have been due.

But that these plays were composed and not merely remodelled by Shakspere, rests on still higher authority, on the word of the poet himself; the concluding lines of the chorus in *Henry V.*, can have no other meaning:—

> "and for *their* sake,
> In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

Where is the force of the plea, unless *Henry VI.* had been written by Shakspere? He could have appealed more directly to the sympathies of the audience on behalf of *Henry V.*, by a reference to the Two Parts of *Henry IV.*; but his real object was to connect *this series* from *Richard II.* to *Henry V.* with the other moiety, thus forming an harmonious whole, one grand historical drama.

But far too much importance has been attached to this passage in the *Groatsworth of Wit*;* it seems to

* "With thee I joyne young Juvenal, that byting satyrist, that lastly with me together writ a comedie. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words."

The critics and commentators have too readily followed Malone's

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have been merely a temporary outburst of envy and malice; for Greene did not always write thus. In the *Looking-glass for London* Marlowe is satirized as Rasni, King of Nineveh. The following lines in the opening speech of the play identify him with "that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun":—

Ras. "Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,
Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought;
For be he God in heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
Rasni is god on earth, and none but he."

The three Kings attendant on his "royal mightiness" are Shakspere and the two authors of the play, Greene and Lodge. The following lines clearly prove the King of Cilicia to be intended for Shakspere:—

K. of Cil. "Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.
Alv. No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke thee.
Hear me but sing of love, then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.
K. of Cil. Your love is fixed on a greater king.
Alv. Tut, women's love it is a fickle thing.
I love my Rasni for his dignity,
I love Cilician king for his sweet eye;

---

opinion, that the party here alluded to, is Lodge; but it certainly must be Nash, who was often called Juvenal by the writers of that period. Lodge was not in England at that time; for Greene in the Address prefixed to *Euphues Shadow*, 1592, says,—"one M. Thomas Lodge who nowe is gone to sea with mayster Candish;" besides the *Looking-glass for London* is no comedy, but a religious mystery; and the lines to young Juvenal are written in such a friendly spirit, they might even confirm in an angry man the suspicion of Nash's complicity in the tract.

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I love my Rasni since he rules the world,
But more I love this kingly little world.
[*Embraces him.*
How sweet he looks! O, were I Cynthia's fere,
And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear.
Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
[*Embraces his neck.*
Thus would I kiss my love at every beck;
[*Kisses him.*
Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep,
And if thou waked'st not soon, thus would I weep,
And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I love thee.
[*Kisses him.*

K. of Cil. For all these vows beshrew me, if I prove ye:
My faith unto my king shall not be fals'd.

Alv. Good Lord, how men are coy when they are crav'd!

K. of Cil. Madam, behold our king approacheth nigh.

Alv. Thou art Endymion, then, no more: heighho, for him I die!"

[*Faints while pointing at the King of Cilicia.*

Adam, the smith's man, may possibly also be intended for Shakspere; he looks like an imitation of Launce, but awfully addicted to beef and ale:—

Adam. "Nay, sir, we read in the *Chronicles* that there was a god of our occupation.—Marry, sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his kind is a physician, a surgeon, and a barber.—I am for you; come, let's away, and yet let me be put in the *Chronicles*."

His thrashing his master for being jealous may be on the part of Lodge, a sly rap at Greene's jealousy of Shakspere.

The *Looking-glass* appears to have been written in 1591, and in imitation of *Midas*; for Rasni is throughout treated with similar love and reverence; and we seem to have the origin of the play in *Midas*, act fourth,

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scene fourth, where Eristus and Mellacrites say,—"we will all join and follow Martius," who replies, "My lords, I give you thanks;" and the expression, "Rasni is god on earth," has also its counterpart in *Midas*, when Martius says, "That greediness of Mellacrites, whose heart-strings are made of Plutus' purse-strings, hath made Midas a lump of earth, that should be a god on earth," act two, scene one. As Martius disbelieves the oracles and is portrayed as a contemner of the gods, so Rasni requires the wonders and signs of the anger of God to be explained by natural causes.—If then Rasni be the same individual as Martius, it must be granted, the King of Cilicia is Shakspere.

In the Comical History of *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, it is within the bounds of probability, that Shakspere is the Hero; Marlowe would be Belinus, King of Naples; and in *Amurack the Great Turk*, lord over so many regions, Greene has beautifully and no less truthfully painted his own discontent and jealousy. When Alphonsus after slaying Flaminius, exclaims:—

> "Go pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,—
> And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
> Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown;"

the audience would immediately remember the grand and fearful scene in the second part of the *Contention*:—

> "Down, down to hell and say I sent thee thither;"*

* Who wrote this most Satanic speech? Shakspere, Greene, or Marlowe? Mr. Collier gives it to Greene on account of this passage in Alphonsus; Mr. Dyce to Marlowe on account of the lines:

> "What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted."

But may it not rather be held, these resemblances prove, the True

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and thus Alphonsus, Gloster, and Shakspere would be irrevocably conjoined in their minds.

"Belinus, Fabius, and the Milan Duke, fled for succour to the Turkish court," are Marlowe, Peele, and Nash; the last named is in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, called "Young Juvenal, sweet boy," and in the following lines the three characters are clearly marked:—

Alphon. "Lord, what a pleasure was it to my mind,
To see Belinus, which not long before
Did with *his threatenings terrify the gods*,
Now scud apace from warlike Lælius' blows!
The Duke of Milan, he increas'd our sport,
When doubting that his force was over-weak,
For to withstand, Miles, thy sturdy arm,
Did give more credence to his frisking skips
Than to *the sharpness of his cutting blade*.
What Fabius did to *pleasure* us withal,
Albinius knows as well as I myself."—

Act iii, scene 1.

Albinius is no doubt Lyly:—

Alphon. "Now to Albinius, which in all my toils
I have both faithful, yea, and friendly, found."

Alphonsus has also two other warriors on his side, Lælius and Miles; these may be the two other playwrights mentioned in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, of whom Greene says, "let their own work serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants;" but whoever these two may have been, it is certain Miles and Lælius are very appropriate names for Kyd and Lodge; the little Jeronymo giving

Tragedie, or third part of *Henry VI*, was written by Shakspere, and brought out at least several months before either *King Alphonsus* or *Edward the Second*.

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Master Nash a good drubbing, and the religious Lodge castigating the irreligious Marlowe. Lodge was not only Greene's friend, but appears to have been warmly attached to Shakspere, and is here named after Lælius, the intimate friend of Scipio Africanus. Peele is probably named Fabius after the great general, who derided Scipio's idea of carrying the war into Africa. Peele is also said to have been jealous of Shakspere. In these names, Fabius and Lælius, Greene evidently intends a most graceful and flattering compliment to Shakspere as Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Zama.

The invocation of Medea,—Iphigena daughter of Amurack the great Turk,—Faustus his Empress,—and a Faustus, king of Babylon!—what a strange and unmeaning jumble of names, unless they are intended to remind us of Shakspere and Marlowe;—further evidence that the ignorant William had read the Greek dramatists; and again, Amurack encouraging his troops thus significantly speaks:—

> "Besides the same, remember with yourselves
> What foes we have; not mighty Tamburlaine,
> Nor soldiers trained up amongst the wars,
> But fearful boors, pick'd from their rural flock,
> Which, till this time, were wholly ignorant
> What weapons meant, or bloody Mars did crave."—
>
> Act iv.

How applicable are these lines to Shakspere's want of an University education; and by "*fearful boors*" we are reminded of "*such peasants*" as Shakspere, Burbage, & Co.

By the overthrow of Amurack, and the marriage of Alphonsus with Iphigena, and his succession to the

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empire, Greene acknowledges the superiority of Shakspere as a poet; whether he intended in the Second Part, had such been written, to portray Alphonsus as a benificent monarch, or as an universal tyrant, may be problematical; but the continuation appeared in a very unexpected form, the hero being a *Johannes-factotum*, and the only Shakescene in the country.

From the examination of these plays it may be inferred, that Greene, like Lyly, took an ardent interest in the early career of Shakspere; but being himself a gifted poet of most varied powers, he could not, without a pang, see the diadem wrested from his brow.

Let us turn back for a few minutes to *Love's Labour's Lost;* it has been shown, that Biron, Armado, and Sir Nathaniel, are Shakspere, Marlowe, and Lyly; the three remaining characters (sonnetteers and poets), Ferdinand, king of Navarre, Longaville, and Dumain, must consequently be Greene, Lodge, and Peele; whilst Moth is a most happy and delightful personation of that "*sweet boy*," Nash; who was called Juvenal, not merely after the Roman satirist, but from his youthful appearance, as in *Pierce Penniless* he speaks of his "beardless years," being then in his twenty-fifth year, and the following lines may have given rise to the name:—

Arm. "How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, &c."—

Act i., scene 2.

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the critics and commentators have taken a very different view of these sonnets. Thus writes Mr. Boaden:—

"The *Sonnets* not only allude distinctly to Daniel (as the *better spirit*), but very critically point out some other retainers of the Pembroke family. The poet hardly preserves his temper when describing the combination against him:

> "Was it *his* spirit, by *spirits taught to write*
> *Above a mortal pitch*, that struck me dead?
> No! neither *he*, nor his compeers, by night
> Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
> He, nor that affable *familiar ghost*,
> Which *nightly* gulls him with intelligence,
> As victors, of my silence cannot boast."

"Alluding, perhaps," says Mr. Stevens, "to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel and other familiar spirits." There can be no doubt about it—the fact is upon record. Queen Elizabeth and the Pembroke family were Dee's chief patrons. Their exalted minds and various accomplishments did not exempt them from the mania of their times, though the sounder philosophy of Shakspere led him thus to denounce the Charlatans, who then infested the great, and upon fantastical science grounded predictions, which hung like a mildew upon a long existence.—*On the Sonnets of Shakspere.*

And this is the sort of erudite and illogical stuff that persuaded Hallam, and nearly all the intellects of Britain—even Rab himself, that sagacious Scotch dog—to believe that the healthy, jocular, and satirical Shakspere wrote, in his thirty-fifth year, maudlin sentimen-

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tality to a profligate young nobleman in his nineteenth year.

I have pointed out in the Introduction to the "*Sonnets re-arranged,*" that Shakspere became acquainted with the Earl of Southampton in 1589, and for several years watched over him like a guardian; that in October, 1591, he addressed to him a comic-heroic poem, and that the couplets, promising immortality to his friend, are merely a cheerful refrain to prevent the poem degenerating into a monotonous and adulatory strain. I have also shown, they were collected together by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and given to Thomas Thorpe for publication.

Although there are several editions of *Shakspere's Poems,* yet it is to the *Sonnets,* I imagine, they owe their principal attraction, since the *Venus and Adonis* abounds rather too freely with lascivious descriptions, and the *Lucrece* is such a "crabbed and quaint production," it is no easy matter to work through it; whilst the *Sonnets* in richness of imagery and mellifluous versification rival the *Venus and Adonis* without its indelicacy; and, full of tenderness and noble thoughts, they abound in the moral and poetical beauties of the *Lucrece,* without its dryness; I therefore ventured to lay before the public a new edition of the *Sonnets,* arranged on a plan never yet attempted, and apparently never thought of, viz:—to select and re-arrange (not to re-divide, but to re-sort) the little poems, which are evidently addressed to his friend; and which, thus re-arranged, form a clear and connected history; further, from the first '126' are ejected those, which are addressed to a

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female; by this simple process the *Sonnets* have been removed from cloud-land, and restored to the domain of healthy literature, making a very pleasant and readable book, highly interesting and autobiographical.

But the most interesting feature in the *Sonnets* is the evidence, that Shakspere had formed a very close intimacy with a dark-haired lady, apparently of about twelve months' duration, from the summer of 1592, to the summer of 1593, and which then came to an abrupt end by the amorous tigress transferring her caresses to his friend, the young Earl of Southampton. She must have been an Italian, of some rank, the wife of one of the merchant princes of Venice at least, or the Ambassadress herself, if not the wife of an English nobleman. That she was an Italian may be inferred from the fact, that in all his plays after this period, Shakspere shows such an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of Italy, as to have given rise to the supposition, he had visited Italy; but in truth his Italy was a lady with raven-black eyes. Now it is very remarkable, there are three dark ladies in the plays, Hermia, Katharine, and Cleopatra, three black witches, equally ready with their fists, like the lady in the *Sonnets*, who had decidedly a will of her own; that she stood as the original of the other three cannot be doubted.

This lady, with her black and mourning eyes and a will of her own, reminds us of Byron's two Venetian loves;—Marianna, with "the large black oriental eyes with that peculiar expression in them, which is seen rarely among Europeans;"—Margarita, "very fine black eyes, a thorough Venetian, with all their naiveté and

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pantaloon humour, and a devilish spirit of some sort within her." The duration of Shakspeare's actual enchantment reminds us, that the wisest of the Greeks, Ulysses, remained a whole year under the Circèan spell.

As the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* were both written about the same time and under similar circumstances, they should be examined and compared together with reference to the passages, which may be considered, rightly or wrongly, applicable to Shakspere.

The following lines in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* have frequently been adduced as evidence, that the poet had made an unfortunate marriage :—

Lys. "Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;—
Her. O hell; to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it."—
Act i. scene 1.

How do these lines affect Shakspere? they are merely the usual complaint of lovers contraried by their parents; "misgraffed in respect of years" is the only unfavorable expression, all the rest actually confirm the supposition

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of his domestic happiness; for it is universally granted, he married for love, and apparently without asking permission either of friends or parents. These lines then, though so often quoted, are no proof Shakspere lived unhappily with his wife; nor is there any evidence or tradition, that she ever lost his affection; though for a time he laboured under a delusion, under the fascination of an extraordinary woman. The story of his domestic infelicity was first started something more than a century ago, by Oldys misinterpreting one of the *Sonnets*.

Another passage in this comedy is supposed to contain an allusion to Greene:—

Lys. [*reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs' to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
Lys. The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
Lys. The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony."—Act v., scene 1.

The "learning late deceas'd in beggary," Mr. C. Knight observes, refers to the death of the poet Greene, and "some satire keen and critical," to the famous controversy of Nash and Gabriel Harvey. But let us follow up the scent, trace the fox to his hole. and unearth him; —surely the Thracian singer can be no other than Shakspere himself; and how appositely does Mr. Ignorance

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speak through Theseus, "it's an old story, played after my return from Thebes as conqueror,"—*after Hamlet;* —and the Athenian eunuch must be Chettle, the editor, who omitted some offensive passages in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit.*

Furthermore, can there be any reasonable doubt, that the beautiful lines on "the imperial votaress in maiden meditation fancy-free" were written after the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* and are Endymion's thanks for Cynthia's kiss?

It must then be confessed, there are in this *Dream* three passages of a decidedly personal nature; and those critics, who consider the first, as proof of his unhappy marriage, must for the sake of consistency, acknowledge, Hermia is the lady of the *Sonnets;* and who is Lysander? like Valentine, he is "a gentleman and well deriv'd;" his friend Demetrius is certainly Marlowe. Demetrius comes upon us at first as a swaggerer, is spoken of as a coward, and is the only character that uses high-flown language; the lines addressed to Helen, are essentially Marlovian:

"The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood (wild) within this wood."
"Yet, you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere."
"O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne!
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

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When thou hold'st up thy hand; O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!"

Puck. "Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And will not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee!
Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward why com'st thou not?"

To Lysander Puck merely calls out:—

"Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?"

But say the critics, Demetrius is a punster, and Marlowe was a learned man, with no wit or humour in him. "Soft you now," softly there, my friends! in *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* there is not a single pun or quibble, except some few amongst the clowns, probably borrowed from the common stock of clownage; but in the *Jew of Malta* a change comes o'er the scene, and to the great amusement of Shakspere and Lyly, Marlowe, by friction with such sharp blades, becomes a wit, and so Demetrius puns:—

"Haply some hapless man hath conscience."
"Give me a ream of paper; we'll have a kingdom
Of gold for't."—*The Jew of Malta.*

realm was frequently written ream, says Mr. Dyce. Other quibbles may be found, and particularly in *Edward II.*

There is also in this Dream an allusion to Lyly, at least a reminiscence of him; Bottom says, "I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me;" he then sings a song evidently a paraphrase of the bird-song in *Campaspe*, ending with the note of the cuckoo. And who can say, sweet bully Bottom with his ass's head is not a burlesque of the poet himself, as *Midas*; 'tis evident

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Shakspere delighted in the joke, and roars over it like a sucking-dove, an 'twere any nightingale; besides, Bottom "is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in the *play*;" and when Bottom says,—"my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely;—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein,"—is it not an allusion to the *Groatsworth of Wit*, where the player recounts to Roberto how he had "terribly thundered" the *Twelve Labours of Hercules*.

Do we not then see in "the jealous Oberon" a divine translation of Greene, the poet's forgiveness in the apotheosis of his early friend, and the Blackfriars Company in:—

> "A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
> That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
> Were met together to rehearse a play,
> Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day,
> The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
> Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
> Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake:
> When I did him at this advantage take,
> An ass's nowl I fixed on his head,
> When in that moment [so it came to pass]
> Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass."

As Titania is another name for Diana or Cynthia, may not the last line refer to the high favour Shakspere was in at court at that time.

Do we not also see in Puck the poet's forgiveness of Nash; has not Nash repented, has he not humbly sued for pardon:—

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"Without redresse complaynes my carelesse verse,
And Midas ears relent not at my moane;"

and did he not at Christmas indignantly call the *Groatsworth of Wit* "a scald, trivial, lying pamphlet," and shall not Valentine forgive:—

"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth."

and really Nash appears to be very appositely represented by Puck, "that shrewd and knavish sprite;" for there seems more a love of mischief than maliciousness in his remarks against his friends in the epistle prefixed to *Astrophel;* and it should not be overlooked, Puck here holds the same relative position to Oberon, as Dello to Motto, and Nash to Greene.

That Greene and Nash are aimed at in Oberon and Puck cannot be doubted; it is made certain by the fact, that the comedy was written soon after the publication of Greene's tract, and Shakspere replies to his unjust charges through Titania:—

Tita. "These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale—
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbd our sport."

It has been suggested, this comedy was composed as an allegorical pageant in celebration of some nobleman's marriage; be that as it may, 'tis certain,—Theseus and Hippolyta dance attendance on *the squabbles of a set of strolling vagabonds;*—such is the raw material, out of which the enchanter has weaved this finest of gossamer webs.

As allusion has already been made to the fair vestal

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throned by the west, it is now time to take a peep at the *Vision of Oberon*.—

Obe. "My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest,
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet, and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,
And loosed a love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votaress passed on,
In maiden-meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with Love's wound,—
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness."

According to Warburton, the mermaid is Mary, Queen of Scots; by the dolphin is denoted her marriage with the Dauphin of France; and by "certain stars" are meant certain English nobles, who fell in her quarrel.

According to Mr. Boaden the first part of the *Vision* refers to the pageantry at Kenilworth, where there was a mermaid, also a dolphin with a band of music in its stomach, but not with a mermaid on its back, and the stars are the fireworks; and he considers the little western flower to be Amy Robsart; but the Reverend Mr.

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Halpin, though agreeing with Boaden as to the mermaid, the dolphin, and stars, considers the little flower to be the Countess of Essex, and further, that Cupid is the Earl of Leicester, the moon, Queen Elizabeth, and the earth, the Countess of Sheffield;—he also gives a similar interpretation to Lyly's comedy of *Endymion*. All the commentators appear to be divided between these three interpretations, with variations; Mr. Hunter considers Cupid's shaft as aimed at the Duke of Anjou.

But if Warburton's explanation is now generally rejected, as being highly offensive to Queen Elizabeth, and no less so to the memory of the poet; the other solution is only less objectionable, because it is less offensive.

On examining this celebrated passage we find it divided into two parts, into two allegories, totally distinct, connected only by time; and that, whilst the second image is purely classical, the first is Elizabethan, that is according to the pageants of those days, and must have been "perfectly intelligible to contemporary ears." As the poet's intention is to offer a compliment, a poetical tribute to the Queen, perhaps for some gracious favour received, all the allusions and images would be of a pleasing nature, gratifying to the feelings of his royal Mistress; he would never dream of presenting to her the ghastly head of Queen Mary, nor the heads of her rebellious nobles, nor the bleeding heart of an Amy Robsart; all the allusions must be readily comprehended, and agreeable to a London audience, neither play nor allegory having been written to puzzle the brains of the learned; as the pleasures of Kenilworth had occurred more than seventeen years ago, they must

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have been forgotten, if ever known to the Londoners; and though the visit of the Duke of Anjou occurred only eleven years ago, and must have been well remembered by a London audience, yet it was highly distasteful to the nation; consequently Cupid's shaft can refer neither to the Duke of Anjou nor to the Earl of Leicester. How then is the allegory to be explained? who is the mermaid? evidently no common being, she rules the waves, and stars shoot from their spheres to listen to her song. Perhaps as there is a sort of free-masonry in the poetical academe, Byron can assist us: in the *Hall of Arimanes* the spirits thus hymn forth;—

> " in his hand
> The sceptre of the elements, which tear
> Themselves to chaos at his high command!
> He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;"

but at the dulcet and harmonious breath of the sea-maid, of the *Virgin Queen*, "the rude sea grew civil;" and "certain stars shot madly from their spheres" can only mean the suitors of the beautiful young Queen, "mad for thy love," Elizabeth.*

Oberon, seated on a promontory, sees on a dolphin's back a mermaid, the mistress of the sea, the waves obedient to her high command,—an image not very unintelligible to modern Britons, and perhaps some can remember seeing:—

> " Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all-arm'd; a certain aim he took

* "She was a lady of great beauty, of decent stature, and of an excellent shape. In her youth she was adorned with a more than usual maiden modesty; her skin was of pure white, and her hair of a yellow colour, her eyes were beautiful and lively."—*Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

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At a fair Vestal, throned by the West,
And loosed a love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
And deep into the maiden's heart it pierc'd,
But Hymen heal'd the wound; and from the blood
That fell, sprang many a sweet and lovely flower,
A German Lily, and an English Rose,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

Thus the mermaid is Queen Elizabeth seated on her throne, seated in the affections of her people, and England is the dolphin; consequently, these beautiful lines form two Io Pæans to the praise and glory of Cynthia, recalling to her mind the happy days of the first year of her reign.

But what does Oberon mean by saying:—

"That very time I saw—but thou could'st not;"

Does he not class Puck *on a level with himself*, when he says:—

"But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;"—
Act iii., scene 2.

Oho! do you mark that? a rat, dead for a ducat, dead!

"We won't go home 'till morning,
Till daylight doth appear;"—
Hymn to Bacchus.

Nash was born in 1567, and Greene must have been in 1558, at least five or six years old;—therefore Puck could not, but Oberon did see the first year of the Queen's reign;—after this, it must be granted, Oberon and Puck are Greene and Nash, and that Shakspere knows how to forgive.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to mention, that

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Shakspere constantly gives a pleasing signification to the word *mermaid*, using it synonymously with *siren*, which is still retained in a complimentary sense, though the other has disappeared with the pageants:—

Ant. S. " O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride* I'll take thee and there lie."—
Comedy of Errors, act iii., scene 2.

Eno. " Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many *seamaids*,† tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers."—
Antony and Cleopatra, act ii., scene 2.

As the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and Marlowe's *Taming of a Shrew* were written at the same time and

* The beauty and appropriateness of this image cannot be fully understood unless the reader is aware, that "brides formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose behind. Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled, when she went to the altar with King Henry VIII.;" and at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave, "the bride came into the chapel with a coronet of pearl on her head, and her hair dishevelled and hanging down over her shoulders." As Mr. Staunton says, "for *bride* I am responsible," we presume it is another of his happy suggestions.

† The usual reading, *mermaids*, is evidently a misprint, probably caused by the eye confusing *seamaids* with the *seeming mermaid* underneath. The Nereides were not mermaids in the strict sense; "they are commonly represented as young and handsome virgins;"—"in works of art as youthful and beautiful maidens;"—but "sometimes as half woman and half fish;"—Thetis, the mother of Achilles, it may be presumed, was not one of the latter class. These lines may be regarded as further evidence of Shakspere's thorough knowledge of classical mythology.—"*Tended her i' the eyes*," that is, about her person; had Antony and Warburton been her handmaids, they would, no doubt, have made their bends *adorings*.

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on the same subject, a vixen and a shrew; however erroneous the opinion may be regarded, it is possible the origin of both was some trivial misunderstanding at a pic-nic, when the lady exhibited unequivocal signs of a shrewish disposition; and the two poets afterwards agreed each to write a comedy on the occasion:—

> "And in the wood, a league without the town,
> Where I did meet thee once with Helena
> To do observance to a morn of May,
> There will I stay for thee."

As the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is a travestie of *Romeo and Juliet*, there must be some link, some intimate connexion between the comedy and tragedy; and it is highly probable, a natural supposition, that Shakspere, in the earlier stages of their acquaintance, with his dramatic eye saw through the heart of the Italian lady, and painted her as Juliet, the child of instinct and passion. And as the first part of *Henry VI.* was written about the same period, it follows, as a reasonable inference, this lady stood for Margaret of Anjou; the words are very remarkable:—

Mar. "Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour. [*aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

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Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter."

The Lady then plays the *asides* in her turn, thereby showing she has something of the "infinite variety" of Cleopatra:—

Suf. "Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*."
First Part of Henry VI., act v., scene 3.

We thus see, the lady of the *Sonnets* is the type of so many female characters; the wool, out of which were spun so many yarns, Juliet, Hermia, Katharine, Margaret of Anjou, and Cleopatra, all evidently sisters, daughters of one mother. And we also see how Shakspere, forgetting his butterfly character, thoughtlessly, like a moth hovering around the flame of a candle, singes his wings and falls—a victim to high art, the looking too curiously into one female heart.

To this list must be added Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, since Biron's description of his love is almost a transcript from the *Sonnets*; and the following passage proves that the twenty-first Sonnet, edition 1609, was addressed to a lady, and was not a piece of silly sentimentalism addressed to a young nobleman:—

Biron. "Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not.
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise."—
Love's Labour's Lost, act iv., scene 3.
"Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell."—
Sonnet 106, ed. 1859.

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It may then be conjectured, Shakspere was presented to this Italian lady early in 1589, as the successful playwright of *Hamlet;* that during the next three years he had, on several occasions as author or manager, the honour of a few gracious words from her ladyship; but she unfortunately, on recognizing herself as *Juliet*, appropriated or misapplied to herself the passionate utterances of *Romeo;* and, yielding her heart to the soft delusion, began taking a warmer interest in the author; although he, on his side, had been merely dramatizing his poetical imaginings; and if in *Henry VI.* Shakspere is really speaking through Suffolk, there cannot be a doubt, though Suffolk be violently smitten, the poet's heart remains untouched. Mr. Lewis, in his *Life of Goethe,* speaking of the image of Friderika being banished by Charlotte Buff, says, "It was an imaginative passion, in which the poet was more implicated than the man. Lotte excited his imagination, the romance of his position heightened the charm by giving an unconscious security to his feelings;" she was betrothed to Kestner. How much more forcibly do these remarks apply to Shakspere, speaking through Suffolk:—

"Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;"

and especially when Suffolk at the royal conference further observes:—

Suf. "Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom he will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

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It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace."—
Henry VI., act v., scene 5.

It is a singular circumstance, that whilst the pestilence was desolating England in 1592 and '93, the moral plague was also, hawk-like, tiring on the soul of the noblest of her sons. It is also singular, that whilst in 1588 all the bravest hearts in England, though resolute to do their duty, must have felt anxious about the coming contest, Shakspere also was oppressed with anxiety, but energetically trained himself for his contest, the crisis of his poetical career; and England and her spiritual incarnation were each triumphant in the destruction of the *Armada* and the success of *Hamlet*. But it is, perhaps, still more singular, that Shakspere in his twenty-ninth year should have written the *Venus and Adonis* as a moral epistle; the intention was good, though the means were bad; and Providence, it seems, treated him accordingly, meting out to him a reward and punishment in accordance with his matter and his meaning; he lost, though sore was the trial, his plague, his fancy-love; but was rewarded by a return to a healthy state of his moral and religious nature. Just one hundred and ten years after, a similar obliquity of vision occurred in another intellectual giant, when Swift wrote a *Tale of a Tub*, of which it is said, "there cannot be a doubt, that Swift thought this performance calculated to serve the Church of England." That the

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Venus and Adonis was written at this period, and for a special purpose, may be surmised from the alteration of the catastrophe, since Stevens remarks, the common and more pleasing fable assures us:—

> "When bright Venus yielded up her charms,
> The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms."

Shakspere's history during the next six months, the summer and autumn of 1593, is most legibly told in the *Sonnets*. It is evident from the following extracts, *vide Sonnets re-arranged*, the poet's conscience has awakened to the errors of his own conduct, although he still believes in the innocence of his friend; whose morals, however, have already been sapped by the corrupt society of Marlowe, and by the glowing stanzas of the *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
> Upon thy part I can set down a story
> Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
> That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory."—
>
> *Sonnet* 66.

> "Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow
> Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe."—
>
> *Sonnet* 68.

> "Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
> And with his presence grace impiety."—
>
> *Sonnet* 72.

And in the 86th he earnestly appeals to his friend, now become a *roué* and sowing his wild oats, to reform and sin no more:—

> "But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
> As thou being mine, mine is thy good report."

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In the autumn of this year, 1593, Shakspere wrote *Edward III.* The allusion to Lucretia appears to be positive evidence, the play must have been written befcre his own poem, and perhaps suggested to him the idea of dedicating the Lucrece to the Earl of Southampton; and thus fulfilling, in a very unexpected manner, his "Vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour." This play contains a quotation from one of the *Sonnets*:—

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;"

and the following line,

"I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance,"

is identical with,

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering."—

Romeo and Juliet, act ii.

We thus find, *Edward III.* fastens himself to Shakspere by three strong hooks, besides the unanimous opinion of the German critics, corroborated by the words of an eminent English critic, "We look in vain for some known writer of the period, whose works exhibit a similar combination of excellences."

This play is an example of Shakspere's wonderful art in selecting, since it was written with a two-fold object; the first part was personal, according to the immemorial custom of poets, who find relief by giving vent to their feelings in verse, for

"Orpheus' harp was strung with poets' sinews;"

and the second part was written to rouse the martial

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ardour of the nation, which was then rather languid; the Commons did not like the taxes in 1593. This is some evidence that Shakspere was a loyal subject, and did not regard "good Queen Bess" as "*a tyrant*," according to the lamentable explanation of the *Sonnet* 107, ed. 1609; "the great popularity she enjoyed proves, that she did not infringe any *established* liberties of the people;" that he, "who did so take Eliza," should instantly, the breath scarcely out of her body, so insult her memory, is incredible; "the mortal moon hath her eclipse endured," is a genuine Shaksperian expression; she lives but a month, and is therefore excessively mortal, though not a "human mortal;" has not such "a celerity in dying" as Cleopatra; the line should be compared with a passage in *Hamlet*:—

> *Hor.* "and the moist star,
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse."—
> Act i., scene 1.

This play, *Edward III*, is divided into two parts;—"In the first part the point of the action turns upon the love of the king for the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, whom he had released from the besieging Scottish army. The whole of this connexion is no further mentioned in the following part; it comes to a total conclusion at the end of the second act, where the king, conquered, and at the same time strengthened, by the virtuous greatness of the countess, renounces his passion, and becomes again the master of himself. The countess then disappears wholly from the scene, which is changed to the victorious campaign of Edward III, and his heroic son

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the Black Prince. The play thus falls into two different parts,—In the first two acts we have the Edward of romance, a puling lover, a heartless seducer, a despot, and then a penitent. In the three last acts we have the Edward of history,—the ambitious hero, the stern conqueror, the affectionate husband, the confiding father." —*Pictorial Shakspere.*

How applicable is this to Shakspere from the autumn of 1592 to the autumn of 1594; only instead of being the heartless seducer, he was himself most probably the one led astray, as he says in defence of his friend:—

> "And when a woman woos, what woman's son
> Will sourly leave her 'till she have prevail'd."

"There is a very long and somewhat ambitious scene, in which the king instructs his secretary to describe his passion in verse. During the tempest of Edward's passion, the Prince of Wales arrives at the Castle of Roxburgh, and the conflict in the mind of the king is well imagined:—

Edw. "I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye;
Who, being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that
Which cannot check itself on poverty.—
Now, boy, what news?

Prince. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs in France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,

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Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, show
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings; and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours sweep the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty.

Advancing from the door and whispering him.

Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,
The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends."

"The countess enters, and with the following scene suddenly terminates the ill-starr'd passion of the king;

Edw. "&c., &c.
I am awaked from this idle dream."

"The remarks of Ulrici upon this portion of the play are conceived upon his usual principle of connecting the action and characterisation of Shakspere's dramas with the development of a high moral, or rather Christian principle.—The concluding observation of Ulrici is—'Truly, if this piece, as the English critics assert, is not Shakspere's own, it is a shame for them that they have done nothing to recover from forgetfulness the name of this second Shakspere, this twin-brother of their great poet.'—'There is one thing wanting,' says Mr. Knight,

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'to make the writer a twin-brother,' which is found in *all* those productions, [historical plays;] Where is the *comedy* of Edward III?" If the reader should be of opinion, that in these interesting extracts Shakspere is giving utterance to his own thoughts and feelings, he can readily answer the suggestive query, "Where is the *comedy* of Edward III.?"

Having thus "awaked from this idle dream" the poet fights the good fight again in Lucrece, published in May, 1594; an effective counterblast to the *Venus and Adonis*. In the same year in a more softened mood, though still haunted by the image of the *Ethiop* he composes the *Merchant of Venice*, his mind now dwelling on that "gentle spirit."

"Whose sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;"

In fact we here behold a scene in real life the reverse of Faustus with his good and evil angel:—

G. Ang. "Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance,—what of them?
G. Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!
E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.
G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things."

However distinct the characters may be, Jessica is evidently intended for Juliet's sister; she has'nt a thought for her father:—

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"I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats and be with you straight."

Mr. Hunter in his *Illustrations* observes, "We may remark, however, upon this part of the scene, that it exhibits a curious proof, that when Shakspere delineated, in a manner to make the scene visible to every eye, the garden of Portia, he thought of the garden he had himself created of the Capulets at Verona. The passages which open a view of this little process of the poet's mind are these: *Portia.*—"Swear by your double self;" *Juliet.*—"Swear by your gracious self." *Bassanio.*—"The blessed candles of the night;" *Romeo.*—"Night's candles are burnt out." Bassanio's hyperbolical compliment to the eyes of Portia,—

"We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you should walk in absence of the sun,"

is not more worthy of the poet than the words which he had put into the mouth of Romeo,—

"Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy regions stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

Nor can we avoid the supposition, that in the garden scene Shakspere is speaking through Lorenzo, and discoursing most sweetly "of heaven and heavenly things" in the character of tutor or instructor to his companion; and considering the time and circumstances under which this play was composed, the following passage is peculiarly significant:—

Lor. "And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife.

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Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.—
Act iii., scene 5.

And how pleasing it is to believe, the following lines were intended for his dearest friend, John Lyly:—

Bass. "The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy."—
Act iii., scene 2.

In 1596, having gained a thorough conquest over himself, not a trace of the disease remaining, Shakspere writes a satirical farewell to the lady of the *Sonnets* in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

"For patience she will prove a second Grissell,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity."

Grumio's speech fixes the date and shows, that Petruchio is another mask, behind which Shakspere is amusing himself:—

Gru. "Was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, [for aught I see] two-and-thirty,—a pip out?"

Shakspere's manufacturing this comedy out of Marlowe's, and transferring the scene from Greece to Italy, justifies the supposition, that the *Taming of a Shrew* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* were both aimed at the same party. Why Shakspere re-modelled Marlowe's comedy, it is idle guessing, though it may have had some connexion with Lord Southampton, possibly a *feu-de-joie*,

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that his friend had escaped from the enchantments of this Italian *Circè;* the earl left England in June, having a command in the expedition against Cadiz. "It is," says Mr. Brown, "in the *Taming of the Shrew,* where the evidence is the strongest," that Shakspere had been in Italy.

In Marlowe's comedy, the *Taming of a Shrew,* Fernando is a softened and cocknified Tamburlaine; Aurelius is perhaps intended for Lyly, and Polidor for Shakspere. The comic portion is on a level with the clownage in *Faustus,* and there is only one genuine bit of wit and humour in the whole play, and that comes from the heart and not from the head; at this time, as I have before stated, Marlowe was dependent on the liberality of Southampton and Shakspere; let it be remembered also, that Slie is Christopher Marlowe himself:—

Aurel. "Pardon me, father; humbly on my knees,
I do entreat your grace to hear me speak.
Duke. Peace, villain: lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight."
[*Phylotus and Valeria* runnes away.
Slie. I say we'll have no sending to prison.
Lord. My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.
Slie. I tell thee, *Sim,* we'll have no sending
To prison, that's flat: why, *Sim,* am not I *Don Christo Vary?*
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not, my lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away, *Sim?* that's well;
Then gis some more drink, and let them play again."

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This is the most genuine bit of comedy Marlowe ever wrote, and Shakspere never wrote anything more true to nature; and probably he had this passage in his recollection when he wrote:—

Pist. "Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stoll'n a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.
Damn'd death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price."—

Henry V., act iii., scene 6.

The *Taming of the Shew* was immediately followed by *King John*, composed most probably during the summer of 1596; whether it was finished, or not, before the death of Hamnet in August, matters little; in Constance we have a picture of the maternal sufferings of Shakspere's wife, anxiously watching the wasting figure of her only son; it may be reasonably inferred such is the case, since no editor pretends, the play was produced before 1595, and in no other play has he painted maternal suffering so vividly and forcibly; and yet the anxiety and misery of Constance are in a measure imaginary; she sees in her mind's eye her son wasting away:—

Const. "There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die."—

King John, act iii., scene 4.

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It may then be inferred, the play was composed in 1596, and brought out probably before the death of Hamnet, if, as Gifford supposes, Jonson has in *Every Man in his Humour* imitated the temptation scene between the King and Hubert.

Towards the end of the year it may be presumed, Shakspere commenced the second part of his great historical drama with *Richard II.*, closely followed by *Henry IV.* and *V.* These latter plays furnish additional evidence that Pistol, like Marlowe, was in his way a learned man. From the incompatibility of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* with these plays, we may be certain it could not have been written at this period; the circumstance of its having been originally composed in 1592, confirms the opinion, Shakspere had in 1590 already sketched in his mind the whole historical drama from *Richard II.* to *Richard III.*

Henry V., it is supposed, was written in 1599; and we may presume Lyly was still living, as Captain Fluellen is twin-brother to Sir Hugh Evans; and his treatment of Pistol reminds us of Lord Lafeu. The polished language of the military pedant, Fluellen, apart from his Welsh Euphuisms, has a remarkable resemblance to the "finished representation of colloquial excellence" of the pedant, Sir Nathaniel, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. These four characters (the two parsons, the lord, and the captain), are composed of the same elements, four brothers at a birth; but they are four individuals quite distinct the one from the other; they are not brothers Cheeryble or Siamese twins, simply because they have not grown up together in the same

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shop, in the same counting-house; their respected parent, Mr. William Shakspere, was perfectly aware of the influence of education and habit; consequently, the captain and the lord have none of the weakness and nervousness of the two parsons, of Sir Hugh waiting in the field for his enemy, "how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind," and of Sir Nathaniel, as Alisander, "he is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis;—a little o'erparted."

Soon after this period Nash died, and, it is supposed, Lyly also. Shakspere was now a gentleman in easy circumstances; the owner of New Place, the best house in Stratford, sometimes farming, sometimes playmaking. Some writers, with Hallam at their head, imagine, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century Shakspere must have suffered from:—

> "The proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes;"

in consequence of *Timon*, the amended *Hamlet*, and *Lear*, having been produced at that period; but others rather lean to the opinion, these characters are purely poetical conceptions, the results of a more extended observation of human life, and unconnected with his personal history; and that he "was never so happy in his own mind as when, by contrast, he was sketching that class of moody characters—Lear, Timon, Jaques, Hamlet, &c., referred to by Mr. Hallam." Jonson's works have been ransacked by Steevens, Malone, and others, in search of spiteful remarks against the mighty

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dramatist; but it is now generally acknowledged, their accusations and charges against "malignant Ben" have been most ably and satisfactorily refuted by Gifford's caustic pen; and who has not heard of their wit-combats at the *Mermaid*, and of Jonson's eulogy:—

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

Exegi monumentum: I have built me a house, I have written a book; and be it a dream, at least it is not a baseless fabric; it stands on a rock, and not on sand; the genuineness of the documents cannot be doubted, although they may be questioned. I have no theory to defend; "'tis a thing slipped idly from me, as a gum which oozes from whence 'tis nourished;" and though the chaste severity of Shaksperian criticism may be inclined to condemn the whole as a gallimawfry of dreamy supposes, of idle imaginings, yet there are some points that deserve a candid consideration, and challenge the strictest inquiry:—

"And for their sake
Let the rest, if not acceptance take,
At least forgiveness find."

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THE LIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE.

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THE

LIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE.

Passages illustrative of the Higher Teaching of Shakespeare's Dramas.

BY

CLARE LANGTON.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE is nothing new to be said of the genius of Shakespeare. All the world has borne testimony to it for ages past, and all that enthusiasm, little short of idolatry, could say in praise of his superlative gifts has been said by those most competent to judge of them. From time to time some superficial critic, probably influenced by a desire for notoriety, has tried to dim the lustre of his brilliant reputation, and a blind credulity has even ascribed to another hand his own imperishable works. More recently, an unworthy attempt has been made to defame his personal character; but incidents such as these fall harmlessly on William Shakespeare, and our 'dear son of memory' remains, as ever, on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. This fact is all the more notable in these days, when a vitiated public taste seeks to subvert all our most cherished ideas on the true

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and the beautiful, when the sensational novel has superseded the healthy tone of former times, when affectation and eccentricity in art are doing their best to usurp the place of a higher ideal, and music without melody is the prevailing fashion of the day. Against all this the inevitable reaction must, sooner or later, take place, and in the meantime we need never lose sight of the good and the true, since the immortal page is ever open to us of the Poet of all time.

The most learned criticism has been brought to bear upon the works of Shakespeare; commentaries, the most exhaustive, have dwelt upon his profound philosophy, his noble and exalted sentiment, the sweet play of his fancy, his exquisite imagery, and, above all, how he, far and beyond any other writer, native or foreign, has sounded human nature to its greatest depths in the wonderful series of lifelike portraits which he has presented to our view. But there is one point which, though recognised by many of his ablest critics, has not we think, in a general way, been brought into sufficient prominence, and that is, the depth and reality of his religion; nor is the fact insisted on, that his higher teaching is at once the most conspicuous and the most precious inheritance that he

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has bequeathed to posterity. A great moralist he is universally admitted to be; but the fact is overlooked that, in a certain sense and degree, morality may exist without religion, and that therefore the higher teaching of our Shakespeare can only be rightly expressed by the fuller and more significant word *Religion*, as will be seen by the selected passages from his works which we have presented to the reader.

It may be argued that the inward convictions of the dramatic author or novelist can rarely be judged by the characters he depicts or the words he puts into their mouths. This is unquestionably true in many instances, though probably there are many more that prove the exception, as all who are acquainted with the works of some of the best authors can testify. Their high moral tone and general mode of expression bear unmistakable evidence of the sincerity of the Faith which underlies them, just as by converse signs the mind of the Rationalist or Freethinker may easily be traced. In the front rank of the former category we unhesitatingly place our own Shakespeare. His faith has dictated his noblest thoughts and richest fancies, and wherever his mighty genius soars the highest, it has been

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inspired by some sentiment born of his religious belief. He saw the revelation of God in everything in nature, and drew his inspiration from that marvellous source. Although his spiritual insight was deep, and he was, as Professor Dowden says, 'profoundly speculative in the problems of the soul,' the general tendency of his works is to inculcate the great truth that practice is the test of our Christian Faith, and that we stand or fall solely by the actions of our daily life. The strong line between good and evil, right and wrong, is most powerfully drawn by his master-hand. Virtue stands forth prominently in all its loveliness, indicating the only direct path to an upright and holy life; while vice, under whatever aspect it appears, never assumes an attractive form (as is too often the case in the literature of the present day), but is depicted in all its hideous depravity only to show the misery it brings in its train, and the retributive punishment in which it generally results.

Regarded in this light, a profound moral underlies all the plays, more especially the great leading tragedies: 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'King Lear,' and to these may be appended the noble drama of the 'Merchant of Venice.' These sublime composi-

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tions, so remarkable for their soul-stirring incidents and masterly character-drawing, teach us to what fatal issues our undisciplined minds and ungoverned passions may lead, and how very easily many natures, even originally pure and high-minded, may become the slave of ambition, enmity, jealousy, revenge, treachery, and all other ignoble qualities, and, above all, how constantly the effects of sin are reflected on innocent heads. Shakespeare's tragedy is, indeed, but a type of the tragedy of life which we see acted over and over again with every variety of circumstance and detail.

The comedies, of which the events are not so momentous in their issues, point a scarcely less striking moral, inasmuch as they represent life in its more ordinary aspect, and we see how perfectly the men and women of Shakespeare's mimic world reflect those with whom we are in daily intercourse, actuated by the same impulses, influenced by the same motives, guilty of the same inconsistencies. We see human nature battling with the warring elements of right and wrong, and the good triumphant over the evil—not, indeed, as we always see it, but as it ought to be, according to our poet's high moral standard.

The beautiful extracts from Shakespeare's plays,

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which are here presented to the reader as illustrating his religion, consist, in great part, of maxims which are undoubtedly based on the doctrines of Christianity and sundry moral reflections which, by some, might be regarded as wholly distinct from them. Shakespeare, however, never separates morality from the religion which is its source, but so interweaves the two that they produce an admirable pattern for the formation of character invaluable to all those responsible for the guidance and training of youth. It is impossible to over-estimate the lessons conveyed by these remarkable passages. With a loftiness of style and power of expression unsurpassed in literature, they depict the passions and characteristics of human nature, both bad and good, in striking contrast; they recount the attributes of the Creator and Giver of all good, and of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life to all who seek Him faithfully; they prove that Christianity, even apart from its deeper spiritual significance, is the mainspring of all that is best and noblest in us—the source from whence all goodness flows. Such is the religion which is seen through all the sublimity and deep pathos of the tragedies, the sustained dignity and grandeur of the his-

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torical plays, and even in the spontaneous charm of the comedies; a religion which was founded on pure and simple faith, unfettered by contemporary creeds and systems—uninfluenced by prevailing opinion—free as his own fancy.

Thus Shakespeare's faith has come down to us, hand in hand with his genius, as a priceless inheritance, and reveals him as a great teacher of civilized humanity, showing the LIGHT to many who might otherwise grope in darkness and never find it at all, and conveying to us through all his exquisite verse and dramatic power the great lesson that this life is a very noble thing if rightly used, and man clearly recognises his mission in it, bravely facing all its storms and billows with his eye steadily fixed on the Haven beyond.

There are many, we are aware, who, while admitting Shakespeare's unrivalled dramatic genius, would dispute his right to be considered as a guide or authority on higher subjects, and these may be divided into three classes:

1. Those who have but a very superficial knowledge of his works, and who naturally regard them from a purely dramatic point of view, quite unconscious of their having any deeper significance.

2. The over-scrupulous, who consider his works

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as immoral because they depict immorality, as well as the better and purer side of human nature. Viewing everything from their own narrow standpoint, they do not trouble themselves to look beyond and see the really fine moral which pervades the whole. They blind their eyes to the fact that as the law of contrast governs all nature, animate or inanimate, good and evil are in close association, the two always striving for the mastery, and that no teaching is salutary that does not point out the way by which they can be either faithfully followed or manfully resisted as the case may be. Error is, or should be, its own corrective, while in contemplating the evil courses of others we may frequently find a powerful incentive to good for ourselves; and thus, as Shakespeare himself puts it:

> 'There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.'

3. Those who see nothing in Shakespeare's religious teaching but the mere illustration of character or the development of plot. They may, perhaps, be reminded that, in addition to the numerous passages of a distinctly Christian tendency, there are no less than fifty-seven references to characters and events in the Old Testa-

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ment scattered through the plays, which surely affords strong presumptive evidence not only that the Holy Scriptures were his constant companion, but that his genius was powerfully influenced by his Faith.

Dr. Wordsworth, late Bishop of St. Andrews, thus expresses himself in his work, 'Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible': 'His marvellous knowledge of the book of Nature is admitted on all hands: his knowledge of the book of grace, though far less noticed, will be found, I believe, to have been scarcely less remarkable. His works have been called "a secular Bible"; my object is to show that while they are this, they are also *something more*, being saturated with Divine wisdom such as could have been derived only from the very Bible itself.' The same writer further remarks: 'The great laymen of the Elizabethan age—Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Burleigh, Spenser, Ben Jonson—have paid homage to Christianity, if not always in their practice, yet in the convictions of their understanding, and in the profession of their faith; but none of them has done this so fully or so effectually as Shakespeare.' That learned and excellent Prelate, Dr. John Sharp, who flourished

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in the reign of Queen Anne, said: 'My Bible and my Shakespeare have made me Archbishop of York'; and many other of our most eminent theologians have ranked the plays of Shakespeare as second only to the Bible in the purity of their teaching. He has been designated 'the most Christian of all the poets,'* and the 'Priest of mankind';† while certainly no writer of any age or country has ever been so largely quoted from the pulpit.

Lastly, we have Shakespeare's own declaration of faith, as given in the first paragraph of his will, and which runs thus: 'I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.'

Of the character and disposition of Shakespeare himself there is strong internal evidence throughout the plays. We read between the lines that his nature was essentially humane and sympathetic; that he was singularly truthful and sincere, and hated all false seeming; that he was never weary of contrasting the vanity of worldly grandeur and

* 'Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.'—Dr. Hermann Ulrich.

† 'Heroes and Hero Worship.'—Thomas Carlyle.

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ambition with the blessings of contentment and a quiet conscience, and that he held the obligations of friendship as quite sacred. We feel instinctively of him as of a good and true man, who loves his fellow man while hating the sin which defaces the image of God in which he was created. The intelligent reader has, indeed, no difficulty in tracing his genial and tender nature; nor need we go farther than this to seek the cause of the love and veneration which the name of Shakespeare universally inspires, and which are fully justified by the testimony of his contemporaries—those literary brethren of his who, by their constant and close association with him, were well able to estimate his personal worth. 'The gentle Shakespeare,' as they called him, was enthroned in all their hearts. Ben Jonson describes him as 'honest and of an open and free nature,' and though evidently envious of his loftier genius, declared that he 'loved the man and honoured his memory on this side idolatry.' Lord Southampton, his patron, himself renowned for his excellent qualities, styled him, 'My especial friend'; and we have it on the authority of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, that 'King James I. was pleased to write with his own hand

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an amicable letter to Master Shakespeare.'* Such evidence of the personal regard in which he was held is, of course, incontestable, and valuable in the highest degree among the scant details of his private life which have come down to us. Conjecture has been, and will continue to be, busy in framing possible or impossible theories as to the individuality of the man himself; but we venture to say that whatever form it may take in the future, or whatever wild story folly or ignorance may invent, the good faith and sincerity of William Shakespeare will remain undisputed by all who, like himself, are of an 'honest, open and free nature,' and who, with a more liberal and far-seeing judgment, will estimate him by the impress of himself which he has left upon his works. That he will continue to be to future generations, as to those of the past, a great power for good, we have no manner of doubt; and among the many blessings which the Almighty has showered upon this favoured land we may assuredly regard the gift of our Shakespeare as one of the greatest.

CLARE LANGTON.

LONDON, 1897.

* See the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's poems.

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THE LIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE

1. THE GODHEAD.

He was a King, blessed of the KING OF KINGS.

. . . . . .

The battles of the LORD OF HOSTS he fought.

1 HENRY VI., I. 1.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 3.

There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours!

2 HENRY IV., IV. 4.

The words of Heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, I. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:

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So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.* Great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 1.

He is my good lord; whom I serve *above* is my master.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 3.

Heaven has an end in all.

HENRY VIII., II. 1.

Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no King can corrupt.

HENRY VIII., III. 1.

In the great hand of God I stand.

MACBETH, II. 3.

He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail!

ROMEO AND JULIET, I. 4.

A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.

ROMEO AND JULIET, V. 3.

. . . If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,

* This alludes to the story in the Apocrypha, of Daniel, while yet a youth, giving wise judgment against the two Elders.

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I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

WINTER'S TALE, III. 2.

. . . Heaven still guards the right.

RICHARD II., III. 2.

From whom hast thou this great commission? . . .
—— From that supernal* Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority
To look into the blots and stains of right.

KING JOHN, II. 1.

Just is God to right the innocent.

RICHARD III., I. 3.

Take heed you dally not before your king
Lest He, that is the supreme KING OF KINGS,
Confound your hidden falsehood.

RICHARD III., II. 1

God is our fortress.

1 HENRY VI., II. 1.

See how God in all His creatures works!

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
. . . For judgment only doth belong to Thee.

2 HENRY VI., III. 2.

Great God! how just art Thou!

2 HENRY VI., V. 1.

There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

. . . . . .

* Celestial.

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We defy augury; there is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness* is all.

HAMLET, V. 2.

. . . That season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated.
. . . . .
So hallow'd and gracious is the time.

HAMLET, I. 1.

The world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

RICHARD II., II. 1.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul to his Captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

RICHARD II., IV. 1.

Now, by the death of Him that died for all!

2 HENRY VI., I. 1.

That dread King that took our state upon Him
To free us from His Father's dreadful curse.

2 HENRY VI., III. 2.

* To be prepared.

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. . . As you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins.
RICHARD III., I. 4.

The precious image of our dear Redeemer.
RICHARD III., II. 1.

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight.
. . . In those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
1 HENRY IV., I. 1.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the 'vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.*
MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

2. CONSCIENCE.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,—
A still and quiet conscience.
HENRY VIII., III. 2.

* Become Christian.

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O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!

. . . . . .

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

RICHARD III., V. 3.

There's something in me that reproves my fault.

TWELFTH NIGHT, III. 4.

. . . Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

. . . lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare Heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 3.

I'll haunt thee like a guilty conscience still
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, V. 11.

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A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction.

2 HENRY IV. (EPILOGUE).

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The genius* and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. 1.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

HENRY V., IV. 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

2 HENRY VI., III. 2.

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

HAMLET, I. 5.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep:—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end

* Conscience.

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The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect*
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels† bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET, III. 1.

* Consideration. † Burdens.

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Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET, III. 4.

3. MERCY.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance;
They, being penitent, the sole drift of my purpose
Doth extend not a frown further.

TEMPEST, V. 1

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 5.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, I. 2.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

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The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, IV. 1.

. . . O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 5.

O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

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. . . Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

HENRY VIII., V. 2.

4. GUILT.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

3 HENRY VI., V. 6.

This heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood.
. . . Knighthoods and honours borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

CYMBELINE, V. 2.

Guiltiness will speak, though tongues were out of use.

OTHELLO, V. 1.

. . . Bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

RICHARD II., I. 3.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven:
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,

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I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force
To be forestallèd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?

. . . . . .

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

HAMLET, III. 3.

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To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

HAMLET, IV. 5.

There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried,
'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep. . . .
One cried, 'God bless us!' and, 'Amen,' the other:
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands;
Listening their fear, I could not say, 'Amen,'
When they did say, 'God bless us!' . . .
But wherefore could I not pronounce 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

. . . . . .

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?

MACBETH, II. 2.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

MACBETH, V. 3.

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5. REPENTANCE.

Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

. . . . . .

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
—— Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

HAMLET, III. 4.

My life, sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences, being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, IV. 3.

My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

. . . . . .

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, V. 4.

Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

HENRY V., I. 1.

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All that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes, after all,
Imploring pardon.

HENRY V., IV. 1.

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous, guilty murder done!

RICHARD III., I. 4.

6. GOOD AND EVIL.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn—good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, IV. 3.

How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, IV. 3.

. . . Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful, nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

2 HENRY VI., II. 4.

Good-night, good-night: Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad, mend.

OTHELLO, IV. 3.

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There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

HENRY V., IV. 1.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

HENRY VIII., IV. 2.

. . . Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.

TWELFTH NIGHT, I. 5.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO AND JULIET, II. 3.

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The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

JULIUS CÆSAR, III. 2.

7. TRUTH.

Truth will come to light; . . .
In the end, truth will out.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, II. 2.

Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, I. 2.

Men should be what they seem.

OTHELLO, III. 3.

Truth hath a quiet breast.

RICHARD II., I. 3.

. . . Do not banish reason
For inequality*; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false, seems true.†

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, V. 1.

. . . Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

HAMLET, I. 2.

* Inconsistency. † Which seems true.

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Delight no less in truth than life.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

Truth loves open dealing.

HENRY VIII., III. 1.

. . . Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

HENRY VIII., V. 1.

Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.
There is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, V. 1.

. . . Thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in.

PERICLES, V. 1.

While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is,—plain and true,—there's all the reach of it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, IV. 4.

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8. HYPOCRISY.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
. . . . . .
I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, I. 3.

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd?

MERCHANT OF VENICE, II. 9.

. . . Meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

HAMLET, I. 5.

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Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

KING LEAR, I. 1.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;*
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse† and innocency.

KING JOHN, IV. 3.

. . . Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.

AS YOU LIKE IT, I. 3.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, III. 2.

. . . Some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief!

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV. 1.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, IV. 1.

You undergo too strict a paradox,‡
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 5.

* Moisture. † Pity.
‡ You undertake too hard a paradox.

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Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

RICHARD II., II. 3.

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposèd as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

2 HENRY VI., III. 1.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

RICHARD III., II. 2.

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.

RICHARD III., III. 5.

9. SYMPATHY.

No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

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Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

KING LEAR, III. 6.

A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity.

KING LEAR, IV. 6.

Passion,* I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water.

JULIUS CÆSAR, III. 1.

Are we not brothers?
—— So man and man should be.

CYMBELINE, IV. 2.

Do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.

AS YOU LIKE IT, I. 3.

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 1.

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 2.

* Grief.

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10. FAITH.

. . . Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

Give your cause to Heaven.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, IV. 3.

I am come to advise with you, comfort you, and pray with you.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, IV. 3.

O, Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, V. 1.

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows.
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent,
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 1.

They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing our-

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selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

. . . . . .

A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 3.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven.

HAMLET, I. 3.

Good-night, sweet Prince!
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

HAMLET, V. 2.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition, so Divine
That cravens my weak hand.

CYMBELINE, III. 4.

All was lost,
But that the heavens fought.

CYMBELINE, V. 3.

If there be such a dart in princes' frowns
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
——How dare the plants look up to Heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

PERICLES, I. 2.

. . . Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.

KING JOHN, III. 4.

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My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls.

RICHARD II., III. 1.

Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

RICHARD II., III. 2,

As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

RICHARD II., IV. 1.

He is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man.

1 HENRY IV., V. 4.

. . . We have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God that run before our business.

HENRY V., I. 2.

God, of His mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!

HENRY V., II. 2.

. . . If these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can

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outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God.

. . . . . .

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed—wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

HENRY V., IV. 1.

O God, Thy arm was here.
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.

HENRY V., IV. 8.

The Lord protect him, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him.

2 HENRY VI., I. 3.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

2 HENRY VI., II. 3.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

2 HENRY VI., II. 3.

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I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

3 Henry VI., I. 4.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the Author—thou the instrument.

3 Henry VI., IV. 6.

He was gentle, mild and virtuous,
The fitter for the King of heaven.

Richard III., I. 2.

If God will be avenged for the deed
O, know you that He doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

Richard III., I. 4.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God.

Richard III., II. 3.

Earnest in the service of my God.

Richard III., III. 7.

My hopes in heaven do dwell.

Henry VIII., III. 2.

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His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

HENRY VIII., IV. 2.

God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

HENRY VIII., V. 4.

. . . O let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

II. AMBITION.

. . . Dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream . . . and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET, II. 2.

. . . I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

MACBETH, I. 7.

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Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.

1 HENRY IV., V. 6.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

1 HENRY VI., I. 2.

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.

2 HENRY VI., I. 2.

Man and birds are fain of climbing high.

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

Too much honour—
O, 'tis a burden, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

. . . 'Tis a common proof*
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. 1.

* Experience.

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They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them,
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

RICHARD III., I. 3.

12. CONTENTMENT.

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless,* is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

OTHELLO, III. 3.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

3 HENRY VI., III. 1.

Good lads, how do ye both? . . . .
—— Happy, in that we are not over-happy.

HAMLET, II. 2.

. . . Best state contentless
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.

TIMON OF ATHENS, IV. 3.

* Boundless.

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Nought's had, all's spent
When our desire is got without content.

MACBETH, III. 2.

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
. . . Our content
Is our best having.

HENRY VIII., II. 3.

. . . Most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious; blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills
Which seasons comfort.

CYMBELINE, I. 7.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

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Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:*
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 1.

Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat; get that I wear: owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.

AS YOU LIKE IT, III. 2.

13. PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I could easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, I. 2.

* In allusion to an opinion, then prevalent, that a toad has a precious stone in its head which possesses great virtue.

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. . . The art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to the theoric.*

HENRY V., I. 1.

. . . I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

1 HENRY VI., III. 1.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God?
And art thou yet to thine own soul so blind
That thou wilt war with God by murd'ring me?

RICHARD III., I. 4.

They should be good men; their affairs as righteous;†
But all hoods make not monks.

HENRY VIII., III. 1.

. . . 'Tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet words are no deeds.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

* Theory. † Their professions are righteous.

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14. FRIENDSHIP.

You do surely but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET, III. 2.

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article.

. . . . . .

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

OTHELLO, III. 3.

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour.

CORIOLANUS, III. 2.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV. 3.

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him,
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. . . .
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 1.

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. . . What need we have any friends if we should never have need of them? They were the most néedless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. . . . We are born to do benefits.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 2.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

15. TREACHERY.

. . . I well remember
The favours* of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ.

. . . . . .

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

* Countenances.

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Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

RICHARD II., IV. 1.

What shall I say to thee, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold—
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
. . . 'Tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eyes will scarcely see it.
. . . O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. . . .
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion; I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.

HENRY V., II. 2.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

2 HENRY VI., III. 1.

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Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

3 Henry VI., IV. 4.

What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

Timon of Athens, IV. 3.

. . . Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

Cymbeline, III. 4.

God keep me from false friends!

Richard III., III. 1.

Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O, time most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, V. 4.

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Your enemies
Are many and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict of it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween* you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd
Upon this naughty earth?

HENRY VIII., V. 1.

16. THE BEAUTIES AND WONDERS OF CREATION.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

HAMLET, I. 5.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:

* Think.

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And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, I. 3.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

1 HENRY VI., I. 4.

The day begins to break and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

1 HENRY VI., II. 2.

The weary sun hath made a golden set
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.

RICHARD III., V. 3.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.

CYMBELINE, II. 3.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

ROMEO AND JULIET, III. 5.

. . . How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, II. 3.

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I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.

. . . . . .

. . . The cross-blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven.

JULIUS CÆSAR, I. 3.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd the air
Is delicate.

MACBETH, I. 6.

The year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter.

WINTER'S TALE, IV. 3.

. . . It is a high-wrought flood:
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.
Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;

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If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?

OTHELLO, II. 1.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush* woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, II. 2.

That same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, IV. 1.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!

MERCHANT OF VENICE, V. 1.

Behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you.

TIMON OF ATHENS, IV. 3.

* Vigorous.

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. . . The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

KING JOHN, IV. 2.

. . . How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the mid-day air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR, IV. 6.

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Look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

HAMLET, I. 1.

. . . We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack* stands still
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region.

HAMLET, II. 2.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

HAMLET, II. 2.

. . . I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.
. . . I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, I. 1.

* Light clouds.

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. . . She looks as clear
As morning roses wash'd with dew.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, II. 1.

Her stature, as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

PERICLES, V. 1.

In Nature there's no blemish but the mind.

TWELFTH NIGHT, III. 4.

17. WISE COUNSEL.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.

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Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgment. . . .
This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HAMLET, I. 3.

. . . That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing.

HAMLET, IV. 7.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

TEMPEST, III. 3.

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

PERICLES, I. 1.

If you were *born* to honour, show it now;
If *put* upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

PERICLES, IV. 6.

* Opinion.

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Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

HENRY VIII., II. 1.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels. How can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. . . .
. . . O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not.

KING LEAR, III. 4.

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. . . Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 1.

What! are my deeds forgot?
—— Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on—then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;

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For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arm outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for a thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, III. 3.

Since the affairs of men still rest uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

JULIUS CÆSAR, V. 1.

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18. SIN.

Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?

HAMLET, II. 2.

Sin will pluck on sin.

RICHARD III., IV. 2.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.

KING LEAR, IV. 2.

O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

. . . Sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption.

RICHARD II., V. 1.

. . . To persist in doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 2.

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Sometimes we are devils to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, IV. 4.

He doth sin that doth belie the dead.

1 HENRY IV., I. 1.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

2 HENRY VI., V. 1.

. . . He's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
. . . . . .
. . . O, you powers!
That give Heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually?
. . . . . .
One sin, I know, another doth provoke.

PERICLES, I. 1.

Oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

KING JOHN, IV. 2.

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19. RECTITUDE.

. . . Why I should fear, I know not, since guiltiness I know not.

OTHELLO, V. 2.

I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, III. 1.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse* with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment.

KING LEAR, I. 4.

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

TIMON OF ATHENS, IV. 3.

Every good servant does not *all* commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.

CYMBELINE, V 1.

. . . I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good.

CYMBELINE, V. 4.

* Keep company.

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My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In everyone of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth; in your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

WINTER'S TALE, I. 2.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life, every man holds dear; but the dear man*
Holds honour far more precious-dear† than life.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, V. 3.

* Estimable man. † Valuable.

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. . . 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

TAMING OF THE SHREW, IV. 3.

. . . He covets less
Than misery* itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them ;
. . . He's right noble.

CORIOLANUS, II. 2.

What other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
. . . Unto bad courses swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits
To think that or our cause, or our performance
Did need an oath.

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. 1.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV. 3.

* Avarice.

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Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III. 4.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy feet;
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name
(Despite of death that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

. . . . . .

. . . My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

RICHARD II., I. 1.

Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

1 HENRY VI., IV. 5.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

2 HENRY VI., III. 1.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

2 HENRY VI., IV. 4.

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From lowest place when virtuous things proceed
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions* swell and virtue none
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name: vileness is so:†
The property by what it *is* should go,
Not by the title. . . . Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 3.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

MACBETH, I. 7.

Virtue . . .
Led on by Heaven and crown'd with joy at last!

PERICLES, V. 3.

20. MORTALITY.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

KING JOHN, IV. 2.

Death remember'd should be like a mirror
Who tells us life's but breath: to trust it, error.

PERICLES, I. 1.

* Titles. † Vileness is vileness.

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Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
*Ripeness is all.**

KING LEAR, V. 2.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

RICHARD II., II. 1.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

1 HENRY IV., V. 2.

. . . Time, that takes survey of all the world, must have a stop.

1 HENRY IV., V. 6.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

1 HENRY VI., III. 9.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

3 HENRY VI., V. 2.

* The being prepared is everything.

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21. IMMORTALITY.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.—Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, V. 1.

. . . All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET, I. 2.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

HAMLET, I. 4.

. . . Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But Heaven keeps His part in eternal life.

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The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

ROMEO AND JULIET, IV. 5.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.

ROMEO AND JULIET, V. 1.

Heaven—the treasury of everlasting joy!

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering.

RICHARD II., II. 1.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die!

RICHARD II., V. 5.

My soul shall wait on thee in heaven.

KING JOHN, V. 7.

22. FREE-WILL.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many,

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either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry,—why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

OTHELLO, I. 3.

Men at some time are masters of their fate;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves.

JULIUS CÆSAR, I. 2.

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head.

HENRY V., IV. 1.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers* by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a Divine thrusting on.

KING LEAR, I. 2.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 2.

* Traitors.

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23. INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remember'd* not.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster! . . .
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!

KING LEAR, I. 4.

. . . Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?

KING LEAR, III. 4.

* Remembering.

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I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

TWELFTH NIGHT, III. 4.

O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 2.

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart.

JULIUS CÆSAR, III. 2.

Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude.

CORIOLANUS, II. 3.

24. GOOD EXAMPLE.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, V. 1.

. . . Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,* as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.

* Entirely.

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Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for ourselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd
But to fine issues.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, I. 1.

That man, however dearly parted,*
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes,† but by reflection;
As when his virtues, shining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

. . . . . .

No man is the lord of anything
(Though in and of him there be much consisting)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, III. 3.

* Gifted. † Owns.

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25. EVIL ASSOCIATION.

There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest.

1 HENRY IV., II. 4.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one from another: therefore let men take heed of their company.

2 HENRY IV., V. 1.

The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 3.

26. THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

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And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders
This many summers on a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me: and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,*
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

HENRY VIII., III. 2.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV. 3.

* Dooming to ruin.

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27. SELF-PRAISE.

We wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 3.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, I. 3.

There's not one wise man in twenty that will praise himself.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, V. 2.

28. SELF-CONDEMNATION.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

AS YOU LIKE IT, III. 2.

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

ROMEO AND JULIET, IV. 3.

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One unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

OTHELLO, II. 3.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, II. 5.

God amend us, God amend! We are much out o' the way!

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. 3.

. . . I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

RICHARD II., IV. 1.

. . . How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

RICHARD II., V. 5.

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29. FORTITUDE.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them, like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
To bring it into danger.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 5.

None can cure their harms by wailing them.

RICHARD III., II. 2.

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in* the mind.

WINTER'S TALE, IV. 3.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

. . . I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, II. 6.

* Conquer.

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Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

2 HENRY VI., V. 4.

. . . Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

3 HENRY VI., III. 3.

. . . Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, I. 1.

. . . Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?

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The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And, what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

. . . . . .

. . . In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, I. 3.

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that coin'd them.

CORIOLANUS, IV. 1.

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30. INSTABILITY.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

3 HENRY VI., III. 1.

. . . O, perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue
Either of condemnation or approof.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 4.

The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

—— Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 6.

What our contempts do often hurl from us
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, I. 2.

I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break.

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Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
That great man down you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

HAMLET, III. 2.

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. . . He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. . . .
. . . Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil.

CORIOLANUS, I. 1.

. . . Were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, V. 4.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, I. 1.

My good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 3.

To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 4.

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There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 4.

He would make his will lord of his reason.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III. 2.

I am a feather for each wind that blows.

WINTER'S TALE, II. 3.

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

WINTER'S TALE, IV. 3.

31. HUMANITY.

. . . You houseless poverty; . . .
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR, III. 4.

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I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, V. 1.

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 7.

32. INHUMANITY.

. . . An inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

. . . . . .

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

MERCHANT OF VENICE, IV. 1.

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,*
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

* Power.

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The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse* from power.

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. 1.

His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him.

TWELFTH NIGHT, III. 4.

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice prove violence.

WINTER'S TALE, II. 1.

Thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

RICHARD III., I. 2.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

RICHARD III., IV. 2.

Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are to us,
Or as the South to the septentrion.†
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

3 HENRY VI., I. 4.

* Pity. † North.

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33. SUBMISSION.

To persevere
In obstinate condolement* is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient.

HAMLET, I. 2.

The will of Heaven be done in this and all things.

HENRY VIII., I. 1.

To whom God will, there be the victory!

3 HENRY VI., II. 5.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens;
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
. . . Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
. . . . . .
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

RICHARD II., I. 3.

* Mourning.

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Take thy correction mildly; kiss the rod.

RICHARD II., V. 1.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

RICHARD II., V. 2.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 1.

Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please.

1 HENRY VI., III. 2.

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

1 HENRY VI., V. 1.

When remedies are past the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst which late on hopes depended;
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

OTHELLO, I. 3.

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III. 6.

Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness His doing;

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In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven
For* it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RICHARD III., II. 2.

Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

TEMPEST, V. 1.

34. JEALOUSY.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 3.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.†

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. 3.

* Because. † Envy.

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The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, V. 1.

A jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure.

OTHELLO, II. 1.

. . . O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

. . . Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

OTHELLO, III. 3.

. . . I never gave him cause.
—— But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for* they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

OTHELLO, III. 4.

O how hast thou with jealousy infected the sweetness of alliance!

HENRY V., II. 2.

* Because.

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35. NOBLE CHARACTER.

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

HAMLET, III. 2.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—*This was a man.*

JULIUS CÆSAR, V. 5.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom

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The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, III. 2.

He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly.

OTHELLO, V. 1.

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming.

CYMBELINE, I. 7.

. . . He was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones.

CYMBELINE, V. 5.

. . . A true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds and deedless* in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open and both free.
For what he has, he gives, what thinks he shews,
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty
Nor dignifies an impair† thought with breath.
. . . . . .

* Not boastful. † Unsuitable.

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On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st
O yes,
Cries, *This is he.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, IV. 5.

He is the rock—the oak not to be wind-shaken.

CORIOLANUS, V. 2.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
The orb o' the earth.

CORIOLANUS, V. 5.

. . . The king-becoming graces—
Justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

A most incomparable man; breath'd* as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodness.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 1.

. . . In thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty.
. . . . . .
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

2 HENRY VI., III. 1.

* Inured.

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. . . His love was an eternal* plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun.

3 HENRY VI., III. 3.

. . . May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

HENRY VIII., II. 1.

I held it ever
Virtue and cunning† were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.

PERICLES, III. 2.

. . . He hath a heart as sound as a bell,
And his tongue is the clapper; for what
His heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, III. 2.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, II. 7.

* Perennial. † Knowledge.

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O good old man! How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having.

AS YOU LIKE IT, II. 3.

She is of so free, so kind, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

OTHELLO, II. 3.

. . . She hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all.

CYMBELINE, III. 5.

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

TWELFTH NIGHT, II. 1.

. . . She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, II. 2.

She will outstrip all praise and make it halt behind her.

TEMPEST, IV. 1.

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. . . Each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WINTER'S TALE, IV. 3.

36. DEPRAVED CHARACTER.

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, IV. 2.

Thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds.

3 HENRY VI., I. 4.

Over proud, and under honest; in self-assumption greater than the note of judgment.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 3.

I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, III. 1.

* Wicked.

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How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!

2 HENRY IV., IV. 4.

I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to anything.

RICHARD III., IV. 2.

. . . She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, III. 1.

Let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?

. . . . . .

. . . Whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.

KING LEAR, III. 6.

Proper deformity* seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

KING LEAR, IV. 2.

* Diabolical qualities.

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A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame.

KING JOHN, IV. 2.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

RICHARD II., I. 1.

37. PATIENCE.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort, which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

OTHELLO, I. 3.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

OTHELLO, II. 3.

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, IV. 3.

Let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, I. 1.

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. . . Patience—
Of whose soft grace I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

TEMPEST, V. 1.

Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV. 3.

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, V. 2.

. . . Since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, IV. 1.

38. WORLDLINESS.

. . . Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing—but, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours.

CYMBELINE, V. 4.

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O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,* thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 4.

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. 1.

When fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 1.

I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: it has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 2.

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, I. 1.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men, too: what the declin'd is

* Outside.

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He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, III. 3.

. . . New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

HENRY VIII., I. 3.

. . . Not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it.

HENRY VIII., V. 1.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
Cashier'd. . . .
—— Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

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Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage.

OTHELLO, I. 1.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere in love
Inseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

CORIOLANUS, IV. 4.

Whither* should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometimes
Accounted dangerous folly.

MACBETH, IV. 2.

* Wherefore.

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A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears.

. . . . . .

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

KING LEAR, IV. 6.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast.

RICHARD III., III. 4.

39. ERROR.

. . . Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind.

CYMBELINE, IV. 2.

As we are ourselves, what things we are!
. . . Merely our own traitors.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, IV. 3.

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. . . Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things* we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, V. 3.

The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 2.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, I. 5.

O hateful error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

JULIUS CÆSAR, V. 3.

The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burned.

KING JOHN, III. 1.

* Blessings.

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We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, II. 1.

40. FORGIVENESS.

The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you.

CYMBELINE, V. 5.

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?

CORIOLANUS, V. 4.

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.

AS YOU LIKE IT, IV. 3.

. . . The rarer action is
In virtue* than in vengeance:—they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.
. . . . . .

* Forgiveness.

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You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse* and nature . . . I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art.

TEMPEST, V. 1.

I have spoken better of you than you have, or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 5.

My honoured lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
. . . Let him not ask our pardon—
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, V. 3.

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say pardon, king, let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

. . . . . .

I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

RICHARD II., V. 3.

* Pity.

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I as free forgive you, as I would be forgiven.

HENRY VIII., II. 1.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.

RICHARD III., I. 3.

41. SLANDER.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear.

HAMLET, I. 3.

. . . Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank*
Transports his poison'd shot.

HAMLET, IV. 1.

. . . 'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath

* Mark.

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Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and States,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

CYMBELINE, III. 4.

If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

HENRY VIII., I. 2.

. . . One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, III. 1.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, III. 2.

Slander—whose sting is sharper than the sword's.

WINTER'S TALE, II. 3.

. . . Slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, III. 1.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

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Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.*

OTHELLO, III. 3.

42. PEACE-MAKING.

God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

MACBETH, II. 4.

Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

RICHARD III., II. 1.

* This is one instance among some others in which Shakespeare puts a noble sentiment into the mouth of an unworthy character, thereby illustrating the many who acknowledge precepts which they do not practise, or others who use them for their own hypocritical ends.—C. L.

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In the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. . . .

. . . If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, II. 3.

43. ANGER.

Let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

HENRY VIII., I. 1.

Is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 2.

A woman moved* is like a fountain troubled;
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

TAMING OF THE SHREW, V. 2.

* In a passion.

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Do not plunge thyself too far in anger
Lest thou hasten thy trial.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, II. 3.

. . . Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.

CORIOLANUS, III. 2.

. . . Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, IV. 1.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

RICHARD II., I. 1.

. . . She hath
Look'd black upon me: struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

KING LEAR, II. 4.

44. SORROW.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.

RICHARD II., II. 2.

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. . . My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance.

RICHARD II., IV. 1.

. . . In wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

RICHARD II., V. 1.

Wisely weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

TEMPEST, II. 1.

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

. . . Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still more want of wit.

ROMEO AND JULIET, III. 5.

I do note
That grief and patience rooted in him, both
Mingle their spurs* together.

CYMBELINE, IV. 2.

. . . Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew

* Roots of trees.

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Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.

WINTER'S TALE, II. 1.

. . . What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.

WINTER'S TALE, III. 2.

. . . Sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus: Some good thing comes to-morrow.

2 HENRY IV., IV. 2.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief.

3 HENRY VI., II. 1.

Honest, plain words best pierce the ears of grief.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, V. 2.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempests of the soul,
Startles mine eyes and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of Heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

KING JOHN, V. 2.

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. . . I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

HAMLET, IV. 7.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III. 2.

45. PRIDE.

. . . 'Tis much pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide.

ROMEO AND JULIET, I. 3.

. . . The eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on.

RICHARD II., I. 3.

. . . You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks and make but an interior survey of your good selves.

CORIOLANUS, II. 1.

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him.

HENRY VIII., I. 1.

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Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

. . . He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, II. 3.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, III. 3.

46. HUMILITY.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 4.

. . . I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

AS YOU LIKE IT, IV. 3.

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,*
Quite from himself, to God.

HENRY V., V. 1.

* Demonstration.

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Honesty will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 3.

47. INTEMPERANCE.

. . . Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil! . . .

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

. . . . .

To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange! every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

OTHELLO, II. 3.

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What's a drunken man like, fool?

. . . Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

TWELFTH NIGHT, I. 5.

48. HOPE.

The night is long that never finds the day.

MACBETH, IV. 3.

Hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoyed.

RICHARD II., II. 3.

True hope is swift, and flies with eagles' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

RICHARD III., V. 2.

By the hope I have of heavenly bliss.

3 HENRY VI., II. 3.

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49. WISDOM.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, III. 11.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

CYMBELINE, III. 3.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

CYMBELINE, IV. 2.

Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise—
At fools I laugh—not fear them.

CYMBELINE, IV. 2.

Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

1 HENRY IV., I. 2.

Divorce not wisdom from your honour.

2 HENRY IV., I. 1.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.

2 HENRY VI., V. 1.

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'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,
'Tis government* that makes them seem divine.

3 HENRY VI., I. 4.

Things, done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things, done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.

HENRY VIII., I. 2.

. . . Full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I. 1.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway.

TWELFTH NIGHT, IV. 1.

I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.'

AS YOU LIKE IT, V. 1.

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

RICHARD II., III. 2.

* Self-control.

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What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust* in us unused!

HAMLET, IV. 4.

'Tis meet that noble minds
Keep ever with their likes.

JULIUS CÆSAR, I. 2.

Tyranny sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.

KING LEAR, I. 2.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I. 1.

. . . A prodigal course
Is like the sun's;† but not like his, recoverable.

TIMON OF ATHENS, III. 4.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

PERICLES, I. 2.

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

PERICLES, II. 2.

* Rust. † In brilliancy.

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. . . He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, I. 3.

He wants wit that wants resolved will.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, II. 6.

Reason and love keep little company together.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, III. 1.

Reputation . . . oft got without merit and lost without deserving.

OTHELLO, II. 3.

Adversity's sweet milk—Philosophy.

ROMEO AND JULIET, III. 3.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus;
Another thing to fall.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 1.

50. IDLENESS.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, I. 2.

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The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

TWELFTH NIGHT, III. 1.

Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

2 HENRY VI., III. 1.

Idle weeds are fast in growth.

RICHARD III., III. 1.

51. RETRIBUTION.

. . . To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

KING LEAR, II. 4.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices,
Make instruments to scourge us.

KING LEAR, V. 3.

His greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

PERICLES, II. 4.

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52. JUSTICE.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To find the faults, whose fine* stands on record,
And let go by the actor.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 2.

He who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, III. 2.

Poise the cause in Justice's equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

53. CHARITY.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. 3.

* Result.

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He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

2 HENRY IV., IV. 4.

. . . Charity chased hence by rancour's hand.

2 HENRY VI., III. 1

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind;
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

RICHARD III., II 2.

Give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.

HENRY VIII., IV. 2.

54. PATRIOTISM.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection* and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat, defensive to a house,

* Probably *insection*.

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Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

. . . . . .

Dear for her reputation through the world.

. . . . . .

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.

RICHARD II., II. 1.

Britain is a world by itself.

CYMBELINE, III. 1.

. . . I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it.

CYMBELINE, III. 4.

That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders.

KING JOHN, II. 1.

Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

KING JOHN, V. 7.

55. PRAYER AND PRAISE.

O God, defend my soul from such deep sin!

RICHARD II., I. 1

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To thee I do commend my watchful soul
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping or waking, O defend me still!

RICHARD III., V. 3.

O Lord, have mercy on us wretched sinners!

1 HENRY VI., I. 4.

. . . O, Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

2 HENRY VI., I. 1.

Now God be praised that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
. . . . . .
God's goodness hath been great to thee.
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

2 HENRY VI., II. 1.

. . . Heaven set ope thy everlasting gates
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!

2 HENRY VI., IV. 9.

Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee!

3 HENRY VI., I. 4.

And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart, to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings!
Beseeching thee, if with Thy will it stands,

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That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.

3 HENRY VI., II. 3.

O God, forgive my sins.

3 HENRY VI., V. 6.

. . . Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!

MACBETH, II. 1.

Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all;
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, II. 1

God, of His mercy, give you
Patience to endure and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!

HENRY V., II. 2.

God be praised and blessed!

HENRY V., III. 6.

Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C

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THE

SHAKESPEARE REFERENCE-BOOK

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THE SHAKESPEARE REFERENCE-BOOK:

BEING

Some Quotations from Shakespeare's Plays

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

J. STENSON WEBB.

LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1898.

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Preface.

A WORD or two may be necessary in explanation of the origin of this little volume. In reading through Shakespeare's plays from time to time, it occurred to the author to jot down those passages which for one reason or another particularly struck him. Later, the idea followed of arranging these quotations under headlines, so as to be convenient for reference. A great many of the passages selected will be recognised as old friends by everybody; for this no apology is offered—no one can be too familiar with Shakespeare's writings. At the same time, it is wished to disclaim at once and entirely any idea of attempting to give a complete compendium of Shakespearian quotations—if, indeed, such a thing were possible. This little book only professes to contain those passages which struck the author as suitable to be included in such a compilation, and which may be of service to others.

FAR HEADINGLEY,
May, 1898.

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The Shakespeare Reference-Book.

Above the Ground.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 1.

Absence.

Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge.

Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 2.

Absolute Trust.

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 4.

Accuser.

Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 1.

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Achieve.

And so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 1.

Action.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.

Coriolanus, Act III., Scene 2.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Actor.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part.

Coriolanus, Act V., Scene 3.

Adam.

And Adam was a gardener.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act IV., Scene 2.

Adversity.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 1.

Affections.

And your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

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All's Well.

'All's well that ends well' still: the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV., Scene 4.

Amazed.

Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 5.

Ambition.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 5.

Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7.

Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light
a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.

Ambition's Ladder.

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 1.

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Amends.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

King Richard III., Act IV., Scene 4.

Angels.

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 3.

Anger.

Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 1.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

King Henry VIII., Act I., Scene 1.

Angling.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Scene 1.

Antipodes.

Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Scene 4.

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Apparel.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 77.)

April.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

As You Like It, Act IV., Scene 1.

Argument.

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Arrogance.

For supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Artificial Tears.

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act III., Scene 2.

Ass.

O that I had been writ down, 'An ass.'

Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV., Scene 2.

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Assurance.

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.

Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 1.

Avoided.

What cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act V., Scene 4.

Axe.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act II., Scene 1.

Baser Nature.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

Base Uses.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Be-all and End-all.

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and end-all here.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7.

Beast.

When he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

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Beasts.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 1.

Bee.

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Scene 4.

Beggar.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary.

King John, Act II., Scene 2.

A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 3.

Beggars.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen.

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 2.

Beggars mounted run their horse to death.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Scene 4.

Benedick.

Here you may see Benedick the married man.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Bent.

They fool me to the top of my bent.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

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Berries.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Better.

He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

His better does not breathe upon the earth.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 2.

Better Days.

We have seen better days.

Timon of Athens, Act IV., Scene 2.

Betters.

I am, my lord, but as my betters are.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Scene 3.

Blasts.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Blind.

Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

Cymbeline, Act IV., Scene 2.

He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 1.

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Blush.

It is a part
That I shall blush in acting.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 2.

Boats.

Light boats* sail swift, though greater hulks† draw deep.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 3.

Body.

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act V., Scene 4.

Bolt.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

King Henry V., Act III., Scene 7.

Body's Rebellion, The.

There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—
. . . . . .

* First folio inserts, 'may.' † First folio, 'bulks.'

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True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends, ...
. . . . . .
Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Boon.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

Borrower.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 77.)

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Brains.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

Othello, Act II., Scene 3.

Brevity.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit . . . I will be brief.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Brief.

O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 4.

Brief Authority.

But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure, Act II., Scene 2.

Bright Things.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.
. . . . . .
So quick bright things come to confusion.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Brine.

And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 1.

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Broth.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

Business.

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of.

The Tempest, Act V., Scene 1.

Cæsar.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste as ice,
As pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 2.

Cake.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 1.

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Capacity.

Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Card.

As sure a card as ever won the set.

Titus Andronicus, Act V., Scene 1.

Cards.

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

King John, Act V., Scene 2.

Care.

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 3.

Case.

O! they were all in lamentable cases!

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Ceremony.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O adoration?

King Henry V., Act IV., Scene 1.

Certainties.

O doubt not that;
I speak from certainties.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 2.

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Chances.

How chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors!

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Change.

With every minute you do change a mind.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Charity.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Scene 4.

Chased.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 6.

Cheek by Jole.

Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Chiding.

Better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 3.

Child.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 2.

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Circumstance.

You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

Clouds.

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

King Richard III., Act II., Scene 3.

Comfort.

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.

King Richard II., Act III., Scene 2.

For, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act V., Scene 1.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

The Tempest, Act II., Scene 1.

Commodity.

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world.

King John, Act II., Scene 2.

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Company.

It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: and therefore, let men take heed of their company.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act V., Scene 1.

Comparisons.

Comparisons are odorous.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act III., Scene 5.

Confession.

And there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Conscience.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43).

For I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience.

Titus Andronicus, Act V., Scene 1.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 3.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale convicts me for a villain.

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 3.

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Conscience . . . makes a man a coward.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 4.

I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.

You suffer for a pad [bad] conscience.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 3.

Consider.

What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.

Constant.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through
all th' sins.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

Consummation.

'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43.)

Contempt.

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.

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Content.

He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

The Comedy of Errors, Act I., Scene 2.

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

King Henry VIII., Act II., Scene 3.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Cost.

The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Counsel.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 4.

Courage.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

King John, Act II., Scene 1.

Cracks.

Now cracks a noble heart.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

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Crown.

My crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act III., Scene 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Cruel.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Cuckoo.

He was but as the cuckoo in June,
Heard, not regarded.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 2.

He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

Cure.

Past cure is still past care.*

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Curs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

* The old editions transpose the words 'cure' and 'care.'

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Curses.

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

For curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Custom.

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 4.

I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 2.

Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 3.

Dangerous.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.

Daniel.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

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Dare.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do* more, is none.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7.

Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 2.

Debtors.

And, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

King Henry IV., Part II., Epilogue.

Deed.

Ah, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for this deed.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 4.

Delay.

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 2.

Denmark.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 4.

* Old text, 'no.'

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Deserved Worthily.

He hath deserved worthily of his country.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 2.

Desires.

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Destroy.

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Macbeth, Act III., Scene 2.

Devil.

What! can the devil speak true?

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 3.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 1.

He will give the devil his due.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 2.

Devil Drives.

And he must needs go, that the devil drives.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 3.

Dickens.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 2.

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Difficulties.

All difficulties are but easy when they are known.

Measure for Measure, Act IV., Scene 2.

Digestion.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Macbeth, Act III., Scene 4.

Discord.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Discretion.

The better part of valour is, discretion.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act V., Scene 4.

Disease.

This disease is beyond my practice.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 1.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

Dispraise.

You do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Scene 1.

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Divine.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Divine Instinct.

By a Divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.

King Richard III., Act II., Scene 3.

Dog.

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Doing Wrong.

Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

Done Quickly.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7.

Do this.

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.

Doubts.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure, Act I., Scene 4.

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Due.

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 4.

Duty.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Ever such, a woman oweth to her husband.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act V., Scene 2.

I should not urge thy duty past thy might.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

Dreams.

True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 4.

Drum.

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Ear.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 76.)

Easy.

And that's as easy, as to set dogs on sheep.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 1.

Empty Vessel.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

King Henry V., Act IV., Scene 4.

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England.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
. . . . . .
. . . . Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

King John, Act V., Scene 7.

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

King John, Act IV., Scene 3.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

King Henry V., Chorus, Act II.

English Nation.

But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 2.

Eschewed.

What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 5.

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Eternal Sleep.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges*; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Titus Andronicus, Act I., Scene 1.

Eternity.

Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Et tu, Brute.

Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar!

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 1.

Events.

But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 2.

Excess.

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

King John, Act IV., Scene 2.

* Murmurs of discontent.

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Excuse.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of a fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

King John, Act IV., Scene 2.

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 5.

And I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 7.

Excuses.

Excuses shall not be admitted.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act V., Scene 1.

Expectation.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.*

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II., Scene 1.

Experience.

Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene 3.

* First folio, 'shifts.'

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Eyes.

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 3.

Is there no remedy?
None, but to lose your eyes.
O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

King John, Act IV., Scene 1.

Fain.

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act II., Scene 1.

Faith.

Better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene I.

Fall.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

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Falling Off.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

False.

As false as Cressid.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2.

False Friends.

God keep me from false friends!

King Richard III., Act III., Scene 1.

Falsehood.

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

Cymbeline, Act III., Scene 6.

False Quarrel.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act V., Scene 1.

Fame.

Fame, at which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Familiar.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 76.)

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Fancy Free.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 1.

Fashion.

And I* see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act III., Scene 3.

Fast Bind.

Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 5.

Fate.

O God†! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Fates.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act IV., Scene 3.

Men at some time are masters of their fates.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 2.

Faults.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Measure for Measure, Act V., Scene 1.

* First folio omits 'I.' † First folio, 'Heaven.'

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Fear.

To fear the worst oft cures the worst.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.

Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

King Henry VI., Part I., Act V., Scene 2.

Fears.

He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 1.

Feather.

For both of you are birds of the self-same feather.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act III., Scene 3.

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.*

Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene 1.

Feeble.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene 1.

* Folio of 1623 reads, 'when he must neede me.'

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Feeding.

With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.

King Richard II., Act II., Scene 1.

Fennel.

There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5

Finger.

I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger.

Timon of Athens, Act II., Scene 1.

Fire.

Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene 3.

Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene 2.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act IV., Scene 8.

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And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act II., Scene 1.

Fires.

For violent fires soon burn out themselves.

King Richard II., Act II., Scene 1.

Flatter.

He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Flattered the People.

Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 2.

Flatterer.

Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;*
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy.

Timon of Athens, Act IV., Scene 3.

Flattery.

There is flattery in friendship.

King Henry V., Act III., Scene 7.

* First folio, 'all's obliquie.'

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O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene 2.

Folly.

We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 1.

What folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2.

Fool.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

As You Like it, Act V., Scene 1.

Foot it.

Foot it featly here and there.

The Tempest, Act I., Scene 2.

Forget.

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

King Richard III., Act IV., Scene 4.

O teach me how I should forget to think.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 1.

Forgive.

And I forgive and quite forget old faults.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act III., Scene 3.

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Forgiven.

I have forgiven and forgotten all.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act V., Scene 3.

Fortune.

Fortune and I are friends.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle.

Romeo and Juliet, Act III., Scene 5.

For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Scene 4.

Foul Deeds.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

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Fox.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Frailty.

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Friend.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish?

Timon of Athens, Act III., Scene 2.

Friends.

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.

Titus Andronicus, Act V., Scene 3.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 76.)

Friendship.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act II., Scene 1.

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Fruit.

The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Gait.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait.

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Scene 5.

Gardens.

Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Gentleman.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Giddy.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act V., Scene 2.

Gin.

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 5.

Girdle.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 1.

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Give Way.

But small to greater matters must give way.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 2.

Going.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Macbeth, Act III., Scene 4.

Gold.

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.

King John, Act III., Scene 3.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench. . . .

Timon of Athens, Act IV., Scene 3.

Gold were as good as twenty orators.

King Richard III., Act IV., Scene 2.

All that glisters is not gold
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,

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Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 7.

Gold, Silver, Lead.

The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:
'Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.'
The second, silver, which this promise carries:
'Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
'Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.'

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 7.

Good Deed.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

Good Name.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something—nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

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Good Phrases.

Good phrases are surely, and ever* were, very commendable.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 2.

Good Words.

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

King John, Act IV., Scene 3.

Goodly Gifts.

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?

Pericles, Act III., Scene 1.

Gorge.

My gorge rises at it.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Grace.

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right! we would, and we would not.

Measure for Measure, Act IV., Scene 4.

Grace of God.

You have the grace of God, sir, and He hath enough.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 2.

Grace of Grace.

This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 8.

* First folio, 'every.'

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Great.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

King John, Act V., Scene 1.

Greater Power.

A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.

Romeo and Juliet, Act V., Scene 3.

Greatness.

But be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 5.

Great Spirit.

There's a great spirit gone !

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.

Green.

How green you are, and fresh in this old world !

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

Grief.

For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.

King John, Act III., Scene 1.

And, but he's somewhat stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person.

The Tempest, Act I., Scene 2.

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Griefs.

You do, surely,* bar the door upon† your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Halter.

Give him a present! give him a halter.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 2.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to?—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep,—
To sleep, perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud‡ man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,

* First folio, 'freely.' † First folio, 'of.' ‡ First folio, 'poore.'

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The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,*
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Hard Heart.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may† as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe‡ bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's§ harder?)
His Jewish heart.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

* First folio, 'away.' † First folio, 'or even.'
‡ First folio omits 'why he hath made.' § First folio, 'what.'

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Hardness.

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

Cymbeline, Act III., Scene 6.

Harms.

But none can cure their* harms by wailing them.

King Richard III., Act II., Scene 2.

Harp.

Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

King Richard III., Act IV., Scene 4.

Haste.

What a haste looks through his eyes!

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 2.

Hazard.

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 7.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die!

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 4.

Heaven.

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.

* First folio, 'helpe our.'

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Heavens.

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Winter's Tale, Act III., Scene 3.

Here nor There.

That's neither here nor there.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I., Scene 4.

Herod.

It out-herods Herod.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Hind.

The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 1.

Hit.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

Hold-fast.

And hold-fast is the only dog.

King Henry V., Act II., Scene 3.

Holidays.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 2.

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Honest.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten* thousand.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Honour and Policy.

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together.

Coriolanus, Act III., Scene 2.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 2.

Hope is a lover's staff.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 1.

Horse.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 4.

Hot Temper.

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

* First folio, 'two.'

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Hunger.

Sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls;—that dogs must eat;—
That meat was made for mouths;—that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Hurly-burly.

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 1.

Idleness.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.

Ill Deeds.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done!

King John, Act IV., Scene 2.

Ill Got.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?

King Henry VI., Part III., Act II., Scene 2.

Ills.

And make us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43.)

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Ill-will.

Ill-will never said well.

King Henry V., Act III., Scene 7.

Ill Word.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Scene 1.

Inclination.

Though inclination be as sharp as will.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 3.

Inevitable.

'Tis fond* to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 1.

Infant-like.

Your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 1.

In Grain.

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 5.

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude is monstrous.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 3.

Inn.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

King Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 3.

* 'Tis fond—that is, 'tis foolish.'

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Instinct.

Instinct is a great matter.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

Intellect.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.
He hath not eaten paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts. . . .

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Scene 2.

Iron Tongue.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Issues.

Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Measure for Measure, Act I., Scene 1.

Jealous.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3

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Jealous Woman.

The venom clamour of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

The Comedy of Errors, Act V., Scene 1.

Jealousy.

O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Jest.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Jewels.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

Joy.

How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Judge.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 3.

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Judgment.

Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgment.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 76.)

I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Justice.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 2.

Kidney.

A man of my kidney.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 5.

Kin.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

King.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5.

* Censure—'opinion,' 'decisoin.'

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King Death.

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall,* and—farewell king!

King Richard II., Act III., Scene 2.

Kings and Mightiest Potentates.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

King Henry VI., Part I., Act III., Scene 2.

Know.

He will not know what all but he do know.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Labour.

But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

King John, Act III., Scene 2.

Lack'd.

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd.

Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene 1.

* First folio, 'walls.'

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Lament.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

Language.

Sir, you speak a language that I understand not.

The Winter's Tale, Act III., Scene 2.

Laugh.

They laugh that win.

Othello, Act IV., Scene 1.

Leader.

You were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 2.

Learn.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.

The Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene 2.

Lenity.

And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

King Henry VI., Part III., Act II., Scene 6.

Lies.

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

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Life.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

Life every man holds dear.

Troilus and Cressida, Act V., Scene 3.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 5.

Light Heart.

For a light heart lives long.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Lode Stars.

Your eyes are lode-stars.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Looks.

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Loss.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act V., Scene 4.

Losses.

Even so great men great losses should endure.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

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Love.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will.

King John, Act IV., Scene 1.

And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft* beguil'd.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

O, they love least, that let men know their love.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene 2.

Sweet, above thought I love thee!

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 1.

Because love is blind.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II., Scene 1.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 6.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 4.

* First folio, 'is often.'

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What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 3.

For love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Scene 4.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 1.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene 1.

Love All.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act I., Scene 1.

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Love Me.

Love me, and leave me not!

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

Lovers.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 6.

Lovers Meeting.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 3.

Macduff.

Lay on, Macduff.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 8.

Mad.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

Madness.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene 4.

Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2

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There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords;
Then let your will attend on their accords.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 1.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Manner.

Though I am native here,
And to the manner born.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 4.

Man's Life.

And a man's life's no more than to say, One.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

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Mar.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

King Lear, Act I., Scene 4

Mark.

God save the mark!

King Henry IV., Act I., Scene 3.

Mark Antony's Oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. . . .

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

Market.

But yet I run before my horse to market.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 1.

Masters.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd.

Othello, Act I., Scene 1.

Matter, Manner.

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 2.

Meat.

A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act II., Scene 3.

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Meek.

They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 1.

Memory.

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

I'll note you in my book of memory.

King Henry VI., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

Merciful.

O, let us yet be merciful.

King Henry V., Act II., Scene 2.

Mercy.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Timon of Athens, Act III., Scene 5.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus, Act I., Scene 1.

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger.

Coriolanus, Act V., Scene 4.

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The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Merit.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O, that estates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 9.

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The force of his own merit makes his way.

King Henry VIII., Act I., Scene 1.

Merry.

As merry as crickets, my lad.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

Merry Days.

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 5.

Method.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

Mind.

For 'tis the mind that maketh the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 3.

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act I., Scene 1.

Mind Diseas'd.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 3

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Mirror.

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act V., Scene 1.

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Moderate Lamentation.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 1.

Modest.

Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 9.

Moon.

Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

The moon, the governess of floods.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 1.

Money.

If money go before, all ways do lie open.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II., Scene 2.

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Money, Means, Content.

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

As You Like It, Act III., Scene 2.

Mortal.

Well, we are all mortal.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Mortals.

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Moth.

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 9.

Motion.

Things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Mouldy.

Things that are mouldy, lack use.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 2.

Murder.

The great King of Kings
Hath in the tables of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; and wilt thou* then
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?

* First folio, 'will you.'

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Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 4.

Music.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

Music; such as charmeth sleep.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV., Scene 1.

Music of the Stars.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

Name.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other word* would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

* 'Name' in some editions.

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O, villain! thou hast stolen both mine office
and my name;—
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame.

The Comedy of Errors, Act III., Scene 1.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime,
To harder bosoms!

The Winter's Tale, Act I., Scene 2.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Nature's Book.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.

Necessity.

There is no virtue like necessity.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 3.

Negligent.

Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Scene 7.

Night.

Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Scene 2.

The night is long that never finds the day.

Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 3.

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Nightingale.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

Niobe.

Like Niobe, all tears.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Noble Mind.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Noble Nature.

His nature is too noble for the world.

Coriolanus, Act III., Scene 1.

No More.

Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

Note.

Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act II., Scene 3.

Not Wisely.

Then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well.

Othello, Act V., Scene 2.

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Nunnery.

Get thee to a nunnery.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Observed.

The observ'd of all observers.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Occupation.

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Odds.

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic.

Coriolanus, Act III., Scene 1.

O God! Thy Arm.

O, God, Thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!

King Henry V., Act IV., Scene 8.

Old Acquaintance.

O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 2.

Omission.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

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Opinion.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Pericles, Act II., Scene 2.

Oracle.

I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

Oyster.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II., Scene 2.

Pandars.

Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all—Pandars.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2.

Passing Strange.

In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Passion.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

* First folio, 'sir, an oracle.'

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Past Help.

What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief.

The Winter's Tale, Act III., Scene 2.

Past Hope.

Past hope, past cure, past help!

Romeo and Juliet, Act IV., Scene 1.

Past, Present, to Come.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 3.

Pat.

It will fall pat as I told you.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Patience.

For a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience.

Coriolanus, Act II., Scene 1.

I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.

King Henry V., Act II., Scene 1.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 2.

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How poor are they that have not patience!

Othello, Act II., Scene 3.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act V., Scene 1.

But since he stands obdurate,

. . . . . .

. . . . . I do oppose
My patience to his fury.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Peacock.

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

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Peerless.

But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

The Tempest, Act III., Scene 1.

Performances.

For your words and performances are no kin together.

Othello, Act IV., Scene 2.

Perfumed.

He was perfumed like a milliner.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 3.

Perpetual Motion.

I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 2.

Persuasion.

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 2.

Petar.

For 'tis the sport, to have the enginer*
Hoist with his own petar.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

* Engineer.

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Philosopher.

I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Philosophy.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your* philosophy.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

Physic.

No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick.

As You Like It, Act III., Scene 2.

Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 3.

Physician.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 1.

Picture.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Pitch.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Scene 3.

Pitchers.

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 4.

Pitchers have ears.

King Richard III., Act II., Scene 4.

* First folio, 'our.'

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Pity.

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 2.

Place.

There's place, and means, for every man alive.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV., Scene 3.

Place, Form.

O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming!

Measure for Measure, Act II., Scene 4.

Plainness.

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence.

The Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene 2.

Plain Tale.

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

Play.

Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Pleasure.

For pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

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Poet's Eye.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

. . . . . .

. . . and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Policy.

But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience.

Timon of Athens, Act III., Scene 2.

Polonius' Precepts.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

* Censure—'opinion,' 'decision.'

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But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.

Post.

I am no fee'd post.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 5.

Potent.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Praising.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act V., Scene 3.

Prattle.

As you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 2.

Pray.

You must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., Scene 2.

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He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 3.

Prayer.

That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 1.

Prayers.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 1.

Preaching to Stones.

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.*

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Precedent.

'Twill be recorded for a precedent.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Preferment.

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

Othello, Act I., Scene 1.

* Capable—'susceptible.'

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Preposterously.

And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Presume.

Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

Pride.

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 3.

Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance.

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Private Griefs.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

Promise.

To promise, is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens, Act V., Scene 1.

* Preposterously—'inversely.'

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Protest.

The lady doth protest* too much, methinks.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Purse.

Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado.

The Winter's Tale, Act IV., Scene 3.

Quarrel.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 76.)

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 2.

Quarrels.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat.

Romeo and Juliet, Act III., Scene 1.

Rain.

For the rain it raineth every day.

Twelfth Night, Act V., Scene 1.

* First folio, 'lady protests.'

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He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

King Lear, Act III., Scene 2.

Rash Faults.

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act V., Scene 3.

Rashness.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

King Henry V., Act III., Scene 6.

Reason.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Reckoning.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

Redress.

Things past redress are now with me past care.

King Richard II., Act II., Scene 3.

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Reform.

O, reform it altogether.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Relief.

For this relief much thanks.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 1.

Remedies.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

All's Well that End's Well, Act I., Scene 1.

Remembrances.

Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

The Tempest, Act V., Scene 1.

Repent.

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Repentance.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

Reputation.

Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 7.

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The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 1.

I see my reputation is at stake.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Reputed Wise.

I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

Resolution.

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.

King John, Act IV., Scene 1.

Revenge.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 4.

Reverence.

Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Cymbeline, Act IV., Scene 2.

Rhyme.

For, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

. . . . . .

When, in the why and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 2.

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Rich Gifts.

For to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1.

Right.

And God defend the right!

King Henry VI., Part II., Act II., Scene 3.

To do a great right do a little wrong.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

Robbed.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Othello, Act III., Scene 3.

Rome.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

Romeo.

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

Rosemary.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5.

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Rub.

Ay, there's the rub.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p 43.)

Rude.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Rules the Roast.

The new-made duke that rules the roast.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act I., Scene 1.

Rumour.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.

King Henry IV., Part II., Induction.

Rough-hew.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

Scars.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

Sceptre.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

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School.

Thou know'st that we two went to school together.

Julius Cæsar, Act V., Scene 5.

Scotch'd.

We have scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it.

Macbeth, Act III., Scene 2.

Scripture.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3.

Season.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!

The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

See.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.

Self-love.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

King Henry V., Act II., Scene 4.

Self-slaughter.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

* Old text, 'scorch'd.'

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Sermons in Stones.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 1.

Service.

'Tis mad* idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

Services.

All my services you have paid home.

Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 3.

Shadow.

He will fence with his own shadow.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Shaft.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

Showers.

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

King Richard II., Act II., Scene 1.

* First folio, 'made.'

Digitized by Google

Shuffled.

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43.)

Shuttle.

Because I know also, life is a shuttle.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 1.

Sigh.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II., Scene 3.

Silence.

I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder.

The Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 3

Silks.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd* them.

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

Sin.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke.

Pericles, Act I., Scene 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

Measure for Measure, Act II., Scene 1.

* First folio, 'spoyl'd.'

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Single Blessedness.

But earthly happier* is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Sinning.

I am a man,
More sinn'd against than sinning.

King Lear, Act III., Scene 2.

Sins.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly.

King John, Act I., Scene 1.

Slander.

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

Cymbeline, Act III., Scene 4.

Sleep.

And by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43.)

* Old editions, 'earthlier happy.'

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And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

King Henry IV., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.

Sleeve.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.

Othello, Act I., Scene 1.

Snow.

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain.

King John, Act III., Scene 4.

Society.

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Cymbeline, Act IV., Scene 2.

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* Sleave—'unwrought silk.'

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Son.

Every mother's son.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 2.

Sorrow.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 5.

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 1.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Titus Andronicus, Act III., Scene 1.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 4.

If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow!

King Henry VI., Part III., Act III., Scene 3.

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Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 3.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.

Pericles, Act I., Scene 4.

Sorrows.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias!

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Scene 3.

Spectacle.

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act II., Scene 1.

Spectacles.

I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

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Speech.

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Spirit.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Scene 3.

Spirits.

But we are spirits of another sort.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III., Scene 2.

Spring.

Short summers lightly* have a forward spring.

King Richard III., Act III., Scene 1.

Staff.

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Stage.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 1.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 2.

* Lightly—'commonly,' 'usually.'

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All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 7.

Stale.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Stars.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act V., Scene 4.

Sticking Place.

But screw your courage to the sticking* place,
And we'll not fail.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7

Strange.

More strange than true.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

Straps.

Let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 3.

* The sticking place—'the abiding place.'

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Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act I., Scene 1.

Suit.

How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

King Henry VI., Part I., Act V., Scene 3.

Sun.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 2.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

King Richard III., Act V., Scene 3.

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Scene 3.

Superfluity.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

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Surer.

You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Surfeit.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Suspects.

My heart suspects more than my eye can see.

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 4.

Suspicion.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act V., Scene 6.

Sweet.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 3.

Tale.

And thereby hangs a tale.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 7.

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

King John, Act IV., Scene 2.

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An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

King Richard III., Act IV., Scene 4.

And thereby hangs a tale.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 1.

Well, thereby hangs a tale.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I., Scene 4.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted* and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

Talkers.

Talkers are no good doers.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Tame.

Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III., Scene 5.

* First folio, 'knotty.'

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Teaching.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Tears.

O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

King John, Act V., Scene 7.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

Tempted.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

Measure for Measure, Act II., Scene 1.

Thank.

I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Thankless Child.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

King Lear, Act I., Scene 4.

Thanks.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 3.

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The End.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Scene 5.

Theft.

O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

The Sun.

I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 3.

They Come.

The cry is still, They come.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 5.

Thieves.

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.

King Richard II., Act IV., Scene 1.

Things Past.

Things that are past are done, with me.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.

Things Won.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 2.

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Think.

I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act IV., Scene 1.

Thorn.

This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 3.

Thought.

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 44.)

Tide.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3.

Time.

There's time enough for that.

The Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 3.

There's a time for all things.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 2.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 3.

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For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

King Richard II., Act V., Scene 5.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief, too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

The Comedy of Errors, Act IV., Scene 2.

To Be.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 43.)

To Build.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;

Digitized by Google

Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 3.

To Die.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clot; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts*
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 1.

To Do.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

The Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 2.

Tongue.

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

* Old text, 'thought.'

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Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Scene 4.

But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Too Late.

Better three hours too soon, than a minute too late.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II., Scene 2.

Too Swift.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 6.

Toothache.

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act V., Scene 1.

Trick.

I know a trick worth two of that.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 1.

Trout.

For here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 5.

True.

As true as steel.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2.

As true as Troilus.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 2

Digitized by Google

For my heart
Is true as steel.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 1.

True Love.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

True to Self.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3. (*Vide* Polonius' Precepts, p. 77.)

Trust.

Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom?

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II., Scene 1.

Truth.

Truth hath a quiet breast.

King Richard II., Act I., Scene 3.

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 2.

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Truth loves open dealing.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 1.

'Tis not the many oaths, that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV., Scene 2.

Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

The Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 2.

Uncle.

O, my prophetic soul! mine uncle!

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

Unction.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Undiscover'd Country.

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. (*Vide* Hamlet's Soliloquy, p. 44.)

Ungained.

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 2.

Unkindest.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

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Unpardonable.

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!

King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Scene 4.

Unsure.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Scene 3.

Unvarnish'd Tale.

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver.

Othello, Act I., Scene 3.

Use.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V., Scene 4.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 4.

Valued.

What's aught, but as 'tis valued?

Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Scene 2.

Vengeance.

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Romeo and Juliet, Act V., Scene 3.

Verbosity.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 1

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Vice.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

The Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene 2.

What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

Victory.

A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act I., Scene 1.

Vigilant.

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act IV., Scene 2.

Vile.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.

King Lear, Act IV., Scene 2.

Villainy.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Virtue and Vice.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 3

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Virtue's Cause.

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Titus Andronicus, Act I., Scene 1.

Voice.

Tax not so bad a voice,
To slander music any more than once.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II., Scene 3.

Vows.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Wail.

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

King Richard II., Act III., Scene 2

War.

The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

King John, Act II., Scene 1.

Water.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

King Henry VI., Part II., Act III., Scene 1.

Weather.

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Scene 2.

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Web.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act IV., Scene 3.

Weeds.

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

King Richard III., Act II., Scene 4.

Weep.

But I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5.

Welcome.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

The Comedy of Errors, Act III., Scene 1.

Well.

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough.

Romeo and Juliet, Act III., Scene 1.

Well Paid.

He is well paid, that is well satisfied.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

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We Three.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 1.

Whale.

Very like a whale.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2

What I Am.

And, were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 1.

What's Done.

What's done, cannot be undone.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 1.

Things, without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macbeth, Act III., Scene 2.

What must Be.

What must be shall be.
That's a certain text.

Romeo and Juliet, Act IV., Scene 1.

What We Are.

Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 5.

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What We Have.

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV., Scene 1.

Widow-Maker.

O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker.

King John, Act V., Scene 2.

Wild Thyme.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 2.

Wilful Men.

To wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

King Lear, Act II., Scene 4.

Will.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene 3.

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene 1.

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., Scene 2.

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Will You.

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Taming of the Shrew, Act II., Scene 1.

Wind.

Sits the wind in that corner?

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II., Scene 3.

Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act II., Scene 5.

Wine.

O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Othello, Act II., Scene 3.

Winged Cupid.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Scene 1.

Winter.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 1.

Wisdom.

For wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

King Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Scene 2.

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Wise.

Learn of the wise, and prepend.

As You Like It, Act III., Scene 2.

Wise Saws.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

As You Like It, Act II., Scene 7.

Wisely and Slow.

Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 3.

Wish.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

King Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Scene 4.

Wit.

This fellow pecks* up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God† doth please.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V., Scene 2.

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 5.

Thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge.

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 1.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

* First folio, 'picks.'

† First folio, 'Jove.'

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Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

The Comedy of Errors, Act II., Scene 2.

What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Twelfth Night, Act I., Scene 2.

Witching.

'Tis now the very witching time of night.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 2.

Wives.

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene 5.

Woe.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.

Woman.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Scene 1.

Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 4.

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Women.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible.

King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Scene 4.

Women say so,
That will say anything.

The Winter's Tale, Act I., Scene 2.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 2.

Wonder.

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act V., Scene 2.

Woo'd—Won.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

King Henry VI., Part I., Act V., Scene 3.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Titus Andronicus, Act II., Scene 1.

Words.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Hamlet, Act III., Scene 3.

Work.

I have work in hand
That you yet know not of.

The Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene

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Wounds.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Wrens.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

King Richard III., Act I., Scene 3.

Wrong Side Out.

So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Scene 1.

Yellow Leaf.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Macbeth, Act V., Scene 3.

Yeoman's Service.

It did me yeoman's service.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

Yorick.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1.

Young.

For I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

The Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

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So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

King Richard III., Act III., Scene 1.

Zeal.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII., Act III., Scene 2.

THE END.

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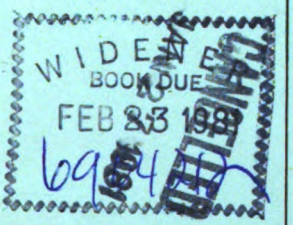

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